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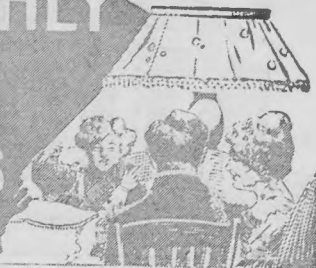
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The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY table of CONTENTS



Editorial

EDITORIAL—The Editor	3
THE PHILOSOPHER	34
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING	54

Fiction and Reality

THE ROCKHOUND—(Story in Two Parts) —by William MacHarg—Part 1	4
A BEE BUSTLING DOWN IN THE BLUEBELLS —L. F. Ramsay	6
THE SLOT MACHINE AT BUMMER'S FLAT —Rupert Hughes	13
OFF-SHORE HALIBUTING AND POLLOCKING —Bonnycastle Dale	20
READ THE WANT ADS.—S. C. Scobell	30
THE JADE CLASP—Lereine Ballantyne	32
ALIAS JERRY O'DARE—M. E. Colman	40

Regular Departments

DOLLARS AND CENTS—J. A. Aikins	24
POULTRY PROFIT—Helen E. Vialoux	26
ABOUT THE FARM—Allan Campbell	28
THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell	38
COME LET US READ AWHILE—W. H. M. Librarian	36
THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM —Pearl Richmond Hamilton	42
SUBSCRIBERS' CORRESPONDENCE PAGE	55
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER	57

Women and the Home

BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton	44
MOTHER'S SECTION	48
WOMEN'S INSTITUTES	49
WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—Margie Moore	50
FASHIONS AND PATTERNS	52

Special Articles

BREATH OF THE MOUNTAINS—(In Two Parts) Nellie L. McClung—Part 1	5
UNDER NORTHERN SKIES—Raymond Thompson	16

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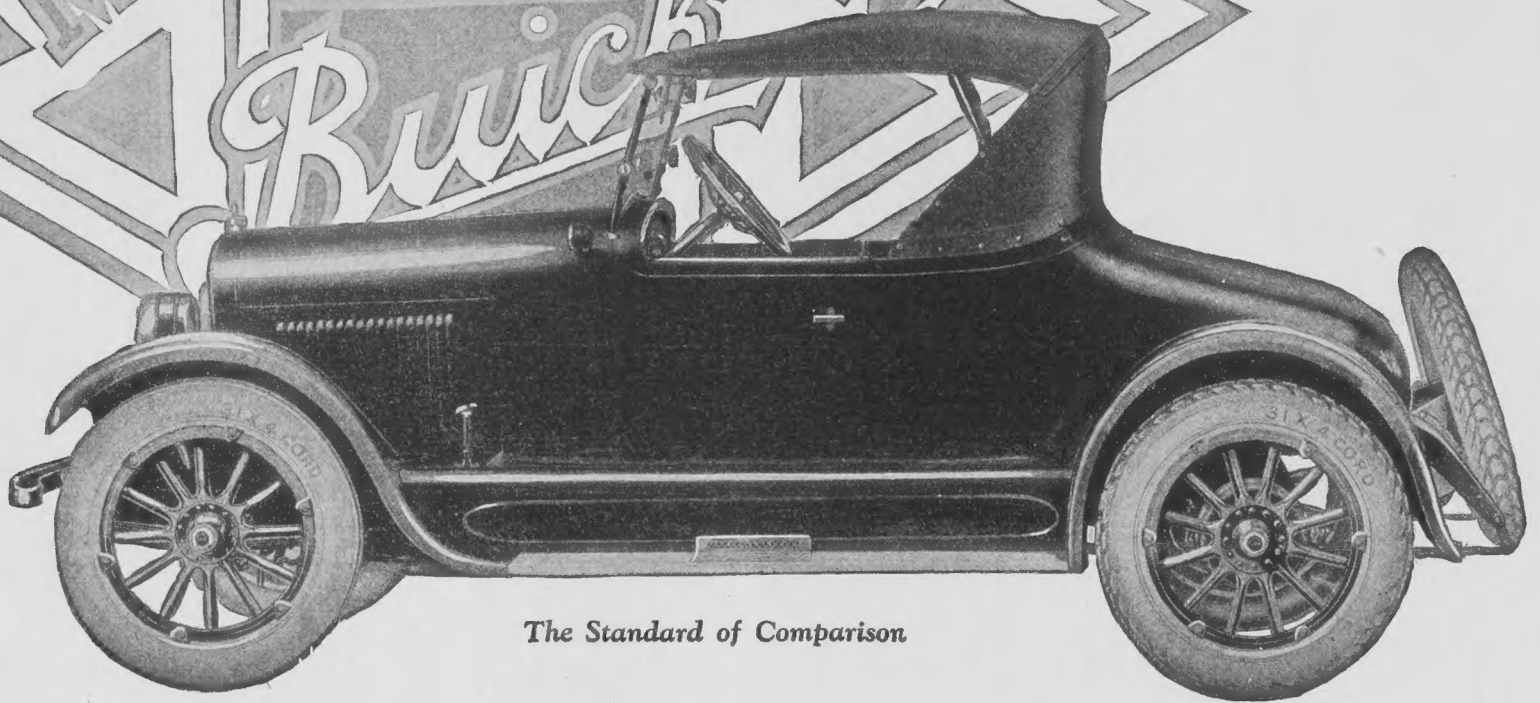


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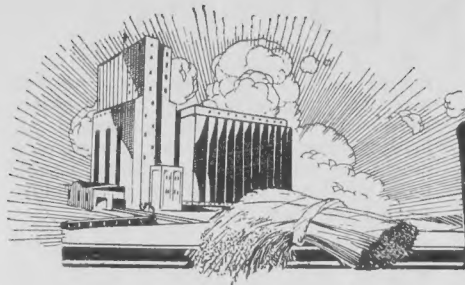
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EDITORIAL



White Collar Men

THE newspapers have been saying lately that it is harder and harder for the white-collar men to keep their heads above the rising tide of young woman workers eager to take their jobs, at lower prices. Also in some districts manual labor is at a premium. The result is that hundreds of white-collar men have taken a hint. In every large school where men can take courses in manual labor or mechanical work there have been applications from men who are different from the ordinary run of students. They are men who know they must be prepared to do the kind of work that offers itself. A Y.M.C.A. class in New York has a class for bricklayers, plasterers. There is a large upstairs room in which a dozen brick chimneys are built and torn down daily, in which five or six beautiful tile floors are laid down and then torn up, in which walls and ceilings are plastered five or six times a day—and all because plasterers are getting twelve dollars a day, and white-collar men but two or three dollars.

One man, a baker, was getting eighteen dollars a week; his friend a plasterer was getting eighty-five. Another man, a shipping clerk—the best of his class—was getting twenty-one dollars a week. He gave his job to a girl with bobbed hair and joined the army of would-be bricklayers. May it not be that there is a kindly providence in all this? May it not be that there are too many round plugs in square holes? And may it not be that there is nothing so dignified as hand labor?

Mothers' Day

THERE are a few good customs that are not abused. One of the good customs was the observance of Mothers' Day. Unfortunately the profiteer has found in the keeping of the day an opportunity for exploitation. Nothing in war times was more unbecoming than the actions of flower vendors on May 12. The previous week carnations had been selling at a dollar a dozen, but yesterday the price went up to six dollars in some of the stores. In other shops the price was only four dollars. Towards evening I entered a florist's shop. He had nothing left but a few bedraggled specimens for which he asked thirty-five cents a-piece as a special bargain price. The blooms were not worth thirty-five cents a hundred. I am informed that another shop had disposed of over four hundred dozen carnations alone. This represented a profit of two thousand dollars, which was no doubt shared in part by the grower. No wonder that in still another shop the bulky proprietor felt so happy over his gains that he indulged in a good fat cigar, the smoke of which he whiffed in the faces of his lady customers. The whole thing was so disgusting, so sordidly selfish, that one had to turn away with loathing. The effect of course, was to discredit Mothers' Day.

Next year the Western Home Monthly proposes that Manitoba take the wind-flower or as it is commonly called, the crocus, as the floral decoration for Mothers' Day. It will save the citizens of Winnipeg alone over fifteen thousand dollars, and would liberate that amount for such organizations as the Mothers' Association and the Old Folks' Home. They need it more than the few men who are making a half-year's fortune in a day. One can only guess how much the grower of carnations is making over and above cost of production.

When it comes to Mothers' Day nearly every one wishes to buy a flower, and will have it at any price. This however, does not justify growers and florists in charging any price. The common man resents injustice and greed, and if we mistake not there will be a change next year.

The Moderation Act

MEN and women who are concerned about their children will do well to get out on June 22, and defeat the Moderation Act. It is one of the worst Bills ever framed. It is untrue to its name and it fails in a dozen ways to meet the claims of those who fashioned it and who are pressing for its adoption.

It provides for a commission of three to administer the Act. This commission has plenary powers. Brewers may deliver beer from breweries and storerooms at any time, to anyone in a permanent or temporary residence. This makes it possible for them to deliver to any room in the province. A man living outside the city can come into a dispensary and carry away what he wishes. There is no limit to the amount for which a permit is issued. Hundreds of people can walk the streets and carry liquor and yet they will be within the law. Messengers may carry liquor from stores and breweries to railway stations, express offices and residences. Where does control come in?

British Columbia makes some attempt to limit control, and yet this is what Mr. Stevens, M.P., says

in "The World": "Never in the history of this country prior to 1920, was bootlegging comparable in magnitude and murderous results to what it is to-day." The B.C. newspapers are just as emphatic. Yet the proposed Act for Manitoba has practically no provision at all for control. Under the Act, supervision is impossible and it will be impossible to detect bootlegging. It will be infinitely worse than to-day.

There is no argument that can be advanced in favor of the proposed Bill. People who believe that it is all right to take a drink must nevertheless denounce this Bill as altogether wrong in principle. It has overreached itself. Things to-day may not be satisfactory. Yet convictions for drinking have been reduced 80 per cent. In the face of this is there any justification for going back to the wide open sale?

It is urged that the passing of the Act will bring wealth to the Province. How can it make a Province wealthy to pour money away. Whatever is spent in liquor is of necessity lost to legitimate trade. If the liquor shops get it, the grocery stores go without it.

Those who think of their children will not needlessly expose them to the temptation provided by this Bill.

Beautifying Farm Homes

WHERE good roads have penetrated farming districts there has been a notable movement toward beautifying farmhouse surroundings. This is conspicuously true of communities in the middle West.

"Well-tended lawns and flower beds are appearing where they were not known before. Barns and sheds of good design and appearance are going up. Concrete walks from house to barns and across front yards to the highway are taking the place of faintly defined paths. Trim hedges are replacing board or rail fences.

"This of course is but one feature of the emergence of farm life from the seclusion which so long repressed incentive to betterment of appearances for appearances' sake. There is now wholesome rivalry in adornment among neighbors.

"In this work of beautification the women of the farms are in the lead, just as women are ever in the lead in all movements to make the best out of life's surroundings. In rural communities there are now increasing numbers of welfare organizations. Farmers' wives and daughters are the driving forces behind them. They meet in school-houses and discuss questions and formulate plans for improved farm life. They stimulate good-natured rivalry not only between individuals but among groups and communities.

"Pride in home surroundings had been increased by the penetration into remote districts of the automobile. It has left broad records in newly-planted shade trees, trim yards and painted dwellings and out-buildings wherever it has gone, and it has gone wherever go the hard surfaced highways, now rapidly reaching once remote sections of the country.

"The farm is the bedrock foundation of all prosperity, and whatever tends to its adornment, dignity and attractiveness is a direct contribution to the country's development along the right lines."

These words relate to homes in the Western States, but they might have been written for the Prairie Provinces. A little garden is so little trouble and so great a joy that no one should fail to have it. There is no greater cure for loneliness that tending the flowers. There is no pride more worthy than that which the farmer takes in his growing trees and well-kept premises. Perhaps there would not be such a desire on the part of young people to leave the farm if it were made more attractive. This again is worthy of consideration.

Home-Making

HOME-MAKING is an exquisite art. Let us hope that we are not in danger of losing it.

When people live in a flat for eight months of the year; in a shack or a cramped boarding house for four; change their legal residence every few years; and spend most of their hours of recreation in getting as far away from home as possible in an automobile, home seems like a vanishing memory. Apparently some people do not even understand what "home" means. They come into your living room and say, "What a beautiful home you have!" They mean what a beautiful house you have; they know nothing about your home.

A home is not merely a house; it is an atmosphere, a feeling. It is a place full of beloved associations, where you can wear old clothes, and think old thoughts, and hear familiar voices without hearing them. You can be happy there, and be comfortably unhappy, be thoroughly unpleasant even, and know that those you love will think no worse of you than they do already.

Luxury cannot make a home, nor can books, or pictures, or rugs, or bric-a-brac. A cat, a canary, two geraniums, a Bible, and an old rocking-chair may make one of the loveliest homes in the world. At the same time, a home is not necessarily happy because it is the house of poverty, as some would have us believe.

The art of creating home atmosphere is wholly the art of woman, and she has none more charming. Mere care will not do it, or mere neatness and tidiness; indeed, those things sometimes work the other way. The love of prettiness will not do it; good cooking will not do it, although it is a mighty help. Even being gay, and merry, and kindly yourself is not quite enough although it helps even more than the cooking. Success in home-making, as in everything else, requires that you shall feel a real joy in your work. If it is a drag, if it is an irksome duty, if your mind is on a thousand outside things that are not home, you cannot make home what it should be. Not that the home-maker should think of nothing else. That is neither desirable nor possible. But the woman whose first pleasure is to create that beautiful thing, home, will be a precious and permanent influence not only to her own family, but to all her household, to all her guests, to the whole community in which she lives.

Child Welfare

THERE are two ways of looking after poor children. One way is to send them to public institutions, the other way is to pay the mother something to support them at home. Apart altogether from the matter of cost, it is quite clear that there is much to be said in favor of keeping the children with their mothers. Nothing in the world will take the place of natural affection and probably there is quite as much affection displayed in the homes of the poor as in the homes of the wealthy. But if it is a matter of cost only then it is worth knowing that in New York it cost twice as much to keep a child in a public institution as to support him in his own home. The Commissioner of Philanthropic Institutions spent over four millions for the support of 13,175 children; The Board of Child Welfare about the same amount to support 27,195 children. This point is worthy of consideration in every country.

The Art of Conversation

THERE is an old rhyme which goes something like this:

The centipede was happy quite,
Until the snail for fun,
Said, "Pray which leg comes after which?"
This raised his mind to such a pitch,
He lay distracted in a ditch,
Forgetting how to run.

It is perhaps a mistake to reflect upon our talking at all. Those with whom we talk probably do not reflect upon it. When we do reflect, however, we are likely to think we have discovered the great secret. We see that the worst bores are they who talk about themselves, their health, their families, their business and all the little affairs of daily life, which are no doubt interesting to them, but not very interesting to us. We conclude that to avoid being bores we must avoid talking about ourselves. We cultivate a deep and lasting interest in the lives of others. We listen, and flatter ourselves that we have learned at last the true art of conversation. We listen to the mother as she talks about her children, to the lover of sport as he tells of the games he has won, to the business man who talks of his trading, to the teacher as she tells about her pupils. And it requires fortitude to listen, but as we listen patiently and with an interested smile, we feel that we are gaining friends, and so we fancy ourselves masters of the art of conversation.

But this is only one half the truth. No man worth associating with wishes to talk about his affairs all the time. Those who are bubbling over with information regarding their own affairs, grow a little suspicious of a listener who has never anything to say. And nothing kills conversation like suspicion. One must therefore have something to say that is worth listening to, but it must be more than cheap personal gossip. An empty head cannot rank high in the matter of conversation.

The negative part of conversation—listening—can be mastered by any one. The rare and exquisite gift of talking so that others will be glad to listen can be won only through patient effort. It is not acquired through imitation.

There is no art which is more to be desired than conversation, and it is an art anyone can learn who is willing to pay the price.

THE ROCKHOUND

By William MacHarg

Co-author of "The Indian Drum", "The Blind Man's Eyes", etc.

IT was on a hot midsummer afternoon that the young lady from the North entered the Offices of Meeks & Mather, Oil Geologists, in Wichita Falls, Texas. Because of the hour and the heat, the offices were almost deserted. She wandered uncertainly through the outer rooms and came, finally, to the inner cubby-hole occupied by the youngest of the firm's field experts, Edwin Atwill.

Atwill, in the khaki and puttees of the field geologist, was absorbed in a difficult computation. She stood an instant in the door, observing him. His pencil point broke; he reached to get another and perceived her. His hand remained suspended over the box of pencils.

"I beg pardon," she remarked.

He breathed rather deeply.

Wichita Falls was in the process of transformation due to oil. White-tile sky-scrapers were replacing the straggling structures of a railway village; the bricks of the pavements of its broad streets still looked new; the flat cars strung along its railway tracks were loaded with the new motors of the newly rich. Each train brought hundreds of eager seekers after wealth. But no train, Atwill at once decided, had brought anyone more interesting than this.

He got up and tipped some papers off a chair for her. He wanted her to stay as long as he could prevail upon her to do so. He was getting now a more definite idea of her. She was a slight girl, pretty in spite of her worn traveling suit and inexpensive hat.

"Thank you," she said. "I—I don't know a soul in town. I just got off the train. I'd made up my mind that the first sign I saw which was about oil I'd walk right in and tell them what I wanted. Well—all the signs are about oil. I picked out the one on your window only because I like the way it's printed; but I—I guess I've come to the right place."

"I reckon you have," he answered.

"What can I do for you?"

She hesitated.

"I want to know whether you remember a man named Fred Mason—Frederick Lester Mason—who was here in Wichita Falls about a year ago."

He took rather longer than was necessary to reflect on this.

"No," he said, "I don't."

"You wouldn't know, then, about an oil company which he promoted?"

"I might do that without remembering the man."

She took a letter from her handbag, folded it so that only part of the writing was visible and held it out to him. A species of electric thrill went through him as, in the passing of it, his hand touched hers. He read:

"I suppos you and your family are living rich on the proceeds of your rotten Lucky . . . Oil Company. Gods curse upon you! Poor peples mony made you rich part of it my mony. I save fifteen years to get that mony . . ."

Here the fold interrupted, and he could read no more.

"Oh!" he said. "You bought stock in this man's company?"

"No." She shook her head.

"But you're looking for him?"

She glanced away from him. He could not determine the meaning of the look upon her face.

"No," she said. "He's dead. He was my brother. I'm Alida Mason."

"I'm sorry, Miss Mason, if I've said anything to hurt you."

"You haven't. I hadn't seen my brother in a long time. I hadn't even heard from him in more than a year. Then I learned that he was here in Wichita Falls, and I wrote him. He left by the time my letter got here, I guess, for it was returned to me. Then, afterward, I received this letter from some one here. The woman who wrote it must have copied the return address from my letter."

"Who is the woman?"

"It's unsigned. It's abusive; I didn't want you to see the whole of it—but it's all so pitiful. She'd put her savings into the stock of the company which Fred promoted and lost them. I never heard of the company. I don't even know the name of it. It isn't plainly written here, and I can't make it out."

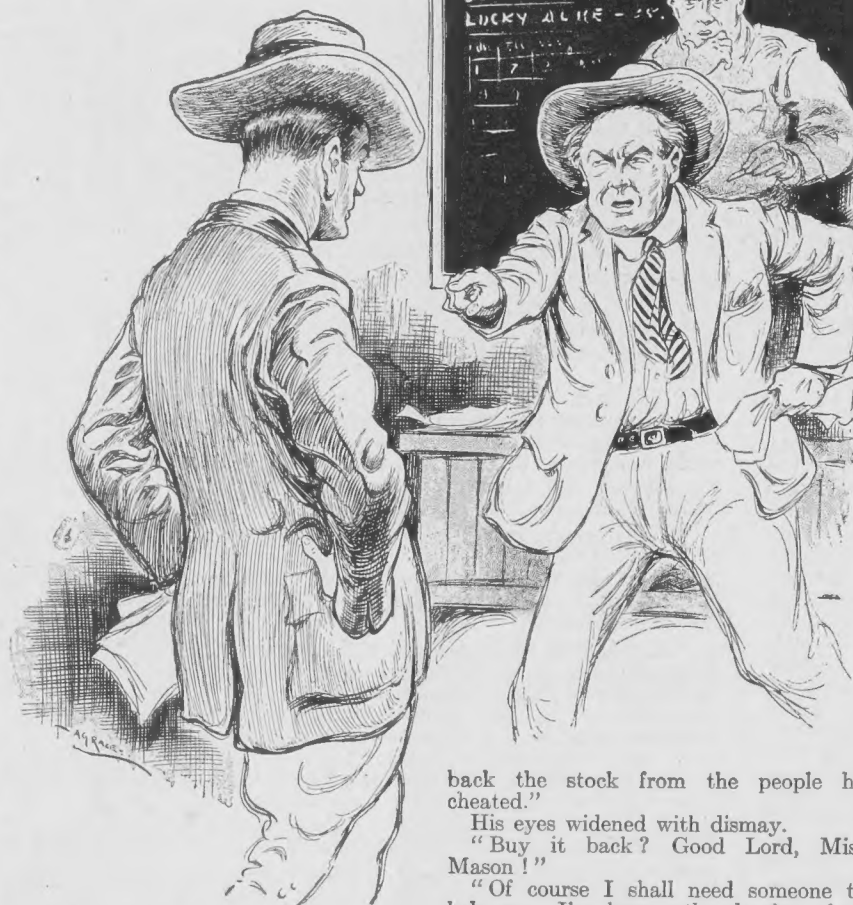
"Lucky—something."

"I know. There's a place down here—a stock exchange. I stopped in there and looked at the names upon the board. There are several Lucky things, but none of them looks like this."

"It wouldn't be listed on the board—a busted company. At least, I think it wouldn't."

He was not quite sure; he did not know much about company promotion. All Texas was oil mad; all Texans carried oil stock in their pockets. Mather

"You can't bluff me. I've got the right to buy," said Weld. "Then you will be carried out of here," replied Atwill.



bought stock, and so did Meeks, and from them down to old Roger, the man who cleaned the offices; but Atwill never had. He was an enthusiast, but his enthusiasm was only for oil-geology. The task of the geologist, which is to locate the oil, was for him a romantic and absorbing game—a hunt, a chase. The fact that the product so discovered had a market value of three dollars and a half a barrel did not interest him. He was content to receive a salary from Meeks & Mather for discovering it.

"I'm thankful," he heard her saying, "that I can make it right." Her tone disturbed him without his understanding why.

"You?" he inquired.

She flushed.

"Everything came at once, Mr. . . ."

"Atwill. Edwin Atwill."

"Thank you. Everything came at once. First, there was this letter—which hurt; then I received word that Fred had died in California; then I got a letter from a lawyer in San Francisco saying that Fred had left money in the bank which, as his only relative, belonged to me; then the money came—thirty-eight thousand dollars. It seemed as though it ought to be enough."

Her tone made him a trifle anxious.

"I don't quite understand," he invited.

She motioned to the letter.

"Here's one of the people Fred sold stock to," she explained. "See what it meant to her! I suppose he sold most of his stock to people just like that—poor people who couldn't spare the money and went without things so as to invest in something which he told them would

make them comfortable for life. I've been thinking ever since about those people—ever since I got the letter from that woman. Of course I couldn't do anything about it—only pity them. And then the money came to me. It really seemed as though it had come to me so that I could do something."

He studied her uneasily.

"Yes! What?"

"First, I have to find out the name of the company, and then I want to buy

money back? Her small hat, he was sure, had been retrimmed; her gloves were worn. His pulses quickened as, guiding her through the cosmopolite crowd, he asked her more about herself until he turned her into one of the older smaller buildings.

Weld's office was in what had been a pool-hall. It was that no longer, for in Wichita Falls, all available space was taken up by offices of oil companies. Down the center of the crowded room an aisle ran between two waist-high partitions. Similar partitions divided the remaining space into boxes some eight feet square. Each box was the office of a separate oil company, whose names were lettered on the desks, the walls, and the swinging gates.

The promoter—a corpulent man in a linen suit—swung round from his desk but did not get up as they entered. He took off his hat with a gesture and then put it on again. It was apparent in his tolerant smile that, as a practical oil man, he permitted himself to speak to a young geologist as to a kitten.

"Sam," said Atwill, "this is Miss Mason. Her brother, Fred Mason, promoted a dry well here a year or more ago. Naturally, the company busted."

"Yes?" replied Weld.

"Miss Mason has come down here with the idea that she ought to buy the stock back from the holders."

Weld's eyes filled with a startled horror. The world—his world, at least—seemed to have reversed itself.

"Buy it back? Buy it?" he ejaculated. "Great God!" He stopped looking at Atwill as a kitten in order to look at Alida as a creature in a menagerie. "My dear young lady," he pursued, when he recovered breath, "that shows that you don't understand the oil business. The first fact about oil is that no man knows what he's got. To-day's ten thousand barrel gusher may be dry next month; to-day's dry hole, when hope's abandoned, blows itself in. That's oil. Nobody buys non-producing stock thinking they're buying anything. It ain't buying. It's betting."

"But, Mr. Weld, if the stock is sold by deceiving people as to the chances of success?"

"It ain't to be expected, Miss Mason, that a man'll publicly belittle his own property. Atwill, what do you think of this proposition?"

Atwill stood looking down at her. He had flushed under his tan.

"It's an idea, Sam, which wouldn't occur to any but a certain kind of person—and maybe not to all the people of that kind, if they were situated like Miss Mason. Miss Mason earns her own living, and her plan is to give the money back and then go home and go to work again." He swallowed. "Of course, if it should turn out that this wasn't a fake company, that plan don't go. I thought you might remember about the company. If you don't, between us we might be able to make sure what sort of company it was before she goes ahead. You could judge about the promoting end, and, if the lease is still in existence, I could tell a good deal about the company by looking at the well—if there is a well."

Weld reflected.

"I wouldn't like to be connected with a thing like that," he concluded, "that is, not publicly. Buying back stock that's proved to be no good! What was the name of the company?"

"Miss Mason isn't sure about the name. All she knows is that it was called the 'Lucky' something. She got that from a letter."

He took the letter, which Alida gave him, and held it for Weld to see.

"Lucky," said Weld, "ain't much guide to the name of a company. There's plenty companies and wells—most of 'em dry—with names that begin with that." He seemed about to mention the names of some of these companies, but did not. His eyes narrowed as he looked up at Atwill. "Looks to me," he said, "as if that second word was 'Tumble.' The Lucky Tumble Oil Company. There was a company of that name."

"It might be that," Atwill and Alida agreed.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Weld offered. "I'll look up the company

Continued on page 10

BREATH OF THE MOUNTAINS

By Nellie L. McClung.

THE Doctor said that what we both needed was to get away, away from everything, and forget—the cares of life—forget everything, he said. I knew better, but I did not contradict the great man, who is able to send people to bed, or to the Coast or even farther, with a wave of his fat little hand. I knew that we were both pretty smooth at forgetting now. I can forget my appointment with the dentist, forget to pay the water and light bill until the discount days are past; forget to send back the egg crate; forget to get whipping cream; forget to pay the telephone bill until I have to see the chief operator to get a call through; and once I forgot to go to a luncheon where I was the guest of honor.

And as for the senior partner—he can forget in such a spectacular way that when we are all together exchanging stories about the general forgetfulness of husbands, my sense of fitness always makes me withhold my contribution until the other members have spoken. I know mine will close the meeting.

So I was pretty sure it was not a course in forgetting we needed, but I liked the plan outlined anyway. We would leave the line of travel, trusting all to a friend of ours who is a pack-horse man, and who had written us to bring our own blankets and fish-worms and come on. The month was August, the first week, when the horizons are blue with harvest haze, and the nights are cool as a drink of mountain water. We packed the blankets and dug out the fish worms,—the neighbours came over to help with the fish worms. We have our own, of course; they are under the daisies in the back yard. When the tin box was full, it was given to me to carry—with instructions. Another neighbor who had come over to see if he could "do anything," told us we must put milk on the fish-worms to make them rosy—the fish liked them rosy, in fact expected them to be rosy. So we gave them a liberal dash of "superior."

All the way to the station, and especially when I was walking down the platform to the train, the can dripped its milky, earthy stream. I put them under the seat, on a newspaper, and opened the lid to give them air. I didn't want to open the can, but the Senior Partner insisted. I said they had lived without air all their lives, why did they need it now? He said he was afraid they were too wet, and they might like to come up and sit on the edge of the can. I retorted that they had been rained on lots of times, hadn't they? and had no perches to sit on. He reminded me that when it rained they came up too,—hadn't I seen fish worms on the ground after rain? I had, but I always thought they had come down in the rain, but I didn't say what I had thought. I just opened the can, and moved across the aisle, leaving him and the worms to fight it out amongst themselves.

In about an hour there was great activity in the seat I had left. The fish worms had come up and out,—they were on the floor and all over the outside of the can. My help was solicited, and I gave it, but we could not get them in again, they were too many. We put the can in a paper bag, and tied the top and put it under an empty seat, basely pretending we knew nothing of it. But I could not resist going over to see what they were doing. The milk leaking from the can softened the paper, and again they swarmed.

The suggestion was made that I would put them in my gray leather saddle bag, but it was not taken. Neither was the one about putting my hat over them to keep out the light and induce sleep.

We got them off the train by using the Edmonton "Bulletin" to wrap them in. But even worms cannot stand stimulation; when the time came for them to be used—and we had bragged about our home-grown, hand-picked, milk-fed worms—we found their brief day was over. Rosy they were, as our neighbors said—rosy, but dead, their engaging wiggles all gone. The milk had turned—taking the worms with it.

Entrance, about forty miles east of Jasper, was our point of departure for

the wilderness. Entrance is a little station under the shoulder of a hill, very picturesque and tiny, with the mountains towering over it.

There lives Tom Monaghan, one of the best known pack horse men in the mountains, into whose keeping we had placed ourselves. Tom knew where he was going to take us, but naturally did not waste any time telling us. Tom lives, as a gentleman should, with a town house and a country house. The town house was ours during our stay in Entrance, Tom assuring us he never used it anyway, preferring the country house a mile or

word. It was one of the through trains which do not give the little places even a glance, but go sobbing past, tearing whole series of echoes loose from the mountain sides. At the rear, on a flat car, stood a demure little house, with two wondering windows, like big eyes, in its side next to us. It was a modest little gray thing, never meant to tear through the country like this, and I wondered if I wouldn't look something like it when I got on the sorrel broncho Bang, who was even at that minute standing in the corral, saddled and bridled, and watching me with a cold red eye, plainly disapproving of my size. But it was too late now. Tom was

A bed of boughs with four blankets over them, after fourteen miles on horseback, is the ostermoo of slumber, filled with the blessed essence of nirvana and deep forgetfulness. There may be lumps in it, and knarled and knotted timbers; it may be higher at the foot than the head, or have a posterior or lateral curvature,—no difference—you lie down upon it in peace, believing, and you will barely have closed your eyes when some harsh voice will say "It is time to get up!" and it will be even so.

THAT is one of the real trials of a horse-back trip, with tent sleeping. There is no peace after five o'clock. The sun pours into the tent; you can't draw down the blinds and make a bluff at darkness. There is always some restless spirit abroad who will not only get up but wants to brag about it and call the world to witness.

This early rising is an insidious habit, which undermines the strongest character. I have suffered from it in my life vicariously. It cast its shadow on an otherwise happy childhood. I escaped from one regime only to find myself in a worse one, for the Senior Partner in his last re-incarnation must have been a milkman, and the pride of his beat. He came into life "not in entire forgetfulness" either. He has great enthusiasm about the blessings of the early morning and the dim twilight of the reddening East, and all that. Unfortunately, too, the blessings he asks for himself, he asks for others, not only asks but insists. I have long since learned not to argue. It is useless—I just crawl out, grumbling.

But this morning, outside the tent the fire was crackling, the coffee boiling, the bacon frying, Tom singing "I Fear no Foe in Shining Armour," all of which proved to be sleep-dispelling agencies.

The next day on our travels, we passed Montana Pete's house, his summer residence, hospitably and invitingly left open. We looked in as we rode by. Montana had evidently left hurriedly and did not get either his upstairs or kitchen work entirely done; but the open door plainly indicates that Montana Pete has nothing to hide, but tells the world that his soul is delivered from the cares of house work. We heard that he had gone North, but that could not have been true, for when we got back to Entrance he was there, comfortably seated in a round backed chair on the verandah of the restaurant, smoking the pipe of peace, and ready to share his experiences on land and water, with any who wished to hear.

The second camp was made on the Hay River, a fine stream, with fish of various kinds in its quiet pools. It was at Hay River that I made my first tactical error, but life is full of just such fallings and slippings,—I gave it away that I could scale and clean fish.

It happened this way:—The men went down stream a mile or so to a deep pool which Tom had never known to fail. I did not want to go—nothing in life seemed to me so desirable as to lie on my bed of boughs and try to forget the dull ache of my bones. But I did not say that; I would not confess to one bit of stiffness. Nobody does when they are past forty; in fact that is one reason we go on a horse-back trip, we want to demonstrate we are just as young as we ever were. So I said I wanted to write up my notes and darn a pair of stockings and read Adam Bede. I felt afterwards I had overdone the matter of excuses. Three excuses are always too many.

They went off at last, telling me they hoped I wouldn't be lonely or frightened. Tom said there was really very little danger. Bears would not hurt anyone, they were only cross when they had their cubs,—anyway, this was not the real bear country. I asked about the bear marks we had seen that day, fire signs torn down, and claw marks in the torn bark of trees, but Tom said they had been done by bears just passing through; Eagles Nest Pass was the real bear country, he couldn't remember of ever seeing a bear just here.

Continued on page 10



Upper left—The authoress, ready to start the trip.

Upper right—Entrance. So called, because it is the entrance to the mountains. Here we left the railway. Tom's little house in the foreground.

Lower left—The men who fight the fires, taken at Rock Lake Cabin.

Lower right—At our first camp. Tom is frying the bacon; R. W. McClung is sewing on a button.

so distant, where he can be near his horses, of which he has over forty.

We had our meals at the restaurant, and good ones too, of ham, eggs and coffee—served by a pretty little thing who looked as if she should be in school, but who was addressed as "mother" by a sleepy little girl who appeared from within, asking for more definite information regarding her boots, and incidentally lodging a mild complaint about her brother's bossiness. The brother himself appeared and presented a contra-complaint regarding the lady's unladylike conduct when he was trying to button her dress.

In Tom's town house on the hill we saw many pictures of the chase, cariboo, sheep, goats and even a bear or two, lying sightless and dead, with their captors standing beside them, carelessly leaning on their guns, making some effort to deceive the public as to the state of their minds. From the ridge pole hung hundreds of dollars worth of skins, ermine, wolf, fox,—no one coveting them apparently, for their owner seemed to have no fear of robbery. In this country every person seems to have all the skins they need or want, and there is not the greed of getting which mars our human activities in cities.

About noon we were ready to start. Tom had a great many brand new canvas bags, into which he put our groceries,—and two big, square leather boxes (so stiff and strong they served as seats) to hold the kitchen pots and pans, knives and forks and dishes.

One of the many trains that come through Entrance went roaring by as we stood on the hill besides Tom's little house the next morning, waiting for the final

fastening the last strap on Paddy, the old white pack horse that carried the kitchen stuff with a folding table on top, and some one was telling me to get on.

We climbed the remainder of the hill above the house, with a finer view every minute, and a great feeling of exhilaration came over me. We were off, on a great new trail, with new sights, sounds and sensations, even if I knew some of the latter would be aching bones and stiff joints. Twenty years is a long time between rides. But no one can feel old on horseback—not the first half day anyway.

Through a burnt forest much of our road lay, where the metallic black of the fallen timbers make a glistening background for the gorgeously brilliant fireweed whose deep burning purple makes the forest flame again.

On Summit meadows we crossed and re-crossed a dry stream bed where once a flashing mountain stream with shady trout pools had gladdened the hearts of the traveller. But now the burnt mountain sides above it have no trees to hold the snow, and so in the Spring-time there is but one bursting flood when the warm days come, and for all the long summer only dryness and desolation.

The young forest is coming in little saplings three or four feet tall, but not in great abundance, for the fire of twenty-five years ago burnt not only the trees but the soil which grew them,—and it takes a long, long time for nature to recover.

Our first camp was on the Solomon, which was once a much larger stream, as its wide bed shows, but its supply of water has dwindled and shrunk too from the common cause, and now it runs a mere shadow of the river it once was, with dead fish lying on the sand.

A BEE BUSTLING DOWN IN THE BLUEBELLS

By L. F. Ramsay

TALL OAKS from little acorns grow," we used to be taught at school. Life is continually illustrating the importance of trifles that seem at the time hardly worth noticing.

Meda Thorne, stretching up to the ledge over the door of Miss Wright's cottage bedroom, just because she was young and full of the joy of her senses and loved to exercise her limbs, found her fingers touching some obstacle.

She drew it down and an exclamation of astonishment escaped her.

"Why, Aunt Sunshine..." she began going to the window. In her hand was a tiny leather case, that flew open at a touch.

"Oh!" cried Meda, with a gasp of astonishment.

Inside the case was a man's ring. The setting was old-fashioned, but the splendour of the single stone was unmistakable. It was a diamond of the first water and it twinkled and sparkled in the sunlight that streamed through the lozenge-shaped panes of the casement windows, as if conscious of its value.

Aunt Sunshine was little, to match the cottage in which she dwelt. She had fair hair that faded into the grey so gradually that you could hardly say right away whether her hair was blonde or grey. She had blue eyes that had lost none of their youthful sparkle, but seemed ever on the look out for some glorious adventure.

AUNT SUNSHINE dressed in mauves or greys that fell in graceful folds around her figure, and there was always an impression of lace left in your mind as you looked at her, though you could hardly say where or what it was.

She looked at Meda now with the sort of expression the cat has when you have surprised it with its head upraised from the cream bowl. Her lips parted into a smile and she went over towards the window and adjusted the blue-and-white check curtains before she spoke.

Outside, purple aubretias clustered on the old grey wall of the garden and the bees hummed incessantly above the blossoms. Irises and forget-me-nots, columbines and sweet alyssum, tulips and poet's narcissus filled the beds, and under the trees bluebells carpeted the ground as thick as in the woods themselves.

"A bee bustling down in the bluebells," was the description someone had applied to Aunt Sunshine herself, and somehow it seemed to fit. When Aunt Sunshine bustled about, it was always in order to gather the sweets of life for somebody else.

Meda raised her eyes at length reluctantly from the diamond and looked at Aunt Sunshine.

"That was my dear father's ring," explained Miss Wright.

"But, Aunt Sunshine, it must be worth pots of money," protested Meda. "And what a place to keep it! Anyone might have put their hands up and found it, as I did. Anyone!"

"But no one else has, you see," laughed Aunt Sunshine. "And if they had, they would have done just what you have done, taken it out and had a look at it."

"But it might have been stolen!" cried Meda, in a voice of horror. "How much do you suppose it is worth, Aunt Sunshine?"

"My father gave two hundred pounds for it," replied Miss Wright.

"Two hundred pounds! You must send it to the bank at once! I shan't rest till I know it's in a safe place."

EVERYONE in the village always told Aunt Sunshine what she ought to do. And she was such a dear, she never minded. But in spite of her placid exterior, she had a will of her own and always took her own way about the big things of life, while she yielded gracefully on points of minor importance.

And that is one of the secrets of successful living.

"You were telling me about your visit to Mudborough," said Aunt Sunshine, in an interested voice. She closed the ring-case, still holding it in her hand. "I'm longing to hear all about the parties you went to and the new friends you made."

Meda's pretty face clouded over and her dark eyes grew troubled.

"Why, Aunt Sunshine, the most dreadful thing happened that just spilt my visit altogether."

"How was that?" asked Miss Wright, her blue eyes widening.

"The Cookes, with whom I was staying, had some great friends, the Farnaysons. Mr. Farnayson was the Town Clerk of Mudborough and was supposed to be a very rich man. The Cookes and the Farnaysons practically lived on each other's doorsteps."

"That never answers," murmured Aunt Sunshine.

Meda pouted. Hers was the type of face that looks rather pretty with a slight pout. Especially when it vanished afterwards into a smile.

"But, Aunt Sunshine," she protested, "I've often heard you argue that you can't touch pitch without being defiled. It's one of your favourite sayings. How could the Farnaysons expect the Cookes to remain friends after what had happened?"



"Why Aunt Sunshine" she began, going to the window, in her hand a tiny leather case that flew open at a touch.

"THE Farnaysons always gave the loveliest dances," went on Meda. "Quite the nicest I went to while I was away was at their house. It was for Gwynneth Farnayson's coming-out. She is the only child and was Sylvia Cooke's greatest friend."

"Was?" echoed Aunt Sunshine, swiftly.

"You'll see. I'm coming to that. No one noticed anything amiss that evening. We were all as gay as we could be. But the next day, everyone in Mudborough was thunderstruck to hear that Mr. Farnayson had been arrested on a charge of embezzling public money. The Cookes couldn't believe it at first."

"I should think not, indeed!" ejaculated Aunt Sunshine.

"But before twenty-four hours had passed, everyone knew that it was true."

"How did they know that?" demanded Aunt Sunshine.

"The magistrates wouldn't grant Mr. Farnayson bail, which Mr. Cooke said is always a bad sign. So from being the most popular people in the place, the Farnaysons have come down to being without a single friend."

"Except the Cookes, of course," suggested Aunt Sunshine quickly.

"Why, no, Aunt Sunshine. How could they go on being friends after such a thing as that? How awkward they would feel! And what could they possibly say?"

"It doesn't matter much what you say at such times," insinuated Aunt Sunshine, "it's the sympathy that counts."

"Surely it wasn't the mother or daughter who embezzled?" persisted Aunt Sunshine. "And besides, you are all the time assuming that the poor man himself is guilty, a thing which my dear father always insisted was contrary to English law. 'A man is innocent till he is proved guilty,' he always used to say."

"Well, the Cookes thought differently," went on Meda, in an aggrieved tone. "And the Farnaysons don't appear in the daytime. The blinds are all drawn at the house as if they were away. But Sylvia told me she had seen Mrs. Farnayson going down the road after dark with a thick veil on, so that no one should recognize her."

Aunt Sunshine paused for a moment.

"Did you say that their house is called The Limes? Is it a pretty place?" she questioned casually.

"Oh yes, it's lovely. It's outside the town and has a beautiful garden, with two tennis courts and other lawns as well. Of course they'll have to leave it now. No one knows what will become of them."

"What sort of woman is Mrs. Farnayson?" asked Aunt Sunshine, as she followed Meda down the tiny staircase.

"Just a pleasant society woman. A very good hostess. I did not know her intimately."

"And her daughter? What is she like?" "Oh Sylvia is a very jolly girl, high-spirited and full of fun."

Meda stood in the porch, saying the last words that generally take up so much time.

"As for that topping ring, Aunt Sunshine, don't you dare put it back again where I found it. I shan't feel happy unless you promise me to send it to the bank, or some other safe place."

"Oh, go along with you, child!" protested Aunt Sunshine, her face wreathed in smiles.

Meda took this cryptic remark to signify agreement.

THE next morning, soon after six o'clock, Mrs. Bampton Knowles, the village busybody, thought she heard the gate of Briar Cottage click. Peering through her muslin blinds, she was astonished to see Aunt Sunshine, dressed all in her best, carrying a small handbag. Miss Wright looked furtively round to see whether her movements were being observed.

"Now, where can she be going, dressed up to the nines like that, at this time of day?" queried Mrs. Bampton Knowles. "It can't be that she has been asked to go to some sick person, for she wouldn't wear her best frock for that. And I saw her the last thing last night, and she said nothing about going away on a visit."

And regardless of the fact that her toilet was incomplete, she leant from the window and craned her neck to see what direction Aunt Sunshine took.

"My goodness me! She's going to the railway station!" she exclaimed. In her excitement, she was in imminent danger of overbalancing. "It's not like Aunt Sunshine to be so secretive about her doings."

And all the rest of the time that she spent in dressing, the good woman felt a personal grievance against Aunt Sunshine, for not having made her the confidante of her intentions.

That little person was hastening away towards the railway station with a spring in her step and a curious, adventurous feeling in her heart.

It was seldom that Aunt Sunshine took a train journey, and when she did, it was usually to nurse some sick relative, or to mind the house for someone while the family took a holiday.

The sun peeped out of a rosy cloud, as if he too was curious to see what Aunt Sunshine was going to do at that early hour of the day.

"You are up betimes, ma'am," remarked the stationmaster, as he punched her ticket for the London train.

"Yes," replied Aunt Sunshine frankly, "I have a long journey to make, so I must start early."

He found her a corner seat in a comfortable compartment and wished her a pleasant journey before he closed the door.

Then he spoke a few words to the guard, bidding him look after the little old lady in the old-fashioned clothes.

"Good folks are scarce, so just take care of her," he told him.

LLEFT alone in the train, with strangers around her, whirling away towards that big city which she had not seen for so many years, Aunt Sunshine felt a wee bit lonely.

But at the next station, a countrywoman with a baby got in. Aunt Sunshine was a rare hand at babies, and, in chatting away to its mother over its constitution and ailments, the time passed quickly.

In London, she had to change stations and the neighbourhood of the other terminus was unfamiliar to her. But the baby's mother insisted on accompanying her and seeing her safely into the train. Her own destination was close by.

"What a lot of kind people there are in the world!" thought Aunt Sunshine, as she was once more settled in her compartment. And there was a warm glow at her heart which comforted her feelings, for she was beginning to feel unwontedly shy as she neared the end of her journey.

Continued on page 18

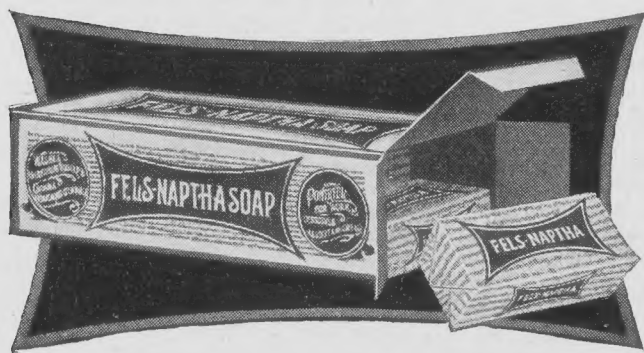


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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Continued from page 6

MUDBOROUGH never looks at its best under a cloudy sky, and on this particular day it was raining in torrents, though Aunt Sunshine had left Layland basking in the bright morning sun.

Gwynneth Farnayson stood at the drawing-room window, gazing out at the dripping trees, just showing the fresh, pale green of the new season. Her eyes were red and swollen with crying and her hair was dishevelled from contact with the sofa pillows into which she had been weeping her sorrows.

Gwynneth felt secure from observations. No one had been near them since the terrible disgrace had overtaken them and she knew that no one was likely to come now, least of all through such weather as this.

Suddenly, Gwynneth caught sight of an umbrella through the foliage of the avenue, and turned to retreat. But her curiosity got the better of her. Could it be Sylvia Cooke, come at last to offer her sympathy, and assure her of her unchanging friendship?

No, the figure was too short for Sylvia. Who could it be? She drew nearer and nearer and Gwynneth, peeping, beheld a little old lady, carefully holding a founced mauve dress high out of the mud.

ON her shoulders she wore a black silk and lace mantle and underneath the umbrella, Gwynneth caught a glimpse of a mushroom hat, wreathed in mauve wistaria and tied with mauve ribbons.

"Mother!" she cried, as Mrs. Farnayson at that moment entered the room. "There's such a funny little old lady coming up the drive. Do you know who it is?"

Her mother looked in the direction indicated. Her eyes were dull with unwept sorrow and her lips were firmly drawn over her mouth.

"I don't know her," she said. "I suppose she is one of your father's people."

The door bell rang.

Gwynneth went to open it.

"You won't know my name," announced a gentle voice. "I am speaking to Miss Farnayson, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Gwynneth.

"I am Miss Wright, a friend of Meda Thorne's. She was staying in Mudborough recently. May I see your mother?"

Hardly knowing what to reply, Gwynneth took Aunt Sunshine into the library and went in search of Mrs. Farnayson.

"Mother, do come and see her," she exclaimed. "She looks a dear old thing. She says she is a friend of Meda Thorne's."

"But what does she want here?"

"I don't know. But she has the sweetest voice and the kindest smile I ever saw. Do come and see her!"

"I don't feel like seeing a stranger," complained Mrs. Farnayson. "Can't you ask her to send a message?"

"You won't feel as if she were a stranger," urged Gwynneth. "Do come."

Her mother allowed herself to be persuaded and Gwynneth followed her into the library.

Aunt Sunshine was standing by the window. She turned quickly at their entrance.

"I have come a hundred and fifty miles to see if you needed a friend," she smiled, "but if you feel my coming an intrusion, just say the word and I will go away at once."

"Are you one of Herbert's relatives?" asked Mrs. Farnayson.

"No, I'm afraid not."

"Then why... I'm afraid I don't see..." began Mrs. Farnayson.

"Why I came?" finished Aunt Sunshine for her. "Put it down to just busyboddiness. I heard from my dear little friend, Meda Thorne, that you were in trouble, and I couldn't rest till I had made sure that you had plenty of friends to rally round you. So I just came to see."

"Well, are you satisfied now that you've seen the crowds of friends that fill our house?" asked Mrs. Farnayson bitterly. Before Aunt Sunshine had time to make any reply, Gwynneth, who had been gazing at the little old lady, burst out with a horrified exclamation.

"Why, you are soaked with rain! Mother, just look at her shoes."

AUNT SUNSHINE looked down at the two muddy patches on the carpet and uttered a quick apology.

"Don't worry about that!" said Mrs. Farnayson. "It's not our house any longer. We are beggars, Miss. I'm afraid I didn't catch your name."

A Bee Bustling Down in the Bluebells

"My name is Miss Wright, but everyone calls me Aunt Sunshine so that I get almost to forget my real name."

"Then, Aunt Sunshine, you must come with me and get some dry shoes," cried Gwynneth.

"And I will go and make some tea," added her mother. "The servants have all gone. We didn't have any maids of the story-book kind, who refuse to desert their mistress. All their anxiety was about their wages."

A few moments later, Aunt Sunshine was sitting dry-shod, drinking a cup of

paupers, without a penny or a friend in the whole universe."

"Not quite," corrected Aunt Sunshine, with a smile. "You've got me, if you'll own me as a friend. And also, you have your freedom and a good conscience. Besides, surely you have some relatives to whom you can go while you look around?"

For answer, Mrs. Farnayson went to a bureau and took therefrom a letter which she handed to Aunt Sunshine, saying:

"This is the sort of relatives I have. I



Miss Wright looked furtively round to see whether her movements were being observed.

tea, while the mother and daughter forgot their own troubles in attending to her needs. Much to their surprise, they found themselves chatting away to her as if they had known her all their lives.

Mrs. Farnayson even spoke of her husband.

"Ah, but you are assuming that he is guilty," cried Aunt Sunshine, shocked at the wife's bitterness. "If you two don't believe in his innocence, who will?"

Mother and daughter exchanged swift glances.

"Didn't you know that he had pleaded guilty?" asked Mrs. Farnayson, speaking in dry, hard tones. "The assizes are being held and he was sentenced yesterday to twelve months' imprisonment."

"Oh, I didn't know!" gasped Aunt Sunshine. "But if he pleaded guilty, that shows at least that he wasn't going to try to shirk the consequences of what he had done. Poor fellow! How he must have suffered!"

"I can't see it in that light!" flashed Mrs. Farnayson. "If he does suffer, he brought it all on himself. But Gwynneth and I must go out into the world as

married against the will of my family and this is the result."

Aunt Sunshine took out her spectacles and read a cold, business-like letter from Mrs. Farnayson's father, offering to provide a home for herself and Gwynneth on condition that they both renounced all intercourse for evermore with the man who had brought such disgrace on them.

HAVING read the letter, she refolded it and handed it back to Mrs. Farnayson, asking simply:

"And your answer?"

Mrs. Farnayson shrugged her shoulders.

"I would rather beg my bread from door to door than accept help offered in such a spirit. But you must not think that I refuse it out of love for my husband. I cannot forgive him for this disgrace."

"Oh, but you will," insinuated Aunt Sunshine, laying her hand on Mrs. Farnayson's arm. "I know he must be eating his heart out in sorrow for what he has done."

"Oh, he is sorry enough," said Mrs. Farnayson bitterly. But I am of Tennyson's opinion:

"The world will not believe a man repents And this wise world of ours is mainly right."

"I know a better quotation than that," rejoined Aunt Sunshine softly, "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance."

"Thank you for that, Aunt Sunshine," cried Gwynneth. "I'm quite sure Daddy never meant to do wrong. He couldn't."

Mrs. Farnayson rose, murmuring something about going to see that a room was ready for Aunt Sunshine.

The latter turned impulsively to the girl.

"I like you for saying that, my dear. You mustn't think hard things of your mother, because she isn't able to forgive your father right away. Some natures are like that. You see, her ideals and faith in him have had a shock. Now tell me, what are your plans for the future?"

They talked on in low tones, Gwynneth telling Aunt Sunshine of her desire to go right away, if possible to the other side of the world, where no one would know them, and start life afresh.

Aunt Sunshine listened sympathetically.

"Now it so happens, my dear, that I had a letter only last week from an old friend who lives on one of the South Sea Islands. There is a small British community and there are children to be educated and no one to teach them. Living is ridiculously cheap out there and if you could undertake to start a small school, you could perhaps make a home there and find an opening for your father to join you in a year's time. The great industry of the island is vanilla growing. Doubtless there is clerical work attached to it. We can make enquiries through the Foreign Office. Or would it be the Colonial Office?"

Gwynneth was delighted with the idea and communicated it at once to her mother, when she came back. Before they retired for the night, they had already settled, in imagination, in their Pacific home.

BEFORE Aunt Sunshine returned to her little thatched cottage at Layland, with the flagged pathway leading up to the door, the scheme formulated that evening had matured into actuality. Even the question of passage money had been satisfactorily settled and a little cash was left in hand to start them in their new home. Mrs. Farnayson's resolve to give up everything she possessed to her husband's creditors was applauded by Aunt Sunshine, who pointed out to her, however, that she could keep with a quiet conscience such jewellery and other valuables as had been given her by friends.

Twelve months later, the neighbours were astonished to learn that Aunt Sunshine was preparing to go away again.

"Why, you are getting quite a gad-about, Aunt Sunshine!" Meda Thorne assured her.

"Doesn't do to stay too long in one place!" declared Aunt Sunshine, shaking her head. "You get into too much of a groove."

"You used to say you never wanted to go away from Layland!" marvelled Meda.

"We change as the years pass, even in our ideas," answered Aunt Sunshine.

EARLY in the morning, the gates of the prison were opened to discharge those prisoners who had served their sentences. Some were met by wives, some by friends. One or two walked out, with averted faces, alone.

Aunt Sunshine stood there, scanning the faces of the men. Presently, she caught sight of a stooping, greyheaded figure, walking with eyes on the ground.

"Mr. Farnayson, I think?" she said briskly.

He raised his hat instinctively and Aunt Sunshine continued:

"Please follow me. I have a taxi waiting close by."

He had been too long accustomed to obey to raise any objection. Five minutes later, the taxi stopped at the door of a hotel in a quiet street.

"We will have breakfast first and talk afterwards," announced Aunt Sunshine.

She led the way to a private room where a substantial meal was almost immediately served. Aunt Sunshine chatted away, though she noticed with distress that her guest was eating without appetite.

Continued on page 11



One week will tell

Send the coupon for the 10-Day test.

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

That test will be a revelation. The results have won millions to this new way of teeth cleaning. Nearly all the world over careful people now use this way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

It means a new dental era.

First Eyes—Then Teeth

The two chief beauty items

Why will any woman leave that dingy film?

Think what pretty teeth mean to a woman's looks. And how they encourage smiles. Then note how you see them everywhere nowadays.

Millions of people are brushing teeth in a new way. Every day they combat the dingy film-coats. Their teeth glisten as teeth should. And they keep better protected from the troubles caused by film.

You will follow their example when you make this ten-day test.

Film is unclean

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between them and stays.

Food stains discolor it, making the teeth look cloudy. Then, too, it forms the basis of tartar. That's why teeth lose their luster.

Modern research proves that film is the cause of most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many other troubles, local and internal.

Few people escape

Under old methods, few escaped the troubles caused by film. The tooth brush left much film intact. Then night and day, between the teeth and elsewhere, it threatened serious

damage. Thus tooth troubles became almost universal and were constantly increasing.

So dental science has long been seeking ways to fight that film. Two methods have now been found. Able authorities have proved their efficiency, and leading dentists everywhere now urge their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern requirements.

And these two film combatants are embodied in it. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Entirely new effects

Pepsodent brings to users five desired effects. It combats the film. It polishes teeth without the use of any harmful grit.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, which is there to digest starch deposits before they ferment and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. Which is there

to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay. It leaves the teeth clean, white and glistening.

Every application brings these essential effects. Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, brought just opposite results. You will be amazed and delighted when you see and feel the change.

Help them combat film troubles

Pepsodent is most important to the coming generation. Few children have escaped tooth troubles heretofore. Millions of lives have been affected by them more or less. Many have been wrecked.

Now dentists advise that Pepsodent be used from the time the first tooth appears. Never let a day go by without it. That advice, now followed the world over, is bringing a new dental era.

You should know this modern method. Send for this test. Cut out the coupon now.

The chief effects

Whiter teeth and cleaner. A normal alkaline mouth. Starch deposits digested and dissolved.

One retires with the knowledge that Nature's forces are fighting the enemies of teeth. Old methods never brought such effects.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 955 CAN.

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,

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Mail 10-day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

 Only one tube to a family.

Made in Canada

Pepsodent CANADA
 REG. IN

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.



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and
delicious!*

The secret of the fresh and delicious flavor of Moir's Chocolates lies in the chocolate coating.

Moirs do not buy their chocolate coatings. They make their own, importing for this purpose the choicest cocoa beans. These are roasted and blended by a secret process in the Moir

candy kitchens. Then they are ground by machinery for days at a time until the chocolate paste has the smoothness of satin with a texture so close and fine that the air is excluded.

That is why you always find Moir's so fresh and delicious.

The wonderful coating preserves their goodness.

Take home a box to-day.

MOIRS LIMITED - HALIFAX

75

Moir's Chocolates

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

BREATH OF THE MOUNTAINS—Continued from page 5

While the sun shone brightly through the tent, warm and cheerful, I read and slept and rubbed my knees with capsicum, and got a lot of sleep caught up, and was glad I hadn't gone to the trout pool; but when later on I wakened shivering in the iron gray dusk of the cheerless tent, in a lonely silence in which not even a squirrel chirped or a bird sang, and when I called the dog and got no answer but the mocking echo of my own voice which came back dimly hopeless, I was convinced that I should have gone.

But I built up the fire with dried willows, which made a cheerful, crackly blaze, and carried in more wood from the river bank, all the time wondering why I was so long deserted by my men-folks.

My teeth chattered a little when I thought of the huge claw marks we had seen that day in the trees, which had torn down the fire placards. Evidently the bears resented the inroads of human beings on their domain, and so they might not like to see a tent pitched and fire burning. All the stories I had ever read or heard of people being attacked by bears came back to me, and not a bit of comfort could I get from Tom's assurance that this was not a bear country. I didn't see that it mattered much, when it was all over, whether the bear was a resident bear or just a transient.

The sun had gone behind a mountain, and twilight filled the valley like a cup. I tried to call the dog again, I would have given anything for the comfort of his sharp little face, but he had gone with the men.

The silence grew more intolerable every minute. Sometimes I grew cold with fear as the bushes cracked ominously, then hot with rage. It was no fun to be left like this, and they would certainly hear from me. I know now how true it is that an ill-tempered woman is a good house-keeper. Every time I thought of how badly I was being treated, I had a desire to do something. I straightened up the tent, I re-packed the dunnage bags, I looked around for further occupation, and then it was that I fell into error.

I noticed the three trout in a pan of water, the last of the morning's catch. I seized them eagerly, scaled and cleaned them in the fading light, and put them in the pan to fry. I would be in a better position to beat up my companions if I had supper ready—I knew that,—and besides, anything was better than sitting listening; one can hear so many things, and all so terrifying.

It was seven o'clock before they came home. They had strings of fish and were gloriously hungry and happy. So was I, as soon as I saw them.

"Were you frightened?" they asked me, with I think some real compunction, "we didn't intend to stay so long, but they bite better after sun-down. You weren't frightened, were you?"

"Me!" I lied gaily, "not a bit. It never bothers me to stay alone." (I meant it will not bother me any more—I'll go with you next time). It does not seem so bad to lie, if it's done cheerfully, and by this time I had said so often that I was not stiff or tired, it came out easily; it was all in practice!

And that night when we lay around the big fire, a pile of brush behind us to hold the heat, for the night was chilly, and the big moon filled the whole valley with a steely blue light, and we listened to the night sounds, and Tom told us what they were—I was sure that my fears had been delusions, and I was glad I had denied them. There was not a voice in the valley that was not friendly and kind.

But all the same, after that I joined every fishing party. Also I regret to say—I scaled the fish.

Our next camp was at Rock Lake, which is 33 miles from the railroad, a beautiful little lake almost as brilliantly colored as Lake Louise, and with the same background of wooded mountains with snowy caps. The Forestry Department has a rangers' cabin here, and a friendly young ranger named Cook, came out to meet us and gave us the freedom of the city, accompanied by an invitation to use his cook-stove for our bannocks. Here we stayed for three days, with our tent on the lake shore, under a brilliantly blue sky with billowy white clouds that

could be seen reflected in the greenish blue water below. We roamed happily over the mossy trails or rode the horses over windfalls and down dry creek bottoms; we visited the Indians who had brought their cattle down to graze on the rich meadows, to save their own on the Grand Cache many miles away; and we came back to our camp at night so tired and hungry and happy that we quite decided we would all apply for the position of fire ranger next summer and leave the world and all its deceitfulness behind us for ever. Just a little bacon, flour and dessicated potatoes, a few pack ponies, an axe, a tent, a pot and a pair of blankets is a modest outfit,—and yet when the fire burns and the night is fine and the trail weariness soothes the brain, it seems to be all that one needs for happiness.

The Indians of the Grande Cache are fine looking people, straight, tall, clean looking and highly respected by the trappers. Their word is taken without question, for the old Indian tradition of honesty is still in their blood.

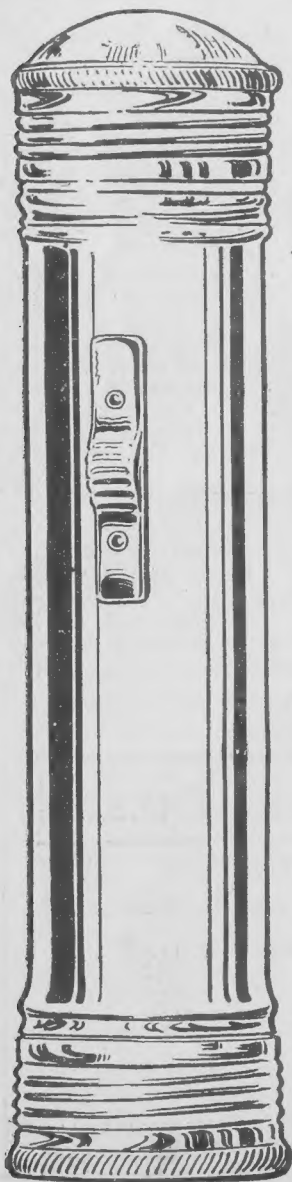
One fine old lady, very dignified in her neatly fitting black and white striped dress, and her iron gray hair combed straight back and held with a jet comb, took us into her tepee, the largest one I ever saw. But it was all needed, for she had three families of grandchildren visiting here, bright-eyed little things with hair neatly braided in pig tails tied with faded but clean ribbons. Some of the little girls had middies with red bow ties and serge skirts, and running shoes, for Eaton's catalogue is a well-known and much revered volume, and pack ponies carry express packages from Entrance. A sewing-machine in the tepee made another connecting link with the outside. Our hostess told us, through an interpreter, that she has made five tepees this year, one containing one hundred yards of canvas. This was for Curly Philips, the well-known packman of Jasper, who has taken parties of "Ladies from States" for years.

Moccasins and mitts made of moosehide of their own killing and tanning, are made by the old lady too, assisted by the women members of her family, and sold to the stores in Entrance and Brule, so many of them she has lost count. Her moccasins are particularly well-shaped, and are as soft as a kid glove.

But there is a tragedy going on in the lives of these people. Back on the Grande Cache where they moved when they were asked to leave Jasper Park, there has been no school provided for them, although there are sixty children of school age. They were told by the Government agents who induced them to sell their holdings in the Park, that they could go wherever they liked and take up land, and they chose this remote district because of its remoteness, and consequent good hunting. Now the agents say they told them they must settle in an organized district in order to get a school. The Alberta Government has no jurisdiction in unorganized territory, and the Dominion Government takes no responsibility in matters of education. So the sixty native-born Canadians are growing up in ignorance, and the hearts of the parents are greatly troubled over it.

It is well to make much of our Indian Chiefs and pay their way to come to the Capital City to take part in welcoming our Governor-General. It strengthens their loyalty to shake the hand of the King's representative; but it would be better still to listen to them when they ask the Government to give them a school for their children. It may not make much apparent difference for a few years, but these bright eyed youngsters when they are men and women grown, handicapped in the race of life by their own ignorance, will not have the respect for the flag that their parents have. They will remember with bitterness that they were cheated in their childhood of something which the years cannot restore, and their hearts will not beat with patriotic glow, and why should they? It is, as Henry Vandyke says, "For every soul denied the right to grow beneath the flag becomes its secret foe."

Concluded in the July number.



Wherever Temporary Light is Needed

Think how handy it would be to have an Eveready Flashlight for lighting linen closets and cupboards; to keep under your pillow at night; for every use around the house. There is the right style and size Eveready Flashlight for everyone's individual needs.

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—they fit all
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EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

A BEE BUSTLING DOWN IN THE BLUEBELLS— Continued from page 8

"It's no use," he exclaimed, pushing away his knife and fork with a sigh. "After eating alone for so many months, I feel like a savage."

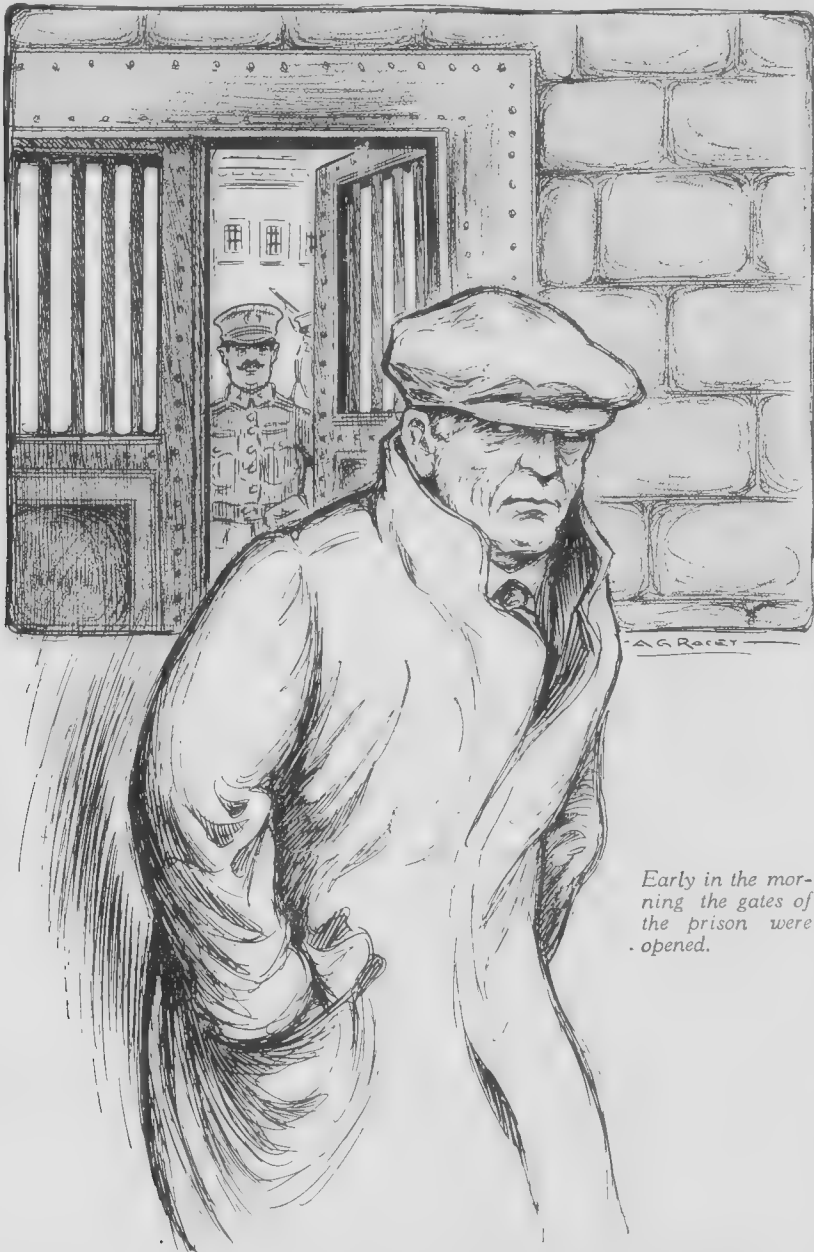
"That will soon pass," replied Aunt Sunshine, confidently. "When you have finished your breakfast, we must go at once to Fenchurch Street Station. I am going to see you off at Tilbury."

get used to it, before you get out to your island home."

"What is it?" he asked.

"Wright," answered Aunt Sunshine, and added proudly: "A name that has never known dishonour."

"And it never will," he added, grasping her hand.



Early in the morning the gates of the prison were opened.

"To see me off?" he echoed dully.

"Yes. Your wife has arranged everything with me and your passage is taken on a boat that leaves today. I have all the letters here that I have received from your wife and daughter. You will read in them how happy they are in their new home on the other side of the world and how they are only longing for you to join them."

She thrust a bulky package into his hands.

"It's too late," he groaned. "I'm a broken man. If they are happy, I had better go away by myself and not spoil their lives any more."

"Nonsense!" rejoined Aunt Sunshine. "They want you, man. And nothing is too late as long as someone in the world wants us. You'll feel different when you are on board ship. And by the way, you've got another name. You'd better

AS the great liner lay ready for her voyage at Tilbury, the passengers crowded to the side to watch their friends going back in the tug to the shore. A quaint little figure, in old-fashioned clothes, stood in the stern, waving frantically as long as she could see the ship.

"Aunt Sunshine," enquired Meda Thorne, a week later, walking into the little parlour at Briar Cottage, with her friend Angela Wood. "If you still have that lovely diamond ring I found on the ledge of your door one day, I wish you would show it to Angela. I was telling her about it, and she would love to see it."

A faint shadow flitted over Aunt Sunshine's face, but she turned a radiant look on Meda, as she said:

"Why, Meda, don't you remember you urged me so strongly to send it away to a safe place? I haven't got it here any longer!"

Spring

—Gilbert H. Bartlett

Hail to thee, fair damsel!

Thou blue-eyed maiden, Spring:
Now, where the song-rills ramble,
I hear thy laughter ring.

For long, thy mother's keeping
Did mantle thee with care,
But now, with passions leaping
Beneath thy bosom fair,

Thou comest, prided Daughter,
O'er lea, and hill and dale,—
To music trilled by water
That carols in the vale,

With trust that may not falter,
With love that scorns thy pride,—
To kneel before the altar—
Proud Nature's beauteous bride,



New faces for old

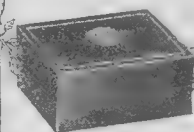
Not a Miracle!—A Fact Proven by Legions of Beautiful Women

The little God of Love and Beauty is at your door. From France—land of lovely women—he brings you his mystic charms. Powders and creams for a clear complexion—deep colors for luscious lips—the bloom of youth for radiant faces—the haunting fragrance of fairest gardens—other essentials of true loveliness.

Just back from Paris, Monsieur Vivaudou has brought with him a new knowledge of the arts of that land where women never grow old. His years of research, study and experiment are at your command. Prove for yourself that in every woman there are latent possibilities of beauty. You can develop them to the height of your fondest desire.

And you owe this to yourself—to your friends—to him.

Your first trial of any of the irresistible Mavis toilettries will show you why they are the choice of fastidious women who will retain their youthful beauty for years to come. Their continued patronage is proof sufficient that no preparations can be purer or better made than those guaranteed by the famous name—Vivaudou.



MAVIS FACE POWDER



MAVIS PATTIE



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Vivaudou's Tissue Face Powder

Have you tried the latest Paris creation? It builds the tissues as well as beautifies.

Pattie

A three months' supply of powder or rouge in a handsome burnished case with mirror and puff.

Cold Cream

So soft it seeps into the pores, ridding them of all impurities. For the foundation of all loveliness—a velvety skin.

Face Powder

Unbelievably fine, exquisitely tinted, perfumed with the luxurious breath of Mavis.

Toilet Water

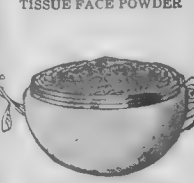
A haunting fragrance—stronger and more lasting, even, than most extracts.

Talc

Largest selling talc in the world. In the tall red can with the gilt top.



VIVAUDOU'S TISSUE FACE POWDER



MAVIS COLD CREAM



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Mineralava keeps your face always young

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK

THE ROCKHOUND—Continued from page 4

SATISFACTION



NEW PERFECTION

Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens

Four million of these Blue Chimney NEW PERFECTIONS are helping to keep the world healthy and happy.

Range illustrated has built-in heat-retaining oven. Then there's a four-burner range; also two to five burner stoves with removable ovens, offering ample cooking facilities for every requirement.

See the complete NEW PERFECTION line at your nearest stove dealer. Ask him to demonstrate for you.

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Winnipeg, Man.

I'll get the name and what I can about it. You come back here in the morning. If the company's still got a leasehold, we'll run out there in my car, and you can look it over. Atwill, Miss Mason, is one of our best little rockhounds." His eyes narrowed still more.

Atwill went with her to the street. "Have you got a place to stay?" he inquired suddenly.

She laughed. "Not yet. But I've only tried so far at three hotels. At the last one, I heard them tell the man ahead of me that, if he waited until twenty-one people had checked out, he could share a cot in a corridor."

"The woman across the street from where I live rents rooms. I'll try to get one for you."

He went with her and arranged about the room. He hesitated.

"We don't have theatrical performances in Texas, Miss Mason, but there's vaudeville," he suggested, "if you'd care to go to that."

It seemed she did care; he was proportionately pleased. He called for her in the evening. After the performance, they paced the deserted streets of the small city, and his blood warmed to realize that she was as reluctant to return to her lodging as he was to take her. Her life, it seemed to him, had been rather dismal. There had been an orphan childhood with a maiden aunt; there had been worry over her undisciplinable brother. She had sent her brother money.

In the morning Atwill called for her, and they went again to Weld.

"I was right," the promoter told them. "It was the Lucky Tumble Oil Company. Fifty thousand one-dollar shares of capital stock. I won't say that the certificates are signed by dummy officers, but I will say the names ain't known in this town. Here's one of the certificates; one of the errand-boys around here owns it."

He took the certificate from his desk and handed it to Alida. She took a dollar from her hand-bag.

"Give the boy this," she said. "This is exactly what I want to do; I want to buy the shares of the very poorest people first."

Weld put the dollar in his pocket. "Mind," he warned; "I'm not saying yet that the company was crooked. It's still got a leasehold. We'll drive out there and see what Atwill says. All I'm saying now is that fifty thousand shares might mean a few thousand for a lease, a few thousand for advertising and selling, ten thousand to sink a well deep enough so that the stockholders could be made to believe that the lease had been proved dry, and the balance for the promoters."

They went with him to his car. Atwill had the rear seat with Alida; he was beginning to think that to ride beside her like that would be a very pleasant way to spend the rest of his existence.

"Looking at a busted oil-lease, Miss Mason," Weld observed to them, over his shoulder, "you'll find is a good deal like holding a second funeral."

THE desolation of the Lucky Tumble lease bore out his statement. The derrick had been removed to be used somewhere else; the doors and windows had been taken from the bunk-house and cookhouse, and these buildings had promptly filled with tons of dust. A ravine deeper than any they had seen on the drive out crossed one corner of the lease, Atwill perceived, and, from the nearer side of the ravine, the land sloped gently toward them. He stood studying the aspect of the land. The history of these rocks and sands excited him. This oil country had, in some remote period, been covered by a sea which had deposited on its bottom polyps, perhaps, or plants. In succeeding ages, these, overlaid by sand, had turned to oil. The sand, in time, had turned to rock. The oil, pushed by water and by gas, had kept moving through this porous rock. Wherever it could be pushed up to the earth's surface, it had long since evaporated and disappeared, but wherever world-convulsions had formed pockets of hard rock which it could not penetrate, it had been caught and held.

Atwill found always something thrilling in this inspection of land which, thousands of feet below, might be underlain by oil;

but there was, he saw with disappointment, no evidence on the Lucky Tumble lease of any of the usual oil formations. There was no indication of an "anticline," or upward bend of underlying rock which might have caught the oil within its peak. The slope was either "monoclinical"—all in one direction—or the ravine indicated a "syncline," or downward bend, the least promising of all formations for oil. He broke samples from the rock on both sides of the ravine. Then he followed Weld and Alida, who were looking at the well.

"What do you think of it?" Alida asked of Atwill.

"It doesn't look," he admitted, "as though the men who drilled this well were trying to get oil. It looks as if they were merely trying to make other people think they were."

"To sell their stock," said Weld. He had removed the boards which covered the mouth of the well and was looking down into it. "Dry," he remarked, "as the sun-bleached sands of Sahara."

Atwill was examining the slush-pit. The rotary drilling machine brings to the surface occasional fragments as large as small pebbles. It was at two or three of these, which he had picked up, that he was looking.

"What's that?" Weld inquired.

"A little living creature of the past," Atwill replied, "called *Productus Longispinus*."

"Looks dead," observed Weld, who had not seen the objects distinctly.

"Been dead three hundred thousand years."

"Ought to look dead, then," Weld conceded.

He led the way back to the car.

"Now, Miss Mason," he remarked, as they returned to town, "Atwill agrees with me. I thought he would; I reckon I was sure of it. For, this morning, after I had got the dope of this company, I asked one or two of the boys to scout round and locate the stock for me. It was sold mostly in this neighborhood I don't mind picking it up for you, so long as there's no publicity about it."

"Thank you very much," Alida accepted.

"All right. We'll see what the boys have been able to do."

The "boys" apparently, had done very well. There were a number of large envelopes on Weld's desk, accompanied by a list.

"Here," said Weld, taking up the first envelope and comparing it with the list, "appear to be five hundred shares belonging to a Mrs. Stephen Murphy—woman with an invalid husband. Might be the very writer of the letter you received, Miss Mason."

"She might, indeed," Alida assented.

"Here are three hundred shares belonging to a man named Sillen—widowed-laborer with four small children."

Tears shone in Alida's eyes.

"Oh, I'm glad to be able to give the money back to them!"

Atwill looked on gloomily. Alida would surely have had to be a different sort of person from what she was not to buy back the stock, and he did not want her to be different; he did not want her changed in any way. Ethically, she might be right in what she was doing; but, since no one had ever felt called upon to do that sort of thing before, he was sorry that she should think it necessary to be the first one to try it.

His gloom increased when, on the succeeding day, Alida bought three thousand dollars worth of Lucky Tumble stock through Sam Weld; and it became still worse when, on the third day, she bought six thousand, making a total of eleven thousand dollars to date.

MEANWHILE, in spite of his certainty that there was no oil on the lease, he proceeded mechanically with the examination of his samples. He broke up the bits of rock he had brought home and reduced each separately to dust. The dust he allowed to dry. When it had dried to a sandy powder, he put each sample into a bottle and poured chloroform on it. After the dust had soaked into a mud, he poured the mud out on to white filter-papers, each over its separate little white-enamel plate. Then he set the plates out to dry.

Continued in July issue

THE SLOT MACHINE AT BUMMER'S FLAT

By Robert Hughes

(This story is built upon facts that actually occurred in the West, nearly twenty years ago—the days of the wide-open town, and the supremacy of the saloon.)

BUMMER'S Flat was a good-sized mining town in the heart of the Selkirks, and lay on the banks of one of those giant waterways for which the fair province of British Columbia will ever be justly famous. The town—city some were wont to call it—was like so many others in the West, of mushroom growth, although it differed from the said vegetable, inasmuch as it promised to live many years, the silver-lead ore in the mountains being abundant, and the timber of good quality and plentiful. There were a large number of families living in the place, but by far the larger number of the men lived either in the bunk-house, or, worse still, in the places that boasted the name "Hotel." It is true there were one or two private boarding houses, but these were always crowded, and men had their names on a list to be given the first chance when a vacancy occurred, which clearly proved that their affections were not wedded to hotel board and bed, and Chinese cooks.

Bummer's Flat, named after the late Mr. Bummer, who had "bummed around," as the boys in the camp said, more than any man they knew, in spite of the fact that he owned some large timber limits in his time, but had surrendered them to the Pioneer saloon, had died with a bottle in his hand bearing a Canadian brand; this fact was adduced in favor of Mr. Bummer being patriotic, and was accepted without question by the majority of the disciples of the Pioneer who met nightly, and continued the patriotism of the lamented Bummer in more ways than one.

To see the town, it was only necessary to walk down the one long street. There were several stores, a church, school, and six saloons; there was also a gaol, nearly always full, a Government office, and a few neat houses nearly all painted dark red, owned by the Western Consolidated Limited.

A few years before, the place was simply a lonely wilderness, frequented only by the Indians in search of game. When Mr. Bummer applied for his timber license and began operations, getting the logs to the swiftly running waters of the river which bore them very cheaply to the saws fifty miles below, he induced others to come into the country with him, and soon after one of these prospectors struck silver-lead ore, which resulted in the building of a concentrator on the banks of the river, and a spur line to meet the main system of the C. P. R., and further, the creation of the town of Bummer's Flat.

In a short time the pay-roll of the mine went to forty thousand dollars per month, a very large part of which was promptly seized by the saloon-keepers on pay night. Although six saloons were far in excess of what the law allowed, no one seemed to mind it at all. Why should they? Business was good, as one of the saloon men was very fond of remarking, especially about pay day. The butcher and grocer, with the dry goods man, had difficulties with their collections at times, but the whisky men were great on ready money transactions, only "scoring up" as they called it, to the superior lunatics who spent practically their entire earnings over the bar—with the exception, of course, of the amount due for their board which was promptly stopped when the cheques were cashed.

When a preacher arrived in town it was a thing to be "greatly regretted," the proprietor of the Pioneer remarked, with a large cigar in his mouth, a few days after the announcement that there would be regular services every Sunday in the schoolhouse until the church was built. This same preacher at once became a nuisance to the saloons and all their works, and the men connected with them did not disguise the unmixed hatred with which they looked upon him. They said they were in the business to stay, in spite of the d—

sky pilot, while the subject of their curse calmly remarked that he had a faint idea the church would be there when they were gone and forgotten.

AS is usual in the mining camps, the saloons vied with each other in attracting men. Music was always in evidence. It was not first-class, that would have contradicted the very purpose of the drink curse; but a slap-bang sort, and it served to help many a man across the threshold when perhaps, otherwise, he would not have so readily entered. Thus, all the whisky-sellers were wise in their day and generation, and spent money with which to bait their hooks. The proprietor of the Pioneer felt that the time had come when he should add another drawing card to his establishment. He was making money fast as it was, but not fast enough. He sold whisky all day, and nearly all night, from the first till the last of the year; he never closed the bar; nor did the others of his trade. What had they to close for? Were they not in Bummer's Flat to make money? What did it matter about breaking the law in that little mining camp? So argued Sam Hanley of the Pioneer, and the rest said Sam knew a thing or two. The chief of police was a great friend of Hanley's, and seemed to go there for his orders and free drinks: when not at the gaol, where his office was, he might always be found in the parlor of the Pioneer. It was convenient, folks said, to always know where to find the police. The preacher had remarked to the chief on several occasions that he felt that the laws of the land should be more carefully observed by the whisky men; but the law officer always ended by saying that it was impossible in Western towns to enforce the law or apply Eastern methods. In sad despair the young man came to the conclusion that the camp was in the hands of whisky and vice, felt completely outflanked by the enemy.

The new drawing card at Hanley's proved to be a gambling game in the form of a slot-machine. It was a tall, well-made bit of deviltry, polished and painted, with beveled mirrors, and musical attachment, and when set going would display sets of pictures, which proved beyond doubt that there was a strong relation between Hanley's business and the restricted district across the river. The new machine, needless to say, was quite a success; its charm lay in the chance—quite an impossible chance, by the way—for the players to make a lot of money; and further, for every fifty-cent piece put in, it returned a drink check. Mr. Hanley said he had this last concession especially added for the boys of Bummer's Flat, because they had been such good pals for so long. It will be thus observed that Hanley was a cheerful liar. The barman, who had no use for Sam, remarked that the machine was making a cool thousand a month for the house, hands down, but this was of course whispered, and not generally known.

Mrs. Cane who had lately come from England, also knew a little about this machine. Her husband, Tom, was a heavy drinker, but had, under the influence of the minister, given it up for some time, and had been attending the services occasionally when not on night shift. The had four little children, one an invalid with an ulcerated stomach. Little Sammie, they called him, who sat in his gocart by the fire, and wheeled himself about the tiny room of the cottage when he felt extra well. There was also a baby, so that Mrs. Cane had no need to wonder how she would spend her time, as the toilsome days always brought their full measure of responsibility and care. When Tom "broke out" as his wife expressed it, she once traced the matter to its source. Tom had swung heavily from the saloon one pay night, drunk and penniless, nearly

Continued on page 14

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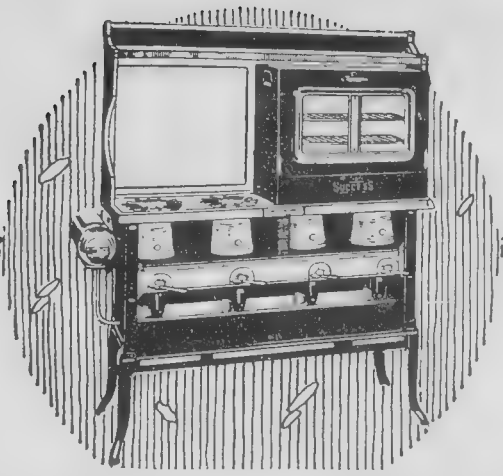
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Blended for strength and flavor,

*Gold
Standard
Tea.*

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37

THE SLOT MACHINE AT BUMMER'S FLAT—Continued from page 13

upsetting shrunken, whitefaced Sammie, who sat in his usual place by the fire.

"It's that there slut machine," exclaimed the unhappy woman, as she unlaced the heavy boots of the sleepy man in the chair, and after much coaxing, succeeded in getting him across the room without breaking anything, and piloting him up the narrow stairway to bed. Wiping away the tears, she went to the little invalid, who had been happy all day long with the thought that his father would bring some money home to mother and that he was to have some oranges for a treat.

"Are you going for the oranges, mamma?" The voice was weak and wistful; the child seemed to know that the drunken man had spent all the money.

"Yes, Sammie, I'm going right now," said the woman, bending to kiss him. Leaving the fretful baby in the care of the two girls, she left the house.

THE wind blew up the long desolate street; it was late in the winter, and the snow was beginning to thaw rapidly. She stood for a moment, and then made her way to the bridge at the end of the town. The many lights of the great concentrator stood out sharp and clear, and the steam came hissing from the power-house at the water's edge. When she reached the centre of the bridge, it was as she thought—the river was open, although there was ice in many places. She leaned over; the waters gurgled as they swept under the sheets of ice. "There ain't no sorer nor nothing down there," she murmured. "If I jest jump in, why, it wud be all over, and the folks would take better care of the kiddies thin I kin without food or money; Tom might straighten out and be a good man agin. I've did me duty up to now, by him and the little 'uns. Poor baby," she continued, as if talking to the water, "I fed him at the breast as long as I cud, but we ain't 'ad no food in the 'ouse fer the last two months to speak on; but I don't owe nothink at the shop, thank God!"

At that moment a sound behind startled her, and as she turned the Rev. George Baker, the minister, passed. "Why, it's Mrs. Cane, isn't it?" he remarked, pleasantly, as he stopped and turned back. "You seem faint, let me help you." The woman was still clutching the rail of the bridge.

"Yes, sir, my 'ed's all swimming round; I'll be all right in a minute."

With some persuasion he managed to get her into the parsonage close by. The place was warm and comfortable, and a cup of hot tea soon brought a bit of color to the woman's white face.

"Now tell me all about the trouble," said the minister, in a kindly tone; "although I know nearly as much as you can tell me about it."

"You knew Tom had been drinking agin, did ye?" she queried.

"He's been drinking for the last two months, Mrs. Cane."

"Yes, ever since the slot-machine came to the Pioneer. We were getting on so nicely too. Ever since you persuaded Tom to give up the booze we have been paying our little debts, and now we are straight with everyone, and to-night I was hoping to get some things we badly needed. Sammie is slowly dying, I can't get him what he ought to 'ave. Doctor says, let him 'ave milk an' eggs; and things like that. I sez I'll get 'em, doctor; but nearly all last month we ain't 'ad nothink but weak tea, potatoes and bread, 'cepting when a dog brought a great meat bone into the yard the other day, and I was lucky enough to make him drop it; I gave him one on the head with the broom, and I sez, the Lord sent this ere bone for Sammie. so I washed it good, and made some fine soup. I ain't begging, minister," she added, stopping abruptly.

"Go on with your story, Mrs. Cane, and don't be afraid to tell me all that is on your heart," said the man, touched to the quick at the suffering which had been going on in the wretched home.

"Of course Tom's 'ad to 'ave bacon in his dinner pail, and bread and butter; he grumbles when there ain't no jam, but I ain't been able to do much wash-

ing for folks this month. I think it's because me appetite, or something er other is out o' sorts."

"And you mean to say that although you have had no money from Tom for two months that you have fed the man and your family, and owe nothing."

"I wouldn't exactly call it feeding, sir, but it's God's truth that I've did me best."

The minister felt his eyes getting moist.

"I got a couple o' dollars out of his pockets last month, when he came 'ome, but I think he must 'ave forgotten that he'd anything left 'fore he came away from the Pioneer. But to-night I searched all 'is pockets twice, and could only find drink checks out of the slot machine. I sez to 'im 'fore he went to sleep, ain't ye got no money left for the 'ome, Tom?" "No, d—— ye," he sez, "can't a man do wot he likes with the money wot he earns by the sweat of 'is brow?"

"And what brought you to the bridge, Mrs. Cane?"

For a moment the woman hung her head, and was silent. "I was very tired and faint, and could not bear to see the children hungry; it was eating my 'eart out, and so I thought perhaps if I went away some of the folks would do better for 'em than me. Ye see, sir, I can't go into debt agin. Once was enough, and I made up my mind to buy nothink unless we could pay for it."

"But why did you come to the bridge?"

"Minister, ye won't tell on me, because I've carried a 'eavy 'eart so long, I wanted to get to where I could rest and be quiet; that big 'ole in the ice seemed to me to be the gate o' 'eaven. I don't think God would have punished me for it. I 'ave tried 'ard to be a good wife an' mother——"

THE poor over-wrought woman now broke down and sobbed bitterly, and for a few minutes was quite unable to control herself.

"Mrs. Cane, you may trust me, and you will be glad to know that the slot machine is to be removed, and I will do my best to get your husband's money back. I happen to know that he spent the whole of his cheque at the machine this afternoon, with the exception of a "score" which Hanley had on the books against him. Say nothing about it to anyone. I will come home with you, and then I must return here, as there is a meeting of the men of the church regarding this gambling at the Pioneer. Now, here are a few dollars for you to go on with, and by to-morrow I shall probably be able to hand you some of the money which the machine stole from your husband."

With some difficulty the woman was persuaded to take the money as a loan, and it was with a brighter face and lighter heart she entered a store, where the minister left her, close to her home. That night, the children had a real meal, and little Sammie had his orange, and went to bed with another in his hand.

Two hours later, at ten o'clock, thirty men, accompanied by the minister and the manager of the mine, entered the Pioneer Hotel, and passed into the spacious bar, against the wall of which stood the slot machine. Mr. Hanley had a big cigar between his teeth, and was just in the act of opening the lower part of the machine to take out the cash sacks and empty them, as there were many men playing, and change was constantly needed.

"We come at the proper time, I see, Sam Hanley," remarked the manager of the mine, stepping quickly forward; "kindly step back a moment," saying which, he took his place in front of the machine while the men gathered quickly round in a circle, entirely preventing the astonished whisky-seller from getting at the cash sack.

"What the d—— do you mean, coming on to my property in this way?" he spluttered, finding his speech at last, making violent efforts to force his way through the cordon, now securely massed in front of his beloved machine for robbing.

"Chief!" he shouted, to the policeman, who, as usual, was on the premises,

THE SLOT MACHINE AT BUMMER'S FLAT—Continued from page 14

"clear these fellows out, they are trying to rob me."

The chief tried to get a little nearer to the machine than Hanley had done, but with no more success, and as he began to talk very loudly about the penalty for obstructing the police in the execution of their duty the manager of the mine, by whose side stood the minister, asked for silence while he explained their action in coming as they had done. To be brief, they had had enough gambling in the camp, and were determined as far as possible to stop all open forms of it, particularly the slot machine. He felt, as manager of the mine, that he ought to have interfered before, but he confessed he had been too anxious for his own comfort, instead of looking after the interests of the men. He hoped from this time to make amends, and in the future, with the help of the Anti-Gambling League now present, they were going to have a cleaner

mine, a signal was given, and in an instant the heavy machine was lifted bodily from the floor by a dozen willing hands amid the cheers of many who had been foolish enough to let it rob them of their hard earned wages.

When Sam Hanley saw how matters were fast developing, and that the Anti-Gambling League was certainly getting the best of him, he made a dash to the door. "I forbid the removal of my legal property," he cried with his back to the door.

"My dear fellow, haven't you got enough sense to know that I have power to place you under arrest at this very moment for having this device upon your premises, and the fact that we are taking it away is really helping you out of a bad place, although you may hear more about this affair yet than you will want to; remember at the next sitting of the License Commission you run the risk of losing your licence."



*If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget, ---
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.*

—Longfellow.

town. "Many homes have been robbed by the saloon, and particularly by this cursed machine," said the speaker, "but they won't be robbed any more. The money in these sacks will be carefully counted, and handed to a committee who will see that the homes in this camp that have been penniless for two pay days in succession get some reasonable compensation. I will remind the chief that I am a Justice of the Peace, and that I am acting in that capacity in ordering these proceedings."

While Sam Hanley was cursing and swearing behind the bar, the money was counted in the two sacks, while the crowd grew stronger and the excitement rose high.

"He's emptied it twice since supper time," growled a man near-by, "why not chuck the thing in the river?"

"That's just what we have on the program," said the minister gaily.

Sixty dollars and five cents was reported by the counters to be the amount in the two sacks. After the chief had entered this amount in his note-book, at the request of the manager of the

Take my advice, and remain quiet." The manager then passed unhindered through the door with his hand on one side of the big iron machine to steady it.

WHETHER it was the shaking it was getting, or the sense of the fitness of things by which it was inspired at that moment, to the amusement of all the men the musical section of the machine got busy, and struck up "Home Sweet Home," which was only drowned by the roars of laughter which greeted it.

"It's going home all right," said one of the men as the party headed for the river just at the back of the saloon, and at this, there was another general laugh by the crowd, who were, as a whole, quite in favor of the action that was being taken.

Sam Hanley had just finished getting his ice in from the river, and a long steep slide had been built up from the water's edge for this purpose. To the slide the men wended their way lighted

Continued on page 37

Domestic warfare

The most dangerous enemies in your home are invisible—but a constant menace



THE microscope test shows that every drop of "Lysol" disinfecting solution is 100 per cent. effective in completely destroying germ life.

MICRO-ORGANISMS! These are the most dangerous enemies you can encounter in your home. Mankind—and, more particularly, womankind—wages incessant warfare against them.

These invisible but powerful micro-organisms (germs or bacteria if you prefer their more familiar names) especially favor dark, damp, or warm places; underneath the plumbing, in the water drains, under the sink, in the toilet bowl—all places that are insufficiently sunned and aired.

If those germs get into the system, illness results. The health of your family demands the frequent use of an effective disinfectant in all the places where germs can breed.

The disinfectant that destroys germ life

"LYSOL" Disinfectant kills germs. It is completely soluble with water. Tests made by pouring "Lysol" in water, stirring well and then examining this solution under the microscope show that every single drop is clear and transparent. There are no undissolved globules.

This means that "Lysol" Disinfectant solution (in proper proportion as given in the directions) is 100 per cent. effective, completely destroying and killing germ life. That is why it is the disinfectant used in leading hospitals everywhere.

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"LYSOL" is the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene. In proper solution (one-half teaspoonful to one quart of water), it does not irritate. In fact, it is soothing as well as cleansing. The use of "Lysol" for this purpose is due to the realization of women that antiseptic personal cleanliness is a safeguard of health.

All drug stores sell "Lysol" Disinfectant. Ask about the new non-leakable traveler's package.

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COMPLETE directions for use are in every package. The genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7 or 16 ounces; each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

Lysol
Disinfectant

For household and personal use



TO speak of the North one visions miles of unbroken ice floes and all the stern rigors of an Arctic winter such as Stefansson has detailed for us, but this is not the North of the tourist as yet, even in these days of aerial navigation. The North of easy access to the tourist is the North of Service and Beach which present day steamer communication has brought to the doors of the East and South. Especially the South for it is first of all the American Tourist who has discovered this Alaska and this Yukon as pleasure grounds. Year by year the demand for steamship accommodation to this far corner of the globe grows heavier and heavier until C.P.R. reservations are taxed to the limit. Its popularity lies in the wonderful scenery of the North Pacific and the spell which the distant North holds. It is unmistakably the vibrant, magnetic lure of the North.

Leaving Victoria by the C. P. R. Liner, the "Princess Louise" (which is the last word in modern steamship elegance), the tourist's first calling point on Vancouver Island is Alert Bay. This is an Indian village of six or seven hundred people. To the literary prospector it is rich in local colour, retaining much of its primitive Indian lore and Indian atmosphere. Squaws young and old squat placidly in the afternoon sun on either side of the planked pavement, and here and there a grandmother of ninety with face heavily lined, and bronzed like copper, peers listlessly at the tourist as he saunters by awaiting the Steamer's summoning whistle. But once let the chance of a sale come her way and she is all animation. It is then a battle of wits in which the bartering tourist must perforce play cautiously.

And everywhere there are totems—and more totems. To the Pacific Coast Indian the totem is the heraldic pole surmounted with various carvings which tells the story of his family or his tribe. The Alert Bay tribal totem is surmounted by the Thunder Bird who according to tradition, was the Beneficent Spirit who brought food and raiment, helped the Indian build houses, and created salmon streams. Next to the Thunder Bird the Grizzly Bear gave courage and strength to the tribe.

UNDER NORTHERN SKIES

By R. B. Forsyth

ment agents in British Columbia. These potlachs were the ceremonials of property distribution in which the chief or other influential Indian gave away in a few

the ban of the Canadian government it is now a thing of the past. In the days of real Indian splendor these potlaches were held in the central "communal" house,

white down which gradually worked up when dancing and fell groundward.

This idea has been not unmusically embodied in the words of the quaint Welcome song which follows:

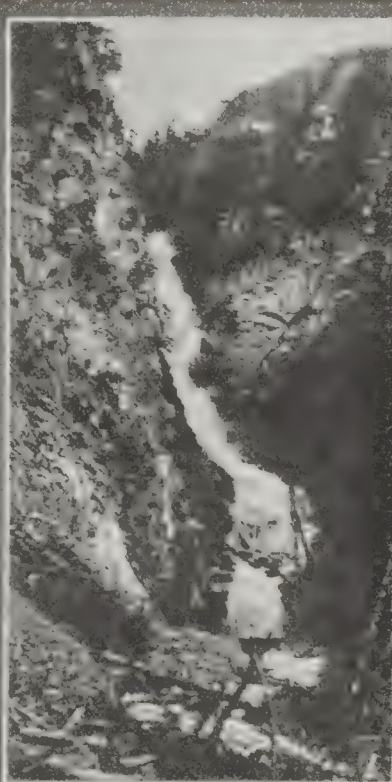
"My hat is filled with feathers rare
He! he! yo! ho! he! he! yo! ho!
And they are scattered everywhere
He! he! yo! ho! he! he! yo! ho!
As gently as my feathers fall
He! he! yo! ho! he! he! yo! yo!
May pleasant peace upon thee fall
He! he! yo! ho! he! he! yo! yo!

AT this ceremonial a distinct social precedence obtained throughout. To observe this order was the sole work of one official specially appointed for this duty. British royalty itself has never been more exacting as regards state etiquette, and if unfortunate enough to bungle his business the official lost his job, perchance his scalp, such dire vengeance did the offended lady visit upon the worthless secretary whose only fault was a lapse of memory.

In the background like the Evil Spirit he was, hovered Shaman, the Medicine Man. Gaudily attired in brightly colored robes with a cap like a Highland bonnet, and looking his best with a collar of bone pendants, his face disfigured with the nose-pin, he must have cut quite a striking figure even in the blaze of colour which surrounded him. In his right hand was a probe, and in his left a drum stick. In a setting of red or yellow paint what a gorgeous spectacle he must have been. In passing, one must not forget the masks which were universally worn by Indian braves at these ceremonials.

The potlach speaks of a day that is gone—and of a race. Like the smouldered camp fire of the plains, it has had its day and passed—to the student of archaeology.

Like Egyptian sign writers, the Indians too learned to tell the story of their tribe not only by the totem but by means of carvings on prominent headlands. Bella Coola which is between Alert Bay and Prince Rupert, is especially interesting in this respect and during the past summer American and Canadian archaeologists have been busily studying these



(1) Reid Falls, Skagway, Alaska.

(2) Monument erected to deputy-sheriff Reid, who shot "Soapy" Smith and was himself shot in turn by Smith.

IN common with the Indians of other localities the Vancouver Island Indian is fond of imitation. A gramophone in one cabin is the signal for a similar investment by the others of the tribe until the neighborhood is redolent, as is Broadway, of ragtime and jazz. When Alister John in exchange for beaver pelts brought from the mainland a pool table, the latent primitive instinct of the savage impelled every man of the tribe from chief to youngest brave to invest in a similar purchase, and pool tables became the order of the day—a somewhat expensive whim, by the way.

In general they have little regard for money. They are children at heart and an innate desire to be regarded as a "good fellow" by the rest of the tribe recently induced a young squaw newly married to attempt to burn a newly built cottage furnished with piano and other up-to-date accessories of modern life. She was loudly applauded by the other dusky ladies of her social set but a surmise as to her husband's views (a white trader) may be safely hazarded!

And it was this wanton disregard for the future which made the potlach of a few years ago the bane of Indian Govern-



(3) Icebergs off Alaska Coast.

(4) Taku Glacier, Alaska.

(5) Alert Bay Indian Totem.

(6) Deserted Indian village with totems.

ments and making plaster of paris casts for the New York and Ottawa Museums. Much work along this line was accomplished by Dr. Harlan Smith of Ottawa, who is a special authority on Indian lore and Indian customs.

Of the various Coast tribes, the Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands, commonly known as the Haidian Indians are to-day the most important. In general appearances and characteristics they resemble the Hawaiians. They are more musical than the Indians of other tribes and were the last to accept civilization. In by-gone days they were the warrior kings of the Pacific, feared from the shores of Alaska to Juan de Fuca. In their mighty canoes they swept down upon the mainland, and the smoke of a thousand burning lodges told the story of the ruin they brought. Glutted with killing, their canoes laden with booty and the squaws of the conquered, they sought once more their island fastness, like the Western Vikings they were. To-day they are the most progressive of the Coast Indians, most anxious for the education of their youth.

days to the others of lesser social distinction, the proceeds of a whole season's fishing or hunting. It was an attempt to maintain social prestige for a coming season by means of gifts, but it left, in many cases, the donor without the wherewithal to face the rigors of an approaching winter, a burden upon the White Man's generosity.

This was the outstanding ceremonial of the Indian of yesterday. Already under

of which one here and there still sees ruins. The chief occupied the dais at one end which was further marked by the totem of the tribe. No Eastern potentate of to-day could attempt greater barbaric display. His flowing cloak was of mountain goat wool and twisted cedar bark, and the leggings of tanned caribou skin. The head-dress was composed of cedar bark matting, with a train of ermine skins. To the matting was attached

Continued on page 22

*Palm and olive oils—
nothing else—give
nature's green color
to Palmolive Soap.*



Face to Face —As If You Were Another Girl

WHAT do the eyes of others see? This is a question every girl should be able to answer. Do the glances which rest upon your face express admiration, or turn away with indifference?

Meet yourself face to face in your mirror and pass judgment upon what you see as critically as if you were some other girl. Don't condone complexion defects. Don't console yourself by hoping they won't be noticed. Don't excuse sallowness and blemishes by blaming the light. Instead, take note of every fault and learn the remedy.

The First Step

Whether your problem is the improvement of a poor complexion or to keep a good one, this first step is the same. The network of tiny pores which compose the surface of the skin must, every day, be cleansed from clogging accumulations. The natural oil of the skin, which nature has provided as a beautifier, is often secreted in excess. In combination with dirt, powder and perspiration it quickly fills up these minute pores unless carefully washed away.

Soap and water is the only effective means of cleansing yet discovered. Cold cream alone only increases the clogging, while other remedies are often unnecessarily harsh. The selection of the soap you use is the only problem and this is easily solved. Facial soap must be pure, mild and soothing in its action. Thus you should select Palmolive. Once a day, and the best time is bed time, wash your face thoroughly with the profuse,

creamy Palmolive lather. Massage it thoroughly into the skin. Then rinse thoroughly and dry with a fine, soft towel.

If your skin is very dry, this is the time to use cold cream. Oily skins won't need it. A week of this simple cleansing treatment will work wonders in the condition of your skin. Blackheads will disappear and an attractive natural color replaces that dull, sallow look.

Blended From Beautifying Oils

Women who fear that the use of soap ages their skin have made the mistake of using harsh soap. They will change their minds once they use Palmolive. The blend of palm and olive oils has produced the mildest cleanser science can produce. The lather of Palmolive is actually lotion-like in its action.

These two rare Oriental oils are historic beautifiers, and have been valued for their cosmetic qualities since the days of ancient Egypt. These rare Oriental oils impart their rich, green color to the attractive Palmolive cake. Palmolive green is as natural as the color of grass and leaves.

A 10c Soap

If Palmolive cost many times this modest price it would be considered worth it by the millions of users who find it the only satisfactory soap. But it is these millions who make it possible for us to offer Palmolive at a popular price. The gigantic demand keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night and allows manufacturing economies which makes the 10c price possible.

*Volume
and Efficiency
Produce
25c Quality for*

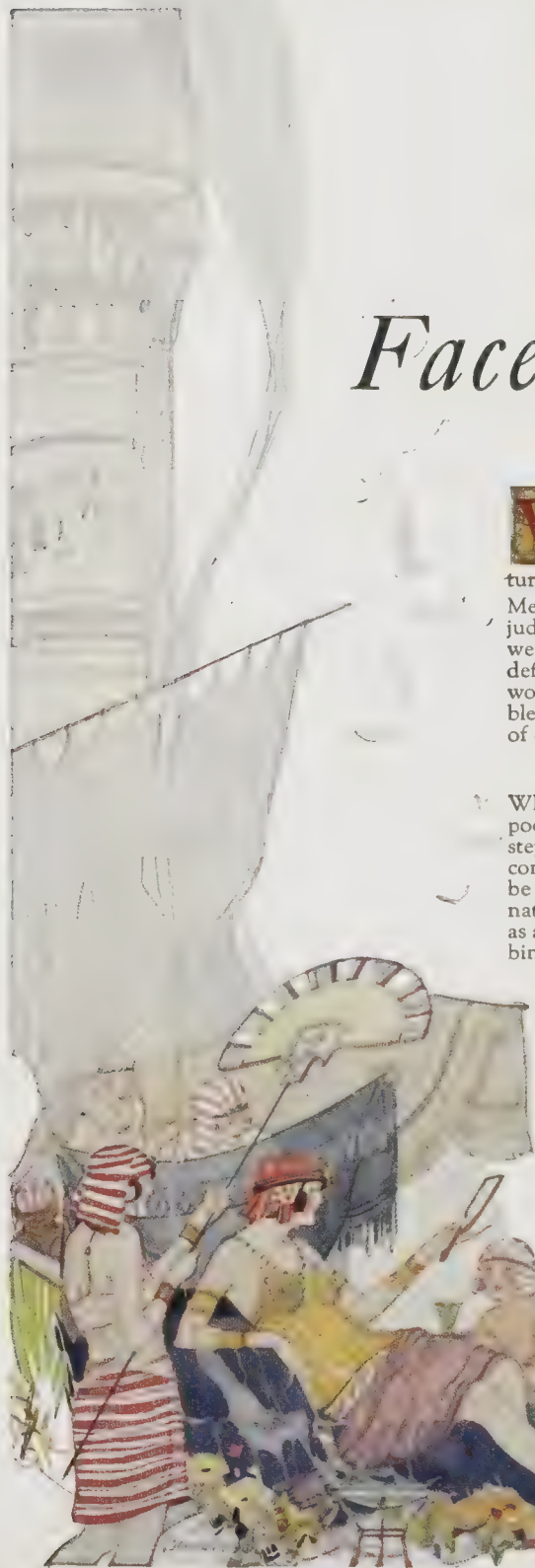
10c

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED.
Winnipeg, Man.; Toronto, Ont.; Montreal, Que.

Also manufacturers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

Made in
Canada

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OUR FASHION PAGE



Girls' Dress With or Without Full Sleeve Portion, 4189—The panel and peasant sleeve are new features in this "little girls'" dress. One may omit the peasant sleeve. Garbardine or crepe would be attractive for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 2½ yards of 40 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

The "Latest" Play Suit Fashion, 4042.—This garment is made for freedom and comfort at play time. The "toy" pockets will appeal to the young wearer. Gingham with facings of linene, or pongee with chambray for trimming would be attractive. As here shown figured percale and cambric are combined.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size requires 3½ yards of 32 inch material. To trim as illustrated requires ⅝ yard of contrasting material 32 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Frock to Please the Little Miss, 4139—Picture pockets have long been a popular feature of children's dresses. This model is especially attractive, as it also shows the new broad collar.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6 year size requires 3¼ yards of 32 inch material. To trim as illustrated, requires ⅝ yard of 32 inch contrasting material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Charming Play Dress—Pattern 3665 is here illustrated. The pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 2½ yards of 27 inch material.

Drill, crash, cretonne, linen, percale, calico, pongee and gingham are appropriate for this design.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Frock for a Little Tot—Pattern 3629 is shown in this design. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. A

2 year size will require 2½ yards of 27 inch material.

As here shown gingham in green and white was used with bands of white pique for trimming. The design is good also for chambray, linen, pongee, wash silk, voile crepe and batiste.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A New Suit for the "Little Man," 4143—Real sportsman-like is this model, with its sailor collar and straight trousers. Khaki, linen, drill, serge or tweed, as well as corduroy, seersucker or galatea are serviceable materials for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 4 year size requires 2 yards of 44 inch material. To trim with contrasting material as illustrated will require ⅝ yard of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Set of Bibs for Baby, 4194—These accessories are very serviceable, as all mothers know. No. 1 is illustrated in rubberized gingham, with blanket stitching for a finish. A binding of tape is also suitable.

No. 2 may be of rubber drill, terry cloth, linen or gingham. The pocket may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in One Size. To make either style will require ⅝ yard of 36 inch material, this affords making the bibs in 3 ply.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Top Garment, 4093.—For cool days of all seasons, and for all materials of all seasons, this model is very appropriate.

Gabardine and taffeta are nice for a light weight garment of this kind. For more warmth, one could have broad cloth, velours or serge.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2 and 3 years. A 2 year size requires 1½ yard of 40 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Frock for a Little Tot, 4200.—One may have this without sleeves and without the bertha, or as illustrated. The development with bertha and without sleeves could be in batiste or voile with hemstitching and embroidery. With sleeves and without bertha the dress is nice also for percale, crepe and gingham.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 years. A 4 year size requires 2½ yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for a "Tiny Tot," 3901—Here is just the neatest and simplest play frock, attractive in chintz, cretonne, voile or pongee. It slips over the head, or may be fastened at the centre back with buttons or snap fasteners.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. To make this style in a 2 year size will require 1½ yard of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

COMMUNITY PLATE

ANNOUNCING THE *Bird of Paradise*

NEVER have we produced a design which has received such immediate approval—not only from women whose social demands are the most exacting, but from artists and connoisseurs of note. For instance,

MAXFIELD PARRISH, *Artist*
BARON DE MEYER, *Decorator*
COLES PHILLIPS, *Artist*
ELSIE DE WOLF, *Decorator*

This design reflects the *modern* note in decoration—the new, interesting and colorful. Truly of the vogue.

Six Teaspoons
\$4.25
At Your Jeweller's

ONEIDA COMMUNITY-MADE

Off-Shore Halibutting and Pollocking

SETTING THE TRAWLS IN FOG AND WRACK SURGING HOME BEFORE THE TEMPEST

By Bonnycastle Dale

Photographs by Laddie

THE fog was as cold as icy air when we stepped out into the murk early that October morning. Peter had the water "kag," I the camera which was to be useless. Laddie had the most unusual thing ever taken, a lunch pail of food, as these men, working on one tide only, never take any food. We also had "make and break" wires for the engine. Peter's brother brought up the slop-slopping rear, for we were all in rubber boots crossing the "flats" to the dory. There were a couple of "sile" (seal) in the channel and they sighed and grunted out their disapproval at being disturbed.

We rowed out to the moorings and piled aboard the "I. McCorker" a thirty-five foot motor boat with a six horse power engine. The night (it was but 3 a.m.) was so dark and the fog so thick, and the air so cuttingly cold that I could not see the mooring buoy as we passed—almost rubbing it. The channel had to be "smelt" or "felt" out, for it was a devious course through the great tidal flats, at places just deep enough for us to wriggle on. Time after time we went hard aground and the whole crew, save Peter, was overboard pushing her off. At last we came to the Western Passage Rocks, and we hit one to make sure of it.

Then we entered the open channel to the sea and there was quite a bobble on, so I expected I would not long need my breakfast.

Once we rounded due east into the great slow swell that was running, we began to take water, just little curtains of it over the bow, but it was anything but pleasant. Peter and his brother were baiting up the last "skate" of trawl and Laddie was cutting the herring bait up; two slashes of the knife and the herring was turned into three baits. They were behind the "Fish Kid" with a smoky lantern shedding just enough red glare to pierce the gloom—and I was steering. I knew that right ahead, somewhere in that pall of blackness, was the narrow opening in "Sou'western Ledges." I had often seen it in daylight from the shore a quarter of a mile in, but I had never taken a boat through even in daylight—and now I was listening for the break of the billow on the reef, and all I could hear was the dull boom of the surf on the great sand beach on shore.

"You'll never get a halibut in if you steer that course," said Peter as he grabbed the wheel. The inky gloom I had seen ahead was a ragged bit of the Ledge and even though Peter did throw her over hard we scraped and slid over the outer edge of it. "All safe now, open sea for three miles till we get to the outer Ledge, then you'll see the red Automatic and hear it growl—keep her there" and Peter went back to his tub of trawl.

I kept her "thar or tharabouts," slipping up over the growing seas and sliding down the great gloomy hollows. Outside in the passenger lane we could hear a big tramp telling all and sundry that he was there and steaming ahead. There must have been at least three tern schooners (3 masters) and "two stickers" nearby as the conch shells were blowing a watering and some chap very near them fired a gun—then along came a tug with a tow. As plainly as if she spoke it, her whistle said "one, that's me," and "one—two—three, those are my rafts." She was a government boat with pontoon behind. A steamer might pass her safely and yet smash its iron sides on those long extending rafts. Overhead I heard a flock of early "sea ducks," eiders, and I hoped for the dawn. I was soaked with spray and stinging from the salt and the

cold of it. Pretty soon Peter had hold of the wheel, saying, "ye seem to steer for them," as he took the wheel out of my hand and he guided us past a reef where the long swell was throwing feathers of spray a hundred feet before the growing easter. It was light enough now to see the fog anyhow, and also a bit of dark green sea ahead. However Peter knew where he was, puzzled us, but he threw her a bit more east and kept on pounding her into it. After an hour of this, and when we were, I should judge, some 12 to 15 miles out to sea, he let her slow down, stopped her, and, turning her with the flood tide, began to "throw out." A buoy and anchor went first, then 1 skate of eight lines with a baited hook. Every

over the rail—he doubled up, fell onto the deck and started to bounce about. We took to the "cud" (cuddy) top—Peter to the "kid" top and his brother had to leap on the little stern as the huge flapping thing slid aft—Peter, like a tightrope walker, seized the killing stick, and leaping from upset tub to a sliding crate he managed to get in another blow. This only waked the halibut, for now he made a wondrous tangle of all the trawl line that was in the "skate". The air was full of hooks and bits of herring bait and flying scum. Here Peter hit the fish an awful blow with the stick and as it quieted he finished it—only stunned after all, for it was alive many hours later.

IN came that deep sea line with many an odd fish on it—but only five halibut—a 20, 60, 120, 185-lb. and one over 200 lbs., worth about fifty dollars as the price was ten cents for white (up to 100 lbs.) and 8 cents for grey (over 100 lbs.). We started the little fish-spattered boat for home in the thick fog. We went above the ledges as the shortest way and the easter had grown so heavy that even the ebb tide did not put it down enough, and it was surely flowing something



Halibut, worth 10c a pound for small, 8c for big "Grey"



"Heading and throat-ing" pollock in Nova Scotia

Putting fish into "pickle"—salt and water

fathom was skillfully thrown over "stern side." The I. McCorker slid along off power, on the tide, at just a nice speed for the work—one skate was empty—out went a "kag" and the second skate was started—once at the end of that, another thirty pound anchor went over and the trawl line was out. We had a three hour wait, as we were going to pull on "theslack" of tide.

It was weird hanging on there so far out to sea with only an odd "hag" coming sailing along to see if you had any heads or insides to throw over to a feller, for the hags (Greater Shearwater) live on the "gurry" off the hundreds of motor boats fishing along this Nova Scotia coast.

Once, out of the white "pea-souper" around us, came a long sharp bow and a government boat, the Aberdeen, on lighthouse supply work, bore down upon us. Her men at the wheel instantly spotted us and slid her away, but she made us dip and courtesy just a bit too much for comfort. One other fisherman came "put—putting" past us, else we were as lonely as the Automatic which blared two leagues inland. At times we could hear Baccaro Fog Horn, and all the time the whistles and horn and shells of the passing craft—as we were not twelve miles dead off—"more along easterly like."

Well! Laddie divided up that all too small lunch, and we wrote our notes, and then it was time to haul. The wonderful "rivers-in-the-sea" which had scurried past us ceased and all the surface was as a great swelling pond. The men were hauling, and a few of the upper hooks had dog-fish or skate, cusk or cod and some had pollock, but the first halibut was "a chicken" weighing about twenty pounds. Then came an old sockdologer—one fully a hundred and fifty pounds weight. Peter smacked him on the snout full force with the "killing stick" and the two men slipped him over the bow. They had let him run several times first—no sooner did that big dark brown flat-looking fish feel the "gaft" (gaffhook) than—as he came in

plight and torn for our own safety. When we did round in out of the "tempest" how we smiled to one another and thanked God in our hearts. Not a boat could have made that wild course in full flood tide.

Now we entered Western Passage and threaded the deep channels towards the "fish store" where we sold our catch and where Laddie hoped to get a picture of boat and catch.

In the rush of noting it down I forgot to tell you how Peter handled the skates. "Skates" means trawl tubs and also big flat fish. In they would come, on the trawl, big repulsive things of fifty to eighty pounds weight. Once up level with the gunwale Peter swiftly thrust the killing stick into the mouth and, by a twisting motion, got the fish actually spinning, which drew the hook out, and the huge useless bait robber went splash into the sea. Once Peter made a snub line about his hand to hold a surging halibut and the huge fish drew the line right into the bone, making a nasty cut. So it runs—danger and wounds and great seas and a few fish.

While we were out halibuting we saw a monster fish chasing a haddock. It killed it and the small fish came to the surface, then we saw what killed the big chap was—a monster halibut, as long as the motor boat it seemed, it must have weighed fully five hundred pounds as I once caught a 313 pounder and it was not much more than half as large.

We had a good chance to see just how the big fish feeds, as its mouth is so far under its head it could not grab the haddock in its mouth so it rose and tried to strike it with its tail to sink it so that it could get its mouth over it. The halibut seemed so busy trying to get its dinner we threw power on and ran over to try and get it. On the way over I grabbed the dart but did not see that it did not have a kag on the end. I got a fair shot at it and put the dart in well, then I tried to hold the monster.

I was foolish enough to take a coil around my hand as the huge thing dived for the bottom. The line tore my four fingers and deeply in near my thumb and the dart came out with a large chunk of flesh attached and of course we never saw the big fish again, perhaps just as well as we never could have landed it.

There are odd things about these halibut. When we are pulling in the trawls you can never tell if one is on or not. It will let you draw it right up until it sees the man or boat and then down it goes and no man can hold it. Up and down we haul it and away to bottom it goes and at last we get a whack at it and in over the "gunnel" it comes.

Sometimes we do find a few mussels and some "bank clams" in them. Some fish live all day in the boat. The best way to gaff them is to belly towards the dory, but if you don't they will make a bow of their strong tails and push the boat away off with it. Our men have just come in after all day fishing and the only one they got on straightened out the hook. Once we got a fish and after the hook straightened out the wee harp held the 200 pounder.

An Exception

"Remember, my son," said the father, "that politeness costs nothing."
"Oh, I don't know," returned his hopeful. "Did you ever try putting 'Very respectfully yours' at the end of a telegram?"

Safety First

"What you going to make out o' Josh?" inquired Farmer Perkins of Farmer Bates. "A lawyer, I guess," said the father doubtfully. "Ma wants him to be a doctor, and he's going to be a professional man. But we'd want to show our confidence in him, and I figger out that it'd be safer to take Josh's law than his medicine."

All For One Watermelon

Last spring, writes a Companion contributor, old Uncle Brack, a negro of the good old Southern type, moved into a cabin on Bear Lake, about four miles from our place. During the summer we thought we learned something of his begging powers, but not until his patch of late watermelons came on did we fully appreciate his skill.

One afternoon in early September I saw his tall figure come shambling into view. Besides the tow sacks that he always kept tied round his feet in place of shoes, he carried one over his shoulder, weighed down with what I rightly guessed to be a watermelon.

"Good ebenin', missy. Good ebenin'!" he called. "How bes yo' health this ebenin'?"

"I'm well, thank you, Uncle Brack. What have you there?"

"Yas'm, thanky, ma'am. Dat am de fines' wawmelon eber you seed, missy!"

"What do you want for it?" I asked eager to be rid of him.

"Ah wants to see the ole mis." Uncle Brack spoke with a certain sonorous rhythm. "Me and huh, we un'erstands each udder."

"Ole mis," he said when my mother appeared, "Phoebe, she done sont you de fin-es' wawmelon de fin-es' wawmelon, you eber is ate!"

From his hiding place he produced a fairly nice medium-sized watermelon—also a bucket. "Ole mis, could you gib er ole nigger er li'l bit er lard fer dis hyah?" he asked coaxingly.

My mother filled the large bucket.

"Dat am de fines' wawmelon! Dat wawmelon'll jes' melt in yo' mouf!—erra!—Ole mis, is you got a li'l flouah layin' roun' loose? Me and Phoebe we ain' had nothin' but cawn braid dis whole summah. Uh, thanky, ma'am, mis'."

Having disposed of the flour, he placed the tips of his fingers together and moved his hands and head up and down in unison, while he contemplated the watermelon. "Dat am de fines' wawmelon!" he murmured.

Suddenly, all animation, he peered forward. "Dar, wat am dat dar? Bress mah soul, efn hit ain' sweetnin' taters! Ah sho does like sweetnin' taters, mis'. Phoebe, she's powerful fond ob 'em, too. Ole mis, could yer gib er old black man er mess ob sweetnin' taters? Thanky, ma'am."

Hearing someone in the house, he looked in a window and discovered my sister. "Dar. Who dat in dar? Young mi', come looky what dish yere ole nigger don fotched. De fines' wawmelon! Cain't ye gib me er li'l quinine fern Phoebe? She's jes' plum' full ob malaria, libbin' in dem swamp—Thanky, ma'am!"

"Now, ole mis, Ah sin' gwine ast yer fer but one mo' thing. Is yer got er ole pah shoes ob de marster's? Cold wed-duh's comin' on purty soon, now. Oh, yasm, Ah could cut 'em at de toes so's Ah could get mah feets in."

"These are still pretty good." My mother hesitated.

"Now, mis' you knows de marste ain' gwine wear no sech lookin' shoes as dewm."

My mother capitulated. Her resistance, as he well knew, is always feeble.

"Wal, Ah'd better be gettin' on, Ah reckon. And thanky, ma'am, mis'!"

As Uncle Brack got stiffly to his feet, his load somewhat interfered with his customary exaggerated bow, but he did not neglect it on his account, and as he shambling off I heard him mumbling, "De fines' wawmelon!"

That night my brother said, "Uncle Brack has been keeping up with the times, all right. He came over to the commissary and said, 'Marse Jack, know dat wawmelon Ahse been promisin' yer? Well, ah done lef' it ober to de house. Dat fines' wawmelon! Ah reckon that wawmelon's wuth six bits, marster!' I paid 'im but it's the highest price I ever paid for a watermelon."

Unexpected Visitors

Margaret's parents had taken her on a house-hunting tour with them and, upon entering a vacant house, the little girl was much mystified by her parents' actions. Finally, when they had toured the house from top to bottom, opening doors and screens and peering into closets, she turned to her mother.

"Let's go home, mamma," she said; "I guess the folks wasn't looking for us."



If You Want Healthy Children Give Them Plenty of June Milk.

JUNE is not only the month of roses. It is also the month of the best milk. The cows are browsing in succulent June pastures, eating the young green grass. In June, their milk is richer in butter fat than in any other month.

Do your children drink enough of this nourishing, healthful milk? Give it to them with delicious Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice and they will gladly take all they need.

Children love these appetizing whole grain foods. Each delicate puffed morsel has a tantalizing, nut-like flavor that makes them eager for more. Give them puffed grains any time they are hungry. No need to wait for meal-time, because wholesome, nourishing Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are good for them at any hour of the day.

There are many tempting ways to serve Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Combined with milk they provide ideal nourishment for breakfast. With berries and cream they are delicious for lunch. Sprinkled with salt and melted butter, they make a delightful after-dinner tit-bit.



PUFFED RICE

and Puffed Wheat are equally delicious and wholesome. The steam explosion which puffs the wheat or rice kernel to 8 times its normal size, makes the whole grain easy to digest and delicious to eat.

PUFFED RICE—PUFFED WHEAT

Whole Grains—made delicious

The Quaker Oats Company, Saskatoon and Peterborough.

w456

SUMMER EXCURSION FARES

PACIFIC COAST

THROUGH CANADIAN ROCKIES—A FEW DAYS AT JASPER PARK LODGE (OPEN JUNE 1 TO SEPT. 30) IN JASPER NATIONAL PARK—MT. ROBSON PARK—MAGNIFICENT OCEAN VOYAGE BETWEEN VANCOUVER AND PRINCE RUPERT.

Round Trip Tickets on Sale Daily to Sept. 30th. Final Return October 31st.

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EASTERN CANADA

ALL-RAIL AND LAKE-AND-RAIL CHOICE OF ROUTES—SEE TORONTO, VISIT NIAGARA PENINSULA—THE THOUSAND ISLANDS—QUAINT OLD QUEBEC—SAIL DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE—THE MARITIME PROVINCES IN SUMMER.

J. MADILL, District Passenger Agent
EDMONTON, ALTA.

SUPERIOR SERVICE
COAST TO COAST

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

FAST TIME
DIRECT LINE

Continued from page 16

ONE is loth to leave behind him these Indian traditions and Indian lore but already the northbound steamer is well on its way up Dixon Entrance. We are therefore in Alaskan waters and the first calling point is Ketchikan. Ketchikan which means "town under the eagle", is the present port of entry to U.S.A. territory in Alaska. Its salmon run, the mosquito fleet of fishing boats and the canneries of the New England Fish Company with its up-to-date freezing plant are features of this busy northern town.

Through Clarence Straits the course leads to Wrangell, named after Baron Wrangell, governor of Alaska about a century ago. It was at first merely a trading port until the gold rush of '98 when it was supposed that Wrangell via the Stikine River would be the gateway to the Yukon, but the building of the White Pass railroad destroyed such hopes. The country hereabouts abounds in caribou, black bear, grizzly bear and mountain sheep, and large companies of hunters visit this region every fall for the Stikine River Country is especially famous for its big game. Stewart Edward White is loud in his praise of this northern country. Near Wrangell is Farm Island where the aviation field for New York to Nome aeroplanes made their first landing in Alaska.

From Wrangell northwards the mountains become higher, rising to 10,000 feet in height, and the pass narrower, thus increasing the difficulties of sailing. But here the tourist forgets everything but the magnificence of the scenery before him. Vistas of distant fiords, their slopes clothed with evergreen to the water's edge, come and go. One might almost fancy oneself in distant Norway. The illusion is perfected as the tourist strolls on deck by moonlight, with a wake of shimmering water, and beyond, the deeper shadows of mountain sides. From the saloon there is the tinkle of a piano. It is fairy-land and the world about is bathed in charm and beauty. There is an unforgettableness about the northern Pacific by moonlight. There is all the glory and freshness of a dream. For the moment the big creations of stone and mortar of the cities to the South have ceased to be of any account to the city-tired tourist.

AND then on to Juneau. The steamer is late, unusually so, and it is past midnight before we lay up to the wharf. Late as it is the passengers go on shore, for the city wears a garish display by night. The lights of the concentrator on the slopes of O'Thane throw out their beams of welcome to the visitors. Across the channel on Douglas Island is the famous Treadwell Mine which a few years past made Juneau the Queen City of the North. The flooding of its mines has reduced the shift at the concentrator to a fraction of its former payroll, but in spite of this drawback the city wears a smiling face to its visitors; its halls of amusement and eating houses open long after midnight, and its curio shops doing the brisk trade of all. It is pleasant to peep into this curio shop or that, or munch sandwiches and coffee over some sourdough proprietor's counter. Not the least interesting of all is the Alaska Historical Museum of this, the capital city, with its splendid collection of Indian and Eskimo antiquities.

At 2 a.m. we slip out on the last lap of our journey to Skagway. Two hours later the echoes of the bugle calls us from our berths to view the Taku Glacier.

It is a dull spiritless morning. Icebergs slip by as we steam inshore, huge things of green and blue and of all shapes reminding one of the Ancient Mariner's land of ice and snow.

For a background the deep purple of red diorite mountains as viewed by early morning. Two glaciers are to be seen one for the most part of a brownish ice colour owing to the fact that the excess of silt deposited by the moraine has dammed up the channel (and is known as a receding or dead glacier), and the other the active one, the real Taku Glacier, which we have come to see, steadily pushing its ice pan forward into the inlet at the rate of eight feet per day. There are icebergs, dozens of them on all sides, blue and iridescent. It is the real North land of ice and snow. It is chilly on deck but there is a fascination about the great unseen power of the moving icefield that we are loth to forget.

Under Northern Skies

THROUGH the Lynn Canal and our most northern point, Skagway is reached. From a town of many thousands in the days of the gold rush it has dwindled away to-day to a village of less than one thousand people. It was then a city of tents, however, of accommodation for "mushers" seeking the shortest way to the gold fields by way of White Horse. Robert Service has made those scenes of that day live again in his lines:

"We landed in the windswept Skagway
We joined the weltering mass
Clamoring over their outfits,
Waiting to climb the Pass", etc.

Later, the building of the White Horse railroad which has been immortalized in Rex Beach's "Iron Trail" removed many of the difficulties of the first stage of the journey inland.

In the earliest days boss rule under the notorious "Soapy" Smith was the order of the day. The monument to Frank Reid, government surveyor and police officer who dared to withstand him remains a mute everlasting tribute by the citizens of that day to the man "who died to save the honour of Skagway."

To-day as one views Skagway through the friendly eyes of the summer visitor one receives an impression of a village of

mark the boundry between Alaska and the Yukon. Another hour's journey over rocky country thinly marked with dwarfed bushes and we have arrived on the shores of Lake Bennett.

Only the ruins of a few shacks and a church tell the tale of this mushroom city. Yet in the days of its glory thirty thousand were encamped on its shores while the work of making their boats went on with hopeful feverish excitement. What mysteries of treasure awaited them in the hinterland? who could tell? What buried hopes may not these ruins conceal! There are sermons, says Shakespeare, in stones, and here every stone at your feet could a tale unfold of the quick wild life that is hushed forever. Service has given us a glimpse of the tragedies of these lives in the following lines:

"One by one I dismayed them, frightening
them sore with my glooms;
One by one I betrayed them into my
manifold dooms.

Drowned them like rats in my rivers,
starved them like curs on my plains,
Rotted the flesh that was left them,
poisoned the blood in their veins.

Burst with my winter upon them, searing
forever their sight.



THE ROYAL FAMILY AT CHRISTENING

Photo shows the Royal group at Goldborough Hall after the Christening of the son of Princess Mary and the Viscount Lascelles. Sitting, Lady Harewood, The Queen. Standing, the King, Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles.

flower gardens and curio shops, a hospitable place with its single gauge railroad running the full length of its main street. With a touch of unconscious humour they have named this silent street of a silent town, Broadway.

Through the afternoon we move from shop to shop and pause to glance leisurely through the pages of a midsummer edition of a Skagway paper of the '98 file. It is profusely illustrated, with half-tone engravings of its notables, Alphonse Lepine, Arizona Charley and the rest. A peep at its menu card too interests us greatly. With soup at one dollar per bowl, pie at 75c. per portion, and beans, bread and coffee at \$2.00 per service, dining was a privilege de luxe. Delmonico or the Ritz-Carlton have little on such prices as these!

THE trip to Lake Bennett, which most tourists take, now occupies only three hours, though in the earlier days of the gold rush it was made only at the expense of the lives of horses, oxen and even men. As the railway coaches climb the summit one gets here there and a glimpse of the old '98 trail where Chechakos struggled step by step lured by the illusive pot of gold beyond. At the summit two flags

Lashed them with fungus—white faces,
whimpering wild in the night".

LATE in the afternoon the returning train bore us once more to our steamer while the setting sun touched with its last caress the sides of old A. B. mountain and the hills beyond. Then our boat slipped from its moorings out into the tranquil evening.

An old prospector who had come out from the East for a last long look at the hills he had known a quarter of a century before stood at our side.

We chatted of the things which we as strangers had seen and which he had known years before.

At length in answer to our unspoken question, "I'm not coming back," he said, looking away into the distance.

"But you knew this land before," I ventured.

His voice grew throaty. He spoke with difficulty. "I just can't—again—I had to see it once before—before I go," and his voice trailed off, miserably husky.

"It's not the town we knew—me or me friends—there ain't one of them left there," he concluded petulantly.

Then he told me of his venture—and theirs—not unlike hundreds of others. They had staked and lost—and they were scattered to the four winds of Heaven. Broken down prospectors one might find them—or such as they—in Vancouver, or Seattle, in some Old Man's Home, human driftwood, buffeted by the winds of Fate. Some too slept under Northern skies. All this he remembered and the bitterness of disappointment showed in his face for he had come to it as a pilgrim to a shrine.

"It's been a disappointment to him all the way through," his wife added gently.

Then I led him to speak of something else—the future of the North.

A new light sprang into his eyes—the light of other days. He was again a youth with all the visions and hopes of the "musher," and the Yukon was the Mecca of his dreams.

"There's more gold out there than's ever been panned," he assured me, with the vibrant strength of youth.

And to some—such as he—the North awaits the resurrection of its hopes. Some time in the New Day's dawning it will perchance come.

A GAME OF CHESS

WITH ROBESPIERRE

Translated by Frank Norman

IN THE Rue St. Honore, Paris, there is a famous old cafe, for a hundred years the rendezvous of the chessplayers of Paris. During the Reign of Terror in the first French Revolution, this formerly popular cafe was almost deserted. Very few indeed came to play their game. The vast majority felt no desire for such diversions, for over every head hung continually, the Sword of Damocles. Besides that, the spectacle beheld from the windows of the cafe was revolting in the extreme to feeling hearts, for almost at every hour of the day, carts went past, laden with the condemned victims, clad in red smocks to the place of execution.

Robespierre, upon whose stony heart such spectacles could make no impression, was one of the few guests who still came to play their game. Although he himself was not a specially good player, yet his sinister look and general appearance excited such an embarrassment, or rather fear, that even the cleverest chessplayer as a rule, lost the game to him. Thence it came that Robespierre often had to wait long for an opponent; it gave nobody pleasure to sit opposite him, still less to play with him.

One evening as he sat according to his custom in the Cafe, waiting for someone to play with, a young man of almost girlish appearance, with long chestnut brown hair and large lustrous eyes, stepped into the room. He looked about for a moment, then strode quickly up to the table where sat Robespierre, and took the seat opposite him. Without a word he moved forward one of the chessmen already placed in position. Robespierre did the same, and the game had begun. Silently it was played to the end; the young man won. A second game begins, and Robespierre loses this second game also.

"Very good, very good!" he exclaimed, as the game ended, "And now, for what stake have we played?"

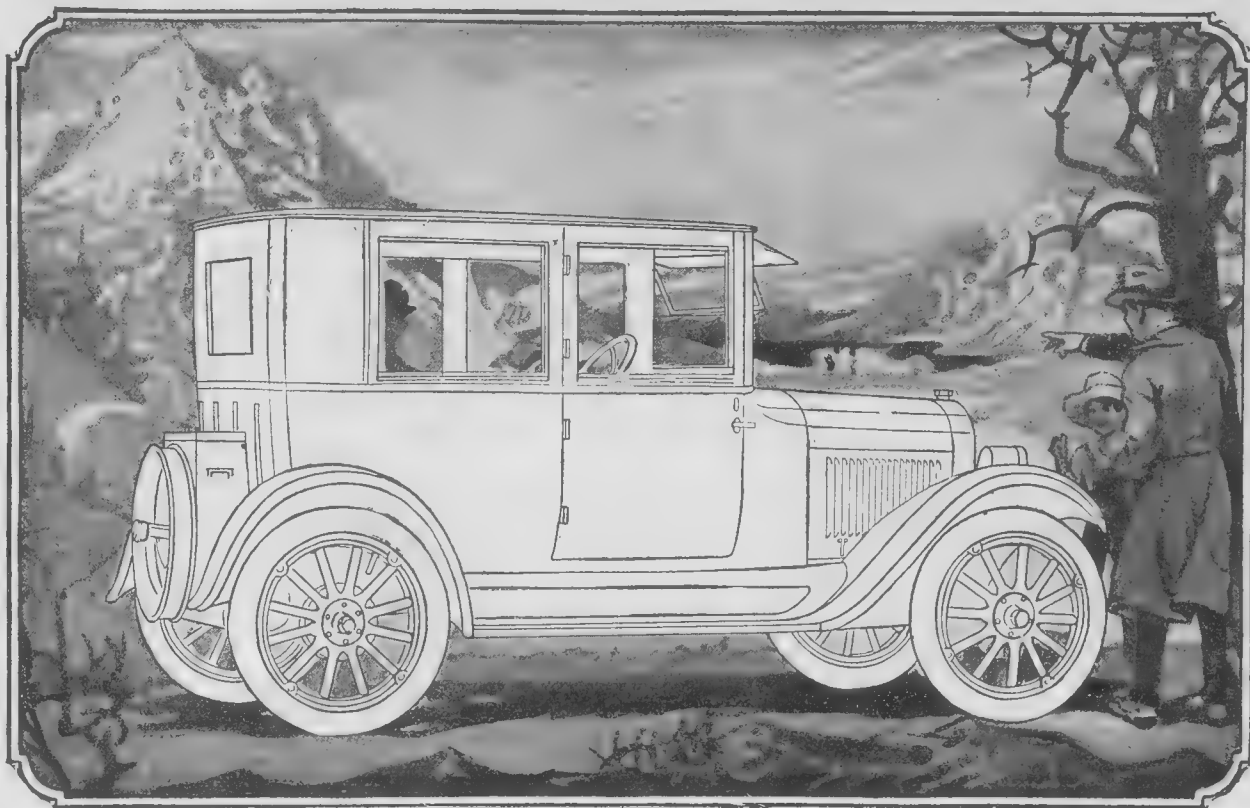
"For the head of a man. I have won it. Give it to me, and faith, as quickly as possible, or else the executioner will have it by tomorrow."

With these words the young man drew from his pocket a sheet of paper, on which was drawn up an order to release from custody the young Count de Reille, who had been imprisoned and sentenced to death by the Revolutionary Tribunal. There was lacking only the signature of the all-powerful ruler of the day, Robespierre; the young man held out the paper to him for his signature. Robespierre took it mechanically, signed and gave it back with the words,

"But now I would like to know one thing more. Who are you, 'citoyen'?"

"Say rather, 'citoyenne,'" was the reply, "I am a woman, indeed the bride—and now again the happy bride—of the Count de Reille." And hastily bowing her thanks and bidding him adieu, the fortunate chessplayer vanished.

*Note.—During the first French Revolution, all titles of rank or courtesy were abolished by law, and people addressed each other merely as "citoyen" (citizen), or "citoyenne" (female citizen).



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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

232

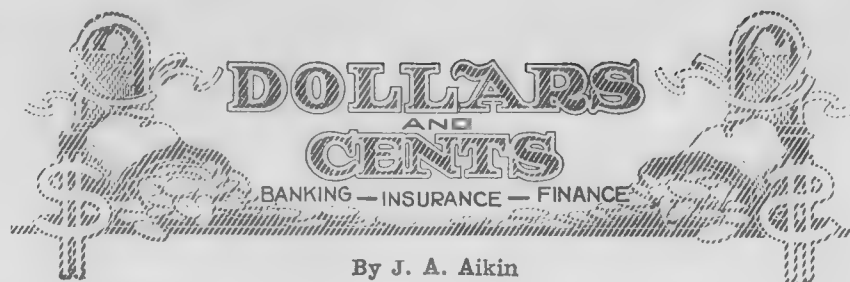
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
STOVEL BUILDING WINNIPEG, MAN.



By J. A. Aikin

Stabilization of Prices

THE skyward movement of prices in the later war and two post-war years, followed by the costly deflation period, has given economists the opportunity for inquiry into and effort at reform in the fiscal system which will mitigate the losses. For periods of inflated prices and of deflated values are accompanied with evil results for many and bring good for the limited number.

Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale University, has been at work on the problem for years, and recently testified before the Banking and Commerce Committee at Ottawa.

Prof. Fisher declared that both inflation and deflation were evils. Under inflation, with rising prices, those with fixed incomes, such as salaried persons, wage earners, and those dependent on interest returns from fixed investments would lose, while the profiteer and those who take what is left would gain. Under deflation, with falling prices, the profiteer and business men who take risks would lose while the bondholder and salaried man would gain.

The witnesses described this process as "pocket-picking" and "robbery," and cited an estimate by an American economist that under the recent price variations there had been a forty billion dollar "robbery," committed, not by individuals, as was usually supposed, but by the variable dollar.

He gave an example of a domestic servant who in 1896 put \$100 in the bank. At 4 per cent compound interest this would amount last year to \$250; but she could not buy as much with this \$250 as she could with \$100 in 1896.

Professor Fisher told the Committee about the British proposal put forward at Genoa last year for stabilizing money. That plan was that the great banks of the world would co-operate in an effort to maintain an even price level. They would have experts watch the index to prices throughout the world and when they rose above a certain level the banks would decrease discount rates, and when prices fell below a certain rate would in turn increase the rate of discount, thereby controlling inflation and deflation of the market prices. The plan also included efforts to maintain the gold reserves where required as the main support of the currencies and the measure of values.

That plan, in Professor Fisher's opinion, would work well for a time, and in the United States could operate until the gold reserve now above 80 would be down to 40 per cent, which was regarded by the witness as a safe margin.

Another financial method before Canada was what the Professor termed a "flat money scheme" and might be adopted by a country which was prepared to discontinue the gold standard and stand alone. This plan would involve responsibility for coming into collision with international monetary standards and would give rise to a variable rate of exchange. Its effect on external trade might not be all that is desired; the internal stability would be some compensation for that.

The plan for financial reform and price stability which Professor Fisher put forward would provide for the varying weight of the dollar. At present the dollar is a sort of warehouse receipt for 23.22 grains of gold, and he would take the present purchasing power of the dollar as the basis of procedure in the proposed new plan. The Mint and Statistical bureau would be the means for putting the plan into effect; the computing bureau to report every two months on the index prices and the Mint to raise or lower the amount of gold which is required to make up the dollar. Gold would then be purchased

as required at the new fixed rate in stead of as at present \$20.67 an ounce. The varying price levels of important commodities would determine gold instead of gold being the yardstick for all value measurements.

"Many people have criticized my plan," said Prof. Fisher, "and said it would do away with the gold standard. My answer is that it puts the standard in the gold standard."

Prof. Fisher said that production ran along much more steadily than money and credit, and, indeed, that any unsteadiness in production was generally attributable to unsteadiness of money and credit. He argued that there was social injustice both in inflation and in deflation.

Professor Fisher explained the efforts of the nations to get back on the gold standard as "groping after normalcy."

"As a matter of fact, what we had before the war," he added, "was wrong. We have a poor standard of value today because our ancestors chose a good medium of exchange."

Prof. Fisher visited Germany last year and said that scarcely anyone there realized that the mark had fallen.

"They realized," he said, "that prices had risen, but did not realize that the mark had fallen. If there was any misbehavior in money, they thought that it was the American dollar that was misbehaving."

He remarked further that 99 per cent. of people in the United States, at least if not in all countries, were under this "illusion of money" when wondering why prices had risen.

The cause of "business cycles," with recurring inflation and deflation, he claimed, was "the dance of the dollar," and he predicted that if the world could get a stable currency "it would have a prosperity which it never had before."

Growth of Automobile Insurance

RECORDS for 1922 show that for all Canada automobile companies wrote \$2,481,802 in automobile insurance which carried fire risks and also \$3,634,338 excluding fire risks. The net losses incurred for the former class of risks was \$1,418,667 and the latter \$1,332, 511.

Writing in Canadian Insurance, R. J. Bastedo says it is a pleasant thing to realize that automobile rates have not been increased this year. The rates, he states, in some cases have been reduced.

The general trend of rates must in the future be in the downward direction. To be of service to the greatest number of automobile owners and to bring the rates of premium down to a point where all careful and prudent automobile owners can afford to carry complete protection, must be the ultimate aim of the underwriters. The day of climbing rates is past, but the desired reductions can only be brought about by careful selection of business and by the elimination of all undesirable types of risks.

Many of the new 1923 models will take a lower fire rate, such as the Ford, Studebaker, Hudson, Reo, etc. The manufacturers of these cars have brought the plan of construction into line with the very best ideas of the Underwriters' Laboratories, thus improving the car as well as the fire rate.

The 1923 Federal Budget

THE discussion now proceeding upon the Federal budget is positive proof of the keen interest taken by the Press and Public in the fiscal affairs of the country. Taxation has come to mean so much more than it did in former days that anything which seems to point to better things is the object for attention.

The revenue of Canada for the fiscal

The Dead Hand

By Emily F. Murphy, (Janey Canuck)
All Rights Reserved by the Author

DARWIN says the human hand is only the fin of a fish that has been developed. And yet, what a marvellous thing it is; a perfect piece of mechanism.

The hand is many tools in one, being hammer, vice, plane, wrench, punch, pincers, lever, nails, turning-lathe, scale and other things. It is by the hand, too, that man bequeaths to the ages his thoughts, and his conceptions of art.

In legal phraseology, there is a condition of affairs described as *mortmain*, the meaning of which is "dead hand." The term has reference usually to lands bequeathed to institutions in such a way that the state does not derive revenue therefrom. "What liberal revenues," said a bishop several centuries ago, "were put into mortmain, the dead hand of the church."

Although mortmain has been deprecated by many writers—often with the utmost unfairness—there is one circumstance, anyway, in which, like charity, it becomes "twice blessed." We refer to the strong dead hand of the father which, through the provision of an assurance fund, is stretched out to maintain and direct his children during the formative years of their lives. This is the firm desire of all loyal, true-tempered men, and is one of the most natural desires in the world, in that every father lives again in his children.

Maesfield, the poet, has said that "Doing dies with the brain." This is only partially true. A man's actions are extended and perpetuated in what has been improperly defined as "the dead hand," or mortmain. Like the man whose hand was withered—the story is told by the sacred writers—"he may stretch it forth, so that it may be restored whole like the other."

When the father of a family dies, the first question to be asked by his friends and by the public generally, is a pertinent one, "Did he leave any life assurance?"

If he didn't, the public immediately conclude that he was either uninsurable, foolish or a welcher.

Is this not so? Do you not ask it yourself of others? Certainly you do. "How then may we exercise this eminent authority of mortmain?" you ask.

We cannot tell you the exact procedure, but you may work it out for yourself with the officials of any chartered assurance company.

Maybe, you argue that the making of this provision for your family, as against the contingency of your death, will mean that you cannot at present have those things which are desirable for your comfort.

You are probably right in this contention. Economy often means wearing clothes that are frayed or out of style; that you cannot have an automobile, or "give parties." It means that you cannot contract debts, and must have a sharp eye even to the paring of what we call "necessities."

Yawning, drowsy, stall-fed people do not like this doctrine. It means sacrifice, and they prefer to shirk the issue, but nevertheless, it is a doctrine. The practice of which is seldom regretted. To carry it out successfully, a father should explain his aims to his family and ask their assistance to this end. It makes a great difference when every member of the household understands the need of economy as against future disaster, and when they realize that they are actually partners in the undertaking. It is the establishing of mortmain, or the dead hand, in a manner that is wise, unselfish, and beneficent in every respect. Establish it now.

DOLLARS AND CENTS

Continued from page 24

year ending with March 31st, 1923, amounted to the vast sum of \$384,790,134,

as compared with \$371,519,454, for the previous year.

The expenditure on consolidated, or regular current, account, was \$307,731,559, which with \$14,337,443 for war, and capital account made the total \$322,069,002 for the year, leaving a balance to the good amounting to \$62,721,132. But that was more than eaten up by the Canadian National Railways, which had a deficit for the year of \$60,251,844. That does not account for all the deficit, for the reason that part of the capital cost of the railways, the Intercolonial and the National Transcontinental, have fixed charges covered up in the national debt of Canada. The coming year will see further additions to the public debt, for the sum of \$73,189,015, is asked for, of which \$32,133,000 is for additions and betterments.

There is apparent, contradiction in the statements of the national debt; the figures showing the decrease of the gross debt from \$2,942,612,089 one year ago to \$2,921,701,821, at March 31st, 1923. The net debt shows an increase from \$2,384,

996,391, to \$2,430,202,551. That is accounted for by the fact that certain national assets formerly counted as active, earning an annual return, have to be reported as non-active and not earning anything. Hence they cannot be used to reduce the figures of the gross debt. There is, however, some cause for gratification in the reports of increased revenue from customs which along with the increased returns from railway traffic goes to indicate the rising temperature of trade and confidence in the country and its affairs.

One or two more big crops at fairly good prices for farm products and Canada will again be the Mecca for home seekers from other lands; they will then come uninvited and be urgent in their requests to come in and help make this great country greater.

Minister—"But, Hooligan, can't you live with your wife without fighting?"
Hooligan—"No, sir, I can't. Leastways not 'appily."

Tom—and Harry

"YES, we are both making good, Tom; you at teaching, and I at business—but how long are we going to keep it up? At your next birthday, Tom, you will be..."

"Yes, I know, but I don't need to worry, Harry, for I'm protected..."

And he is.

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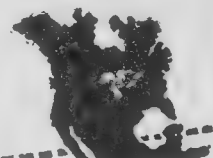
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Sonnet
"To the Spring"
You come when mists have faded off the sea,
And boisterous winds of March have ceased to blow.
And, creeping softly as the timid doe,
Burst forth at last in blade and flower and tree.
Unlocked by April's wondrous golden key,
The Earth awakes from out its winter sleep,
And up above the heav'n so blue and deep,
Smiles down upon Thy work and praises Thee.
From early morn till sunset's waning light,
And then from moonrise to the dawn again,
Light breezes fan the first frail blossoms white,
Or sunbeams dance along the leafy lane.
These are Thy charm which all the earth embrace,
And place a smile 'pon its wakening face.
—Richard Diespecker

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F. L. Benedict & Co., Agents, Montreal. **15**



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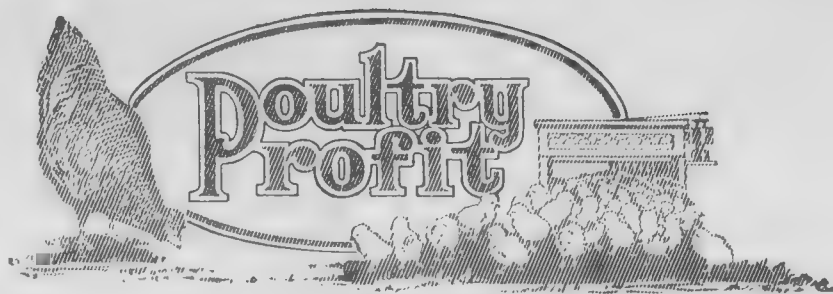
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By H. E. Vialoux

THE Hon. J. A. Robb recently issued a bulletin of agricultural statistics which shows in a table set forth, the value of our Canadian eggs in 1921 and 1922 in Canada. In 1922 it is estimated that there were approximately 29,945,484 laying hens producing 194,058,468 dozen eggs, valued at \$48,490,578, which we must admit is quite a tidy sum. Now that there are egg-laying contests in every province in Canada, and records of performances, tests carried on under the Poultry Division of the Federal Department of Agriculture throughout Canada and no less than 12,000 hens have been entered in these tests for 1923, there will certainly be a large increase in the annual egg production of our Canadian hens. The accredited farm flocks culled and inspected by experts from the Dominion Live Stock Branch in the country districts in the Dominion will do much to bring up egg production, but as these figures show "Biddy" is already right on her job in shouldering part of the family burden, paying countless grocery bills, etc., in 1922. There was an increase of eight million dollars of eggs produced in Canada over the figures given in 1921.

An excellent report of the work of culling experts is given for Saskatchewan, which I am using as an example of the value of this system in getting more eggs from the farm flock. In 1922 340 flocks were inspected. 23,975 birds were handled, of which 7,247 were culled. This work has been going on for four years, and is greatly appreciated by the farmers. Each year the number culled has doubled. The hens are divided into three classes; those suitable for breeding purposes, those profitable as layers, and culled, to be killed for table use. The analysis of the figures showed that 28.5% were classed as breeders, 40.6% were good layers and 30.2% culled, meaning that nearly one third of the flocks of Saskatchewan should be put into the oven or the soup pot. This will hold good for each province in Canada. In Manitoba, important culling demonstrations have been carried on also. A pamphlet on Manitoba Approved Flocks, prepared by the Dominion Live Stock Branch at Ottawa, is very interesting. It is Circular No. 25, new series. There is a warning note in this bulletin, against farmers, and poultrymen going in for a lot of fancy breeds unsuited for western climate conditions. It appears there are no less than 120 standard breeds in Canada, exclusive of ducks, geese and turkeys. Many of these are more or less ornamental, and farmers are urged to keep as much as possible to the utility breeds. This will mean more uniformity in both poultry and eggs for market purposes. As egg producers, the wonderful results achieved by the old Barred Rocks and White Leghorns in egg-laying contests, speaks for these breeds. In some of the provinces, the White Wyandottes are well represented. Rhode Island Reds head the list as egg producers in some places. "Rocks and Reds" are the favorite breeds in Quebec, Rocks are a prime favorite in Alberta, Saskatchewan and the Maritime Provinces. These breeds meet every requirement of the farm and with the "Chanticleer," the hardy Canadian hen, should be encouraged by all farmers, as they are both useful and beautiful. I do not wish to knock the Buff Orpington breed, but as this breed is not mentioned in any reports coming forward in egg-laying contests in Canada, I must conclude that the Orpington is losing its popularity as an all-round utility fowl and egg layer.

In connection with egg-laying contests, an interesting development is taking place. "Flock contests" are coming in vogue in many districts. Some live Boys and Girls clubs are starting this contest. In other places, local men and women are doing the work. The regulations set forth are as follows: A competing flock must consist of ten pure-bred females and one male of any one variety. Pure-bred does not necessarily mean exhibition stock. The breeder must raise at least 15 chicks in the season.

The judges will be reliable poultrymen selected by the "Flock Contest Association." Prizes will be given for (1st) sanitary condition of poultry house and appliances, 20 points; (2nd) health and general condition of flock, 20 points; (3rd) general attractiveness of the stock, 20 points; (4th) management and system of recording results, 20 points; (5th) apparent productiveness of the flock, 15 points; (6th) feed and feeding methods, 10 points; total 100 points. The contest can begin and close at any time, April, May, or June are suggested as suitable periods and the contests may be four or six months, as the members deem advisable. Prizes are given in two or three classes, and need not be large. The experience gained by comparing notes and the improvement in many flocks will constitute the greatest possible reward for the efforts put forth in connection with such a competition.

Dr. J. H. Grisdale, deputy-minister of Agriculture, says that he considers that the registration of poultry is the greatest development that has taken place for generations. Registration is distinct from any other policy that has to do with high producing hens. Only those birds laying 200 eggs and over in 52 consecutive weeks, averaging 24 ounces to the dozen, that have taken part in the Canadian egg-laying contests, are eligible. These birds must also measure up to the standard for their breed, not having any disqualifications. A few birds are already registered, and others taking part in the contests in egg-laying in 1921-22 are eligible. Registration fees for each bird, 50 cents, for each transfer, 50 cents, breeder's mark, \$1.00, flock name, \$1.00, providing membership is held in the Canadian National Poultry Record Association. The fee to join this Association is \$2.00. Full information may be obtained from the Dominion Live Stock Branch, or Ernest Rhodes, Box 52, Ottawa, Secretary C. N. P. Record Association.

Of the 398 fowls now registered in Canada, 197 are Barred Rocks and 134 White Leghorns. White Wyandottes number 30, other breeds making up the total. The co-operative marketing of eggs is being boosted in Saskatchewan this season by the Co-operative Creameries Ltd. of Regina. Circulars are being sent out. The plan is to accept and pay an advance on eggs suitable for storing, carry the same in storage until such time as the eggs can be sold to advantage, sell and return the producer the amount realized, less the cost of carrying. An advance, equal to 75% of the value of the eggs, will be made when the eggs are received, the balance being paid when the eggs are sold. This scheme seems feasible and should work out to the advantage of the farmer who will thus be able to sell his eggs where the price in the local stores is very low.

Candling Box

A handy cardboard candling box, which enables a person to at once determine whether an egg is good or bad has been prepared by the Dominion Live Stock Branch at Ottawa, and will be sent out free upon application. State whether

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RIGHT WEIGHTS
RIGHT TESTS



PROMPT RETURNS

POULTRY PROFIT

Continued from page 26

the box is needed for coal-oil lamp or electric light, as there are the two types of box.

Poultry Pests

When attending to the setting hens, note the restless ones. Often they are bothered with mites or other vermin. Dust with a good insect powder. The best remedy of all is a tiny pinch of blue ointment rubbed into the fluff at the tail. This will free any hen of vermin.

All newly hatched chicks need warmth, rest and quiet. The mother hen gives them these essentials, but brooder chicks need common sense methods and care. Do not crowd the brooder and let the real comfort of the chicks be a guide in the heat needed for good health. If the chicks crowd under the hover much in daytime, they are not feeling up to the mark. Green feed should be given them almost from the first, grass, lettuce or tender greens of any kind. Keep enlarging the pens as the little ones grow, giving them plenty of room to take proper exercise and enjoy life, scratching most of the time.

The Red Mite will appear in swarms directly the hot days come and there are various methods used to keep them down. In hen houses, Izal sprayed freely in a coop after all filth and loose building paper and plaster has been removed, is effectual. Then a lime wash applied will not only make the house clean looking, but the lime kills the mites. Lard or tallow smeared on the roosts should prevent any further trouble from the mites. A mixture of tar for the roosts is also found helpful.

As blue ointment is rather expensive, mix it half and half with common vaseline to kill vermin on the hens. A piece the size of a pin will do the trick in a short time. Smear it on under the wings or tail. Should a flock of hens show signs of intestinal worms, give each bird a teaspoon of turpentine and sweet oil mixed in equal parts. Follow this dose with epsom salts in a bran mash.

June

By Fred Scott Shepard

Is your vision in tune
With the beauties of June—
Sun-glinted,
Rose-tinted
June?

When vistas of green,
'Neath purpling sheen,
Appeal to the eye,
As shadows flit by—
Rose-tinted,
Sun-glinted
June!

Does your heart beat in tune
To the music of June—
Bird-singing,
Joy-bringing
June?

When soft o'er the leas,
On the wings of the breeze,
Sweet harmonies rare
Fill with music the air—
Joy-bringing,
Bird-singing
June!

To the pleasures of June
Your sense attune—
Life-filling,
Soul-thrilling
June!

Let nothing annoy—
Drink deep of her joy,
And find in the quest
New vigor and zest—
Soul-thrilling,
Life-filling
June!

Nothing was ever accomplished by going into a rage, though a great deal has been ruined by reckless anger.



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Have you used Pears' Soap?"

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IN THIS ISSUE

The Rockhound

A Delightful Romance of the Oil Fields of the South, commences in this Issue in Serial Form. The author is

William McHarg

a specially effective writer, whose contributions to fiction have already gained a high place.

Nellie L. McClung

the popular Western writer, also commences in this Number a fascinating article in two parts

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Achieve something. If a large thing cannot be reached, find a small thing that needs doing.

Thinking no evil and speaking no evil are strong entrenchments against all sorts of temptations.

The life that revolves round self cannot be anything but small. It is tied by a short tether to an infinitesimal point. Greatness concerns itself with great things, not with the greedy smallness of personal wealth or personal pleasure.

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife, Some pure ideal of noble life That once seemed possible? Did we not hear

The flutter of its wings, and feel it near, And just within our reach? It was, and yet

We lost it in this daily jar and fret, And now live idle in a vague regret; But still our place is kept and it will wait,

Ready for us to fill it, soon or late; No star is ever lost we once have seen, We always may be what we might have been.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

What Her Speech Was

Beatrice Herford, the famed monologist, appeared in her specialty in London for a while. One afternoon she had just made her appearance on the stage when a cat walked in and sat down beside her.

"You get out!" said Miss Herford sternly. "This is a monologue, not a catalogue!"

What volumes your faces say! Some speak of love and kindness, some of anger and hatred, others of pride and rebellion, and others still of selfishness. We can't help our faces talking; but we can make them say pleasant things.—The Young Pilgrim.

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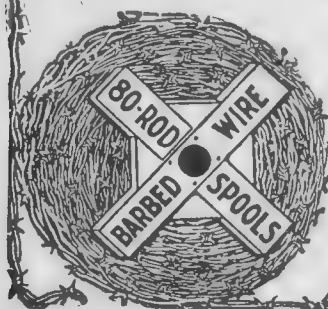
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About the Farm

Conducted by
Allan Campbell

Successful Melon Growing

The watermelon has long been associated with the plantation traditions of the Southern States, but with the northward advance of the corn belt and crops of a more or less tropical nature, the watermelon has also arrived, and been found a worthy plant immigrant in both Eastern and Western Canada.

Both muskmelons and watermelons are very popular in Canada, but in some parts, owing to the short season, special methods of culture must be adopted to have them ripen during the warm weather, when they are most in demand.

The muskmelon, being a native of some of the warmer parts of Asia, needs a good deal of heat right from the sowing of the seed to maturity. In Manitoba, successful experiments have been carried on with melon culture in a well sheltered garden where watermelons averaging over 14 pounds and muskmelons averaging over 7 pounds, were obtained.

Warm well-drained soil should be chosen for the melon plantation, as it is important to have as high a soil temperature as possible after the heat of the manure has been expended. The soil for melons is preferably rather light, but having a good supply of available plant food in it from a liberal application of barnyard manure which has been ploughed under. Trenches are opened in this soil two to two and a half feet in width and eighteen inches in depth, early in May. These trenches are dug in rows twelve feet apart and into them is put actively fermenting horse manure, filling them up to within four inches of the surface of the ground. The soil is now thrown back on top of the manure, making the surface in the centre of the trench a little higher to provide for settling. About six inches of good garden soil should cover the manure. Frames are used for putting over the trench. These trenches are practically hotbeds in nature and after the glass has been over the trench for a day or two, the soil will be warm enough to take the seed, or where hot-bed, a warm day should be chosen for the transplanting operations, as a chill will have disastrous results. It is desirable to water well before turning the plants out of the boxes and the soil around the roots should be disturbed as little as possible as their root system is small and has but few fibres. Three hills of two plants to a hill are made about four feet apart in the frames, pressing the surrounding soil well about the plants, but at the same time not breaking the ball of soil attached to the roots.

From now on, the chief attention should be given to ventilation and watering. Only practice can give the grower the knowledge of how and when to ventilate to get the best results. Cultivation should be shallow and the surface soil kept free of weeds.

After the vines have filled the frames, the latter are raised a little to allow the vines to extend outside. When there is no further danger of cool nights, the sashes are left off but the frames often left on for a few days in case there should be an unexpected cool spell before the plants become hardened, when the glass can be put back temporarily. It should be remembered that melons require a high temperature and plenty of water.

Another method of melon growing and by which they may be advanced considerably, is to have frames made of pieces of twelve-inch boards with glass laid on top, or it may be made to slide in a groove so as to ventilate readily. Holes are dug about eighteen inches deep and two feet square and nearly filled with manure as already described. Over these are put the small frames, sinking them six inches in the soil and manure so that they will afford greater protection to the plants. Seed or plants may be put in these. They are left over the plants as long as possible, but, as they have to be removed comparatively early in the season, cool nights afterwards may injure the crop, though success has been obtained from both this

method and growing in the open garden, in Manitoba.

The method employed when growing muskmelons in the open is to have soil well mixed with short manure and to take a quantity of such compost, about half a bushel, and place it in a hole that measures eight inches deep and about two feet square. This compost should reach about the ground level; over this put two inches of good loamy soil. About a dozen seeds are planted about the centre of the hill, pressing them with the finger to about the depth of one inch and the soil pressed down over them to bring the moisture to the seed. A few days after the seed is sown it is advisable to sprinkle poisoned bran over the hill in the proportion of one pound of Paris Green to fifty pounds of bran to protect the young plants. When danger of cutworms is over, the plants should be thinned out, leaving only three of the strongest. Thorough cultivation should be maintained to destroy weeds and conserve moisture. Such hills as described should be six or seven feet apart.

The watermelon requires great heat to grow it well, while the field culture is about the same as that practiced for muskmelons, though the hills for watermelons are farther apart, being from seven to nine feet. As they are not usually grown in hot-beds, it is important to grow the earliest varieties in order to have the crop come to maturity.

Among the best varieties of muskmelons are: Emerald Gem, Paul Rose, and Early Page, while Peerless, Cole Early and Tom Watson are desirable watermelons.

Danger Signals on the Prairies

The farmer or rancher may be prospering amid environments apparently ideal for the raising of live stock, when, without warning, he may find cases of poisoning among his stock without knowing what is causing disaster to fall upon his means of livelihood.

The knowledge of poisonous plants and the ability to distinguish the most harmful specimens in his neighborhood are highly essential to every owner of live stock so that he may be enabled to avoid pasturing animals in infested areas until the danger is past.

For general treatment of animals, a supply of permanganate of potash and aluminum sulphate (alum) should be kept on hand. A well dissolved portion of each should be administered at the earliest possible moment after poisoning.

The plants poisonous to different animals may be summarized as follows:

Horses: Ergot, bracken, horsetail, darnel, purple cockle, water hemlock, locoweed.

Ergot is a form of fungus, parasitic on cockle, cursed crowfoot, larkspur, locoweed, poison hemlock, water hemlock, water parsnip, laurel, white snakeroot, ragwort.

Sheep: Ergot, darnel, death camas, purple cockle, pasque flower, lupine, locoweed, poison hemlock, water hemlock, laurel, white snakeroot.

Swine: Darnel, purple cockle, water hemlock.

Poultry: Ergot, darnel, purple cockle, and other injurious seeds in screenings.

Ergot is a form of fungus, parasitic on grasses, one of the best known species being that found on rye. It is easily recognized in the second stage of its development, when the hard dark purple or almost black masses are seen at intervals on the heads of rye.

The bracken is a coarse fern with a creeping, woody, almost black rootstock. The stalk of the frond or leaf is from one to three feet high. The stalk, with maturity, becomes straw-coloured or brownish, stiff, stout, ridged, swollen at the base.

The horsetails or scouring rushes are a group of perennial plants intermediate between the ferns and club mosses. They are from four to ten inches high, usually unbranched, light brown, with darker scale-like leaves arranged in circles at each joint or node.

Darnel also called tare, is an annual grass. It has smooth simple stems from

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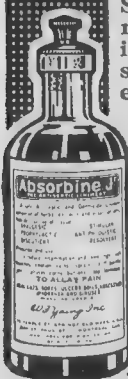
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ABOUT THE FARM—Continued from page 28

two to four feet high. The leaf blades
are four to ten inches long and about
one-quarter of an inch wide, rough on
the upper surface and smooth on the
lower. The flower spike is four to
twelve inches long, with four to eight
flowers to each spikelet. The seed is
about the size of a small grain of wheat;
it is rounded at each end, with a shallow
groove on the inner surface. The kernel
itself is greenish, tinged with brown or
purple. It is in bloom from June to
August.

The Purple Cockle is also known as
corn cockle, corn campion and corn rose.
It is a tall annual or biennial, one to
two feet high, more or less covered with
silky hairs. The leaves are two to five
inches long, narrow, pointed, with
entire margins. The flowers are purple,
pale towards the centre, with dark mark-
ings, from one to two inches wide. The
petals are five, shorter than the long,
narrow, pointed, and hairy sepals. The
seeds are about 1/8 inch in diameter, black
or such deep purple as to appear black,
rough, with rows of short, close teeth.
The plant is in flower from July to
August. It is poisonous both to animals
and human beings.

Pasque Flower. This flower is known
under various names such as prairie
anemone, America pulsatilla, Easter
flower, wild crocus, prairie smoke,
and sand-flower. It is a peren-
nial, with a single, large, cup-shaped,
violet-colored flower, which opens before
the silky grey-green leaves have appeared
above ground. It appears on the prairies

purple. The leaves are compound, but
not so finely divided as in the poison
hemlock. The leaflets are saw-toothed.
The fruit is oval, with no groove on the
inner surface of the seed. The roots are
several, fleshy, in the form of oblong
tubers clustered at the base of the stem.
The plant is in bloom from June to
August.

Water hemlock is found in wet places,
in swamps, low ground, along streams.
It is one of the most deadly of the
poisonous plants of Canada. Different
parts of the water hemlock have been
eaten by mistake for edible plants, the
roots especially being often mistaken for
artichokes or sweet potatoes. The tubers
are especially tempting to children on
account of their sweetish taste.

Among other names given to this plant,
are, beaver-poison, spotted cowbane, mus-
quash-root, snakeweed, and children's-
bane.

Poison hemlock is an erect, much-
branched biennial with round, smooth hol-
low stems from 2 to 6 feet high, covered
with purplish spots which usually dis-
appear on drying. The leaves are large,
shining, decoumpound, with finely-cut
leaflets. The leaves are much more deli-
cate in outline than those of the water
hemlock. The flowers are small, white,
in large loose umbels, with a circle of
bracts or small leaves at the base of the
umbels. The fruit is composed of two
parts, so close together as to resemble
one round seed, somewhat flattened on
each side, with wavy ridges running
from top to bottom. Each part contains



ENGLISH BOYS LEAVE FOR CANADA

176 boys from Barnardo, Garden City England, are shown above as they were about
to embark on the S.S. Melita for Canada. The happy band look forward with un-
disguised feelings of satisfaction to their advent in the Great Dominion.

early in the spring and is common from
Manitoba to British Columbia. This
plant is injurious to sheep and where
such flowers are abundant it is unwise to
allow sheep to pasture.

Loco weed is also known among stock-
men as crazy weed, rattle weed, loco-
vetch and white loco. It is a low silky-
haired perennial with tufts of very short
stems rising from a thick woody root-
stock. The leaves are four to nine inches
long, pinnately compound with nine to
nineteen leaflets which are longer than
wide and pointed. The flower stalks are
longer than the leaves, the flowers, half
to three quarters of an inch long, vary
in color from purple and violet to yellow or
yellowish white; they are arranged
in dense heads. The seed pods
are incompletely two-celled, firm,
leathery, and covered with silky
hairs. The plants vary greatly as
regards hairiness, size and shape of
leaflets, color of flowers and size of pods.
The plant is in bloom from April to
August or later, according to locality.

The word "loco" comes from the
Spanish and means "crazy" as the cattle
and horses affected by this weed show
very peculiar actions and practically lose
all sense of direction.

The water hemlock is a tall perennial
herb from three to six feet in height.
The stem is stout and streaked with

one seed, which is deeply grooved on the
inner face. The root is from eight to
ten inches long and about one inch in
diameter, tapering, sometimes forked.
It smells very much like the parsnip.
The plant is in bloom from June to
August. It is found in waste places,
chiefly on dry ground.

It is also known under the names of
snakeweed, spotted parsley, poison-root
and wode-whistle.

Notes on Hay Crops

Sweet clover and brome grass would
appear to make a good mixture as they
are uniform in attaining maturity and
have an advantage over several other
known hay mixtures as neither domi-
nates the other.

Western Rye grass and alfalfa is an-
other good mixture. They make an ex-
cellent grade of hay and there is no
crowding out on the part of either.

Alfalfa is undoubtedly a splendid hay
producer and as far as yield is concerned,
it has a strong rival in brome grass.
This latter grass stands high for its
drought resisting qualities, and in lighter
soils is an excellent pasture grass. Its
chief drawback is the danger of it be-
coming a bad weed owing to severe root
development when sown in heavy soil.
On the other hand, western rye grass is
hardy and non-spreading.

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KENASTON, Sask., December 8th, 1921
"Please send me one copy of your TREATISE ON THE
HORSE. I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure for over
eleven years and found it one of the best liniments I have
ever used for all kinds of sores. (Signed) M. ZEMAN."

Get a bottle at your druggist's today. Regular
for Horse Treatment—Refined for Human use.

DR. B. J. KENDALL COMPANY,
Enosburg Falls, Vt., U.S.A.

KENDALL'S
SPAVIN
TREATMENT

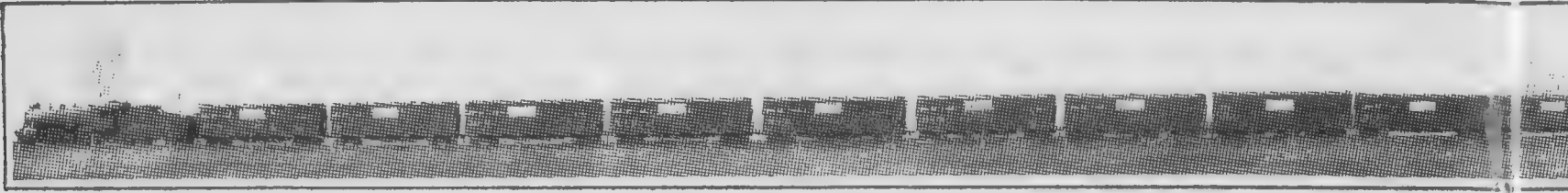
Magazine Value as represented by the
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY at \$1.00
per year is unequalled - - -

Tell your friends about it.

MAKE MONEY
AT HOME

YOU CAN earn \$1 to \$2 an hour writing show
cards at home in your spare time. Quickly and
easily learned by our new simple method. No
canvassing or soliciting. We teach you how,
guarantee you steady work at home, no matter
where you live, and pay you cash each week. Full
particulars and booklet free. Write to-day.
AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LIMITED
Authorized and Fully Paid Capital, One Million
Dollars.
49 Adams Bldg. Toronto, Canada.

DURANT SHIPS ANOTHER



Solid Trainload of Durant and Star Cars Leaving

Trainload Shipments of Durant and Star Cars are getting to be a regular thing at the big Durant factories at Leaside. The photographs shown here were taken just as this record shipment of 264 Durant and Star Motor Cars pulled away from Leaside for Winnipeg.



One of the 51 special automobiles



The Second of Three Trainload Shipments of D DURANT MOTORS OF CANADA, I

WHEN Tommy Baker graduated and became Dr. Thomas Baker, he closed his eyes and pricked the map with a pin. On looking at the map he saw that he had speared Bowville, and a month later he had rented a small house, engaged a girl to look after his office and rooms, and had settled down to play the part of "the other doctor of Bowville."

Bowville did not welcome him as a saviour with open arms and Tom soon found out that unless more people got sick he would soon have a starvation patient on his hands. He pictured himself getting thinner and thinner and looking like old Dr. Kingle at college. Suddenly he remembered a story the old man used to tell of how a young doctor worked up a practice and he determined to try it out. Spending all day fixing his little roadster he set out early the next morning, driving furiously out of the village and around the country. "If these Bowville-ites don't think I'm very busy, and if they won't come to me after seeing in what great demand I seem to be, I'll give up trying to peddle pills," he said to himself as he bumped over the country roads. Every hour he would go into a farm house and ring up the girl in the office to find if anyone had been in for him. He always received the same reply: "No sir, not yet," and he would always answer: "I'll be back immediately after the operation, Alice." She knew what he meant.

One afternoon he was very surprised to hear his attendant: "There's a Miss Acres here, sir and I've asked her to wait as you were on an important case but I told her you'd be back very soon."

"Fine! Tell her I'll come back especially on her account, and Alice," he said in a lower voice, "will you make some of your scones before you go tonight and you can buy eggs for them now that I'm going to make some money."

His first patient! He could imagine her. She would be tall with hair tied in a knot at the back of her head, and she would wear a bonnet with those funny little flowers around it. Her ailment would be rheumatism or some other blamed thing which she would want him to cure in a minute. He even could hear her high piercing voice. "Doctor," she would say with her hands clasped together, "I've come to you because I don't think Dr. Hamner is any good. I went to him

READ THE WANT ADS.

By S. C. Scobell

last week and he gave me medicine which I knew was no good even before I took it, and I took three doses and that proved I was right."

While this picture was passing through his mind he was racing towards home. He had already thought of a prescription, which the old lady waiting for him would take, and by the time he had reached his back door he had the amount of profit figured down to a cent.

Jumping out of the car he rushed in the back door and whispered to Alice who was cooking: "Is she still here?" The girl nodded. Flying into his room he ripped off his collar, washed in water with plenty of disinfectant, shined his shoes, put on a cleaner collar, turned the cuffs of his shirt and had another try to make his ruffled hair lay down. Then trying to assume a professional air he went down to see his patient. From the stairs he saw the back of a bobbed head which made him forget that he was Thomas Baker, M.D. of McGill University.

THIS was not quite what he had expected. The girl before him was neither tall nor gray nor did she wear a flowered bonnet. She was so small that she had to turn her little round face upwards when she spoke to him and her jet black curls received too much exercise from flying around her head to get grey. And this girl with the twinkling eyes was about to ask advice for someone Tom had never seen—he had not been taught how to handle cases of this nature.

"Dr. Baker," she began softly, "Dad is one of those patent medicine men and he will never allow a doctor to see him. He had some silly fuss with Dr. Hamner and since then, he's been down on all you doctor chaps. Anyhow he's leaving for the coast next week for his health but I don't think he's fit to go. He needs the change all right, but the trip I'm afraid will be too much for him unless he's half-well before he leaves. Couldn't you give me some kind of tasteless tonic I could

give him without him knowing it, something to brace him up."

"Certainly," answered Tom, but he had no idea what, or where, he could find a tasteless tonic, "if you'll wait just a minute I'll have it made up for you."

Once more he flew to his room and seating himself beside his bookcase, went through all his college books to find a tasteless tonic. Doctor authors, Tom concluded, did not worry their brains over such things, so he sat down and worried his, and figured out a formula which he thought might possibly do. Calling Alice he sent her to the drug store to have the prescription filled.

"It will be ready in about ten minutes, Miss Acres. I'll send it over to you if you wish," he told his patient's representative.

"Oh no! I'll wait." And when as if the idea had just come to her: "You're not Tommy Baker who captained our football team are you, Dr. Baker?"

Tom admitted that his real name was Tommy Baker and when she told him that she had just graduated and mentioned names which were very familiar to both, Tom fell into a conversation which didn't come to a stop until Alice returned half an hour later with the medicine and found Tommy and Mary where she had left Dr. Baker and Miss Acres.

"And mind you don't forget to come over and see Mumsie and me when Dad leaves for the coast," she told him as she slowly drew her hand out of his at the door.

After he had eaten his scones for tea Tom did not drive out into the country as usual but hunted through college publications to see if he could find anything about Mary Acres. In the "Annual" he came across her photograph and her biography. He remembered her now, she had led that mob of shouting girls that had rushed on to the field and carried him off the campus when they had beaten Varsity for the championship. He had

more than a suspicion that she had been the first girl to kiss him in the excitement.

The next morning he had his second patient and his third and fourth came in the afternoon just as he was going to the bank with his bank book and deposit slip. He had decided to cut down the distance he had been driving every day now that the advertisement was bringing results. However he continued "doing" about eighty miles of advertising a day.

MARY had telephoned him every evening and had always talked for at least fifteen minutes, but on Thursday it was not fifteen seconds. It was about half-past five when she telephoned. "Dad has just left and we want you to come over for dinner, and hurry Tom-mee."

He did hurry and a close observer could tell it by the shiny mark on the side of his trousers which he had scorched in pressing them too quickly.

Mrs. Acres was especially pleased to see him and Tom at once liked this smiling old lady who so resembled her daughter.

"We would have had you before, Doctor, but you know my husband....."

"Oh, I understand," Tom laughed.

".....and Doctor, may I call you Tom-mee like Mary? I remember when she used to bring her girl friends home for the week-ends and they used to be full of how 'Tom-mee' won a game or how 'Tom-mee' did this or did that, and I don't believe they had ever been introduced to you nor had ever spoken to you. Now I really know you already so I'm sure you don't mind an old lady like me calling you Tom-mee, do you?"

Tom laughed again. "Why, of course you may. You have no idea how homey it feels after being doctor-ed all day."

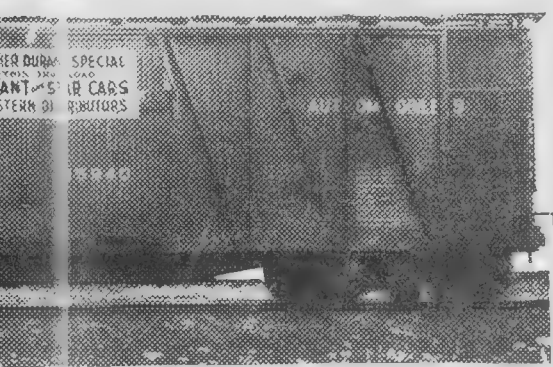
"I was telling you about Mr. Acres," continued the old lady, "this morning he was feeling so well that he thought perhaps after all he didn't need the holiday at the coast, but Mary persuaded him that he really wanted it, didn't you Mary?"

Mary blushed delightfully, Tom thought.

That evening was one of the happiest that he had ever spent since his days at college and before he left he had a standing invitation for dinner every evening. He had played the piano; Mozart, whom he loved, for Mrs. Acres, and popular tunes which set Mary shimmying and which called forth many "Oh Mary, don't's" from her mother.

HER SOLID TRAINLOAD

ing Durant Leaside Plant for Western Distributors



tomobile freight cars in the train.

of Durant and Star Cars Made Within a Month
DA, LIMITED, LEASIDE, ONTARIO



Each of the fifty-one special automobile freight cars holds four to six Star or Durant Cars already sold to Western Canadian motorists who impatiently await their arrival and delivery.

Another trainload of these motor cars will shortly follow this one to the West.

For the next month he was a regular visitor at the Acres' large home. One evening after he had been at a dance which Mary had given, he was unable to get to sleep. Turning on his light he started to read the newspaper. After reading every news and "self-improvement" article he turned to the want columns. Among the "good-as-new" baby carriages and "bargain" pianos, he found the following:

"For Sale: a diamond ring formerly belonging to a Russian countess. Party wishes to dispose of same before leaving country. Mrs. Thelvit 6784b Clark St."

Suddenly a thought came to him and the more he tried to drive it from his mind the more pronounced it became. He hadn't known Mary six weeks and he knew very well her father would never consent to a doctor entering his home, if he himself were there, let alone would he allow his daughter to be taken away from it and marry a doctor. But he had always loved to take chances and . . . well he had to go to the city tomorrow anyway.

Obtaining everything he wanted at the Medical Supply Store he found that he had plenty of time on his hands. Half consciously he made his way to the foreign section of the city where he located Clark Street. Going down between the rows of dreary houses he could not help but see that he was in the six thousands. And what could be more natural than to stop at 6784b? It was a frame house with a few flowers in the windows half hidden by the dull-gray curtains. Tom tried the bell and then knocked loudly for some minutes before he heard steps stumbling down the uncarpeted stairs. The door opened slowly and a cracked voice which came from the toothless mouth of an old woman inquired:

"Vell?"

"I understand you have a ring you wish to dispose of?" Tom asked dubiously. Nodding her almost bald head she hobbled back into the house motioning for Tom to follow. In a dark stuffy room she showed him a ring which seemed to be a magnificent cluster of diamonds set in white gold. Mumbling, she explained that her sister had sent them to her from Russia. From what Tom could understand, the sister had been a servant to the Countess Mertiz who had been murdered and who had revealed the hiding

place of the jewels to this servant; she had obtained them after the Countess had been buried. Tom did not believe her story nor does he believe it at the present time as he has been unable to find anyone by that name who was a countess in Russia although he has spent many dollars trying. Nine chances out of ten the ring was false but he could not persuade the old woman to let him take it out to be valued.

"Fifty dollar . . . gold," she mumbled pointing to the ring, "me keep while you fetch money, no let you have it, other man steal try."

SEEING that he could not make her understand that he only wished to have it examined, he decided to buy it as a gamble. "The odds are in her favour but I guess the poor beggar needs the money to get back to her peaceful country," he mused as he drove to the bank where he was known and obtained the gold.

When he returned to the house the old woman was dressed in a peculiar hooded coat and had two carpet bags besides her. He gave her the gold which she clumsily counted before handing him the ring. Then picking up her baggage she shuffled down the street to take a tramp steamer bound for Russian ports.

Tom watched her out of sight and then examining the ring thoughtfully he decided to take it back to Bowville to have it valued. "I won't take a chance in the stores here, most of them recognize me and if it's a fake some fool sporting editor will get hold of the story and I'll be properly ragged." Jumping into his roadster he raced along the boulevard to Bowville.

The only jeweller in Bowville was old John Hoar and Tom made his way into the dingy store where he found the owner, propped up with his feet on the coal stove, smoking. When he saw Tom he came towards him paper in hand and listened to how he had come into possession of the ring. Handing it over to the old man he looked at it for a moment through his glass and drawing the pipe out of his mouth, he drawled:

"Serves ye right. Why don't you come to a jeweler's when ye want jewelry. Here read this!"

It was an American Sunday paper and spread over two pages with huge illustrations was an article headed in large black type:

RUSSIANS ARRESTED FOR SELLING IMITATION JEWELRY Faked to represent famous jewels.

He read part of the long-drawn-out account and he saw that he had been duped. "Look here, Mr. Hoar, don't tell anyone about this and anytime you need any medicine for the kids drop in and perhaps I'll be able to help you."

"I suppose ye'll be wanting another ring then?"

"No, I'm afraid I won't be able to afford the sort I want."

That evening Mary had never been more fascinating and it all seemed like a dream when Tom found himself in his house again. He had faint recollections of being thanked and kissed but he felt feverish when he realized what he had done. He distinctly knew Mary's dislike for anything not genuine, especially jewelry, and he had given her a worthless ring that evening, when he had said something about getting married. For the greater part of the night he tried to think of something he might tell her before she found out that the ring was a fraud. But he could think of nothing which would not make him out a fool in Mary's eyes. Next morning he waited until nine o'clock before he reached for his telephone.

"357," he mumbled.

He heard Mrs. Acres' voice over the wire: "Oh Tom-mee, Mary has just run into the city to meet Mr. Acres. He wired us this morning that he wanted someone to take some papers up to him. I guess the coast didn't agree with him."

"Oh, thanks!" he gulped and rang off.

"Well it's about time I used the little old pin again. This town will never be large enough for Andrew Acres, Esq. and Thomas Baker, M.D. when the first named finds out about the engagement of the latter,—me," he said as he started his car and began his daily advertising. Going past John Hoar's, he saw the old man rap on the window and beckon to him. Parking his car near the hitching post he went into the store.

The old man was pleasurably excited. "Mary Acres came in 'ere early this morning," he began, "and she was wearing that self-same ring ye showed me yesterday. She'd lost one of them little stones and wanted one stuck in." Here he took several long pulls on his black pipe. "But I don't keep fake stones around the shop and course I didn't do anything for the girl. She said she

would take it to Beauchamp's in the city. Mind ye, Doctor, I didn't tell her the ring was a fake but it won't take no long time for a city shop to acquaint her with the fact,—and Dr. Baker," he added, "them kids of mine ain't well and would ye mind sending over some cod liver oil?"

That day Tom placed his advertising badly but he wanted to think. When he finally reached home he found a note in Alice's hand.

"Miss Acres phoned and said she wanted you to be sure and go over for dinner for she has a surprise for you."

"It's no surprise, I understand the signals, but it can't last forever and tomorrow I'll pin my new town and begin once more. But I like Bowville and Mary, and Alice there; she's a nice girl, a handy girl, she'll make some farmer a good wife. Why I'd marry her myself if it wasn't for Mary—but is there Mary?" He wondered.

He arrived at the Acres earlier than usual and Mary and her mother seemed very excited, but they greeted him even more enthusiastically than they ordinarily did. He noticed this at once, but he also noticed that Mary was not wearing the ring.

"Dad had to stay in the city," she explained, "and I only saw him about ten minutes before he met some men, but I had time to show him my ring Tom-mee. He wasn't mad at all as I expected. I showed him the place where a small stone had dropped out—I lost one, you know, but it wasn't my fault, really Tom—and Dad said he'd have Beauchamp's put a new one in its place. He asked me about you and I told him a lot of nice things which I hadn't said in my letters. I wasn't going to tell you about losing one of the stones, Tom-mee," she continued, as if she was thinking of something, "but I believe two people who are going to get married should tell one another everything. don't you Tom-mee?"

TOM wasn't quite sure if he understood that signal correctly. Was she giving him a last chance to explain about that confounded ring?

Just at that moment he heard Mr. Acres, voice in the hall and he felt a clammy chill creep over him.

"Is this Tommy," he said when he saw Tom, "well my boy, if you're anything like Mary says you are, you must be a

Continued on page 35

The Jade Clasp

By Lereine Ballantyne.



Agnes Ayres



May McAvoy



Alice Brady

The secret of having beautiful hair

How famous movie stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

NO one can be really attractive, without beautiful well kept hair.

Study the pictures of these beautiful women. Just see how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes

an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Beware of imitations. Be sure you get Mulsified. Look for the name Watkins on the package.

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men



LORN FENTON put the chamois folder which the Chief gave him into a leather tobacco pouch. This he placed in an inside pocket of his shirt.

"Watch yourself," said McGowan as he rose from his desk to go with Fenton to the waiting truck. "I hardly think anyone would suspect we would send it down by someone on a truck. I think it is a good plan, the car would prove dangerous, and Upton has to take some cases down tonight anyway. There is just time to reach Mr. Harcroft before he goes to Cape Town. He got word that Al Rami is after it again, and figures it will be safer in Cape Town. Immediately upon your arrival at Kilwa-Kivingi hand it over to Mr. Harcroft, our President. It is all there except the jade clasp. That was stolen some years ago."

"I'll ride on the back, and take my gun. Any trouble would strike the driver first. That would give me a chance to act."

"Good," answered McGowan, Chief of the Northern Division. He was a big man in a big office, and picked his men with care. Fenton knew this, and realized this mission, being of a personal nature meant trust, and promotion after, if properly executed.

They swung out of the yard-gates, and turned down the road leading to Kilwa-Kivingi. Fenton sat on the back of the big truck, his legs swinging over the end and his gun beside him. He felt good. The soft tropical air was soothing. The road led through coconut groves, and one or two clove plantations, that sent up a pleasant spicy tang on the night air. Then the country became more uncultivated, with bits of low brushes and shrubs studding the stretches of pasture lands, on which the native turned his goat or cow to graze. Nestling here and there were native huts made of wattle and daub, and as it was beginning to grow late, there were practically no signs of life about.

Sitting on the back of the transport Fenton could not anticipate the scenery, and when the remaining light was suddenly obliterated by tall palms of another grove, his thoughts went back to the avenues of maple and beech in Canada. Had it not been for the ever-present pungent odor of the tropics he could have fancied himself back in the woodlands of his home. One more year, he promised himself, and then he would go back. In another year his position should be fairly secure.

Again they left the grove behind, and as it slowly drew away towards the indistinct horizon, he heard the low cry of a night bird, and everywhere the gloom seemed to deepen, just as the mystery of the whole country deepens, when one penetrates further into the silent forests of Africa. He was fond of the life in Africa, but he grew impatient because "she" was not there. When hearts call hearts the globe is too great a distance to have between yourself and the "fair one."

HE REACHED into his pocket for a cigarette and proceeded to light it. Suddenly, just as he was about to strike the match, he felt something swing him from his seat, and the next moment he struck the ground, falling headlong, while a vision of fireworks seemed to pass before his eyes. Then everything melted into darkness. His state of unconsciousness was only momentarily. He was very soon aware that a lasso was taken from his shoulders, as he was being dragged into a field, while in the distance he could hear the chug-chugging of the transport growing more faint as the heavy machine tore down the road, quite oblivious of having dropped its most important passenger.

Inwardly he cursed himself for having sat so carelessly. However, they might have got him with the lasso no matter where he was. That thought gave him consolation. He hoped that possibly it might be merely a hold up. Neither of his assailants spoke as they dragged him through the grass towards a clump of bush, about one hundred yards from the roadway. Desperately he tried to concoct a scheme to get his pouch destroyed or hidden, but luck was against him, for both hands were in the grasp of the men dragging him, and a show of resistance would no doubt result in a knife-thrust, although he could not see in the thick gloom, just how they were armed. Since they took it for granted he was still

stunned, he decided to await developments.

Having reached the shrubs, they laid him down, and straightened up with a sigh of relief. Like a flash he ripped open his coat, and was about to throw the pouch into the thicket, when a guttural voice muttered something unintelligible. Instantly he was jerked to his feet, while the muzzle of a heavy gun felt like a piece of ice against the side of his head.

"You fellows will pay for this," he snapped.

They did not answer, but proceeded to tie his hands behind him and remove everything from his pockets, whether of importance or not. Then one of them, a big fat black, ran his hand quickly over him, and came upon the bulge which the pouch made under his shirt. He snatched it out, and they debated between themselves a few moments. The cry of success and the soft voice betrayed the shorter one as Al Rami himself. Fenton bit his lip as he realized the clever stroke Al Rami pulled in bagging him so easily with only the native to assist him.

A feeling of hot anger swept over him when the big Swaheli fixed a gag in his mouth. Al Rami tied his effects in a small bundle, then they left him lying by the bushes. They did not bother to fasten his feet, feeling he was safe so long as he could not shout. Suddenly there was a sharp plunging in the underbrush near them. Fearing it might be friends of Fenton's searching for him, they waited silently a few seconds, then the big fellow raised his gun, and gave him a blow on the head, and they made off into the night.

THE blow did not injure him, for the gun had scraped the ground. In a few moments he had worked his hands free, and cautiously started off after them, on his hands and knees, guided by the sounds made by their movements through the bushes. Once out in the clearing, he was able to see them by running from bush to bush and lying low. Then they disappeared. He soon came to a low lying piece of land hollowed out like a saucer which was about half a mile in width. It sloped upwards on the opposite side. In this hollow was a native hut of the usual type, and by keenly penetrating the gloom, he could discern the men nearing the hut and disappearing within.

It was easy to get fairly close, for the shrubs dotting the hollow afforded ample concealment. By skirting around to the west of the hut he could come within twenty-five yards of it, but not directly in front of the entrance, although he had a side view of the door from his hiding place. While not close enough to observe what they were doing within, he could at least keep watch on their movements, if they decided to leave.

Off in the west the thin crescent of a new moon hung low and very dimly lighted the sky, which seemed to bend down and lose itself in the summits of the Mountains of the Moon. Dense shadows everywhere reached from the black folds of the night. Fenton sat quiet, tensely alert for anything that might happen. He hoped something would happen. In the first place the transport driver should soon return to search for him. It was hardly likely that so prosaic a chap as Upton would make the whole journey without once looking back. If he did, he certainly had Lot's wife beaten forty ways. Also, it was highly improbable his enemies would remain longer in the district than necessary.

Suddenly he heard a terrific crash, in the woods behind him. It was similar to the one which had disturbed his assailants earlier in the evening. Turning cautiously around he beheld two great gleaming eyes, like two flaming opals peering out from the shadows. On an impulse he removed his cap and hurled it high into the air in the direction of the door of the hut. Like a flash the great beast, which proved to be a lion, sprang after the moving object and brought up with a snarl as he captured it, and found the man-scent heavy upon it.

His snarl brought the two rushing out from the hut with guns, which they at once discharged. Fenton held his breath, realizing the awful position he was in, if

WATKINS
Mulsified
TRADE MARK REG.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
MADE IN CANADA

THE JADE CLASP—Continued from page 32

the brute decided to come his way. Fortunately the lion sprang back in the direction it had come, and Al Rami and the Swaheli followed, endeavoring to bring it down. Like a shot Fenton sprang out, and ran to the hut. Upon a little table, lit by the fretful gleams of a candle, were spread the glittering gems of the sacred girdle. Gathering it up hurriedly, he put it in his pocket, and grasped with satisfaction a revolver which was lying beside the loot. With a hasty glance about the room he turned to dart through the door, and almost collided with his foes returning for their haul. Knowing the position in which he was placed he ordered "hands up" and shot.

HOLDING their guns ready to shoot, they had no intentions of putting their hands up, but Fenton's first shot sent the gun flying from the wounded hand of Al Rami. He was less successful with the big fellow. Just as he succeeded in dodging a bullet, which hit the wall behind him, he swung to the side and with his left hand knocked over the candle to extinguish it. The darkness afforded him a better chance, and his head still throbbed where his fat "friend" had given him the blow with the revolver, and an intense desire burned in him to repay the debt if possible. However he was unsuccessful and merely succeeded in setting fire to some papers lying on the floor. So he picked up a stool and rushed the fat one, bringing it down on his head with all his might. Al Rami was hunting for his revolver near the doorway, when Fenton picked up the lariat, which they no doubt had used on him, and swung it over Al Rami with nice success. A few knots tied with dexterity and both of them were at his mercy. He carefully

caution to the winds he raced for the roadside.

Upton with the truck came back wildly searching the way for the missing man. When Fenton flashed his torchlight from the bushes he jammed down the brakes.

"Well I'll be blowed, what's happened sir?" he asked.

"It is too long to tell now. Drive like mad to Kilwa-Kivingi, and I'll tell you on the way. I have recovered the stuff they were after, and in the meantime I think I'll ride on the seat with you. I've had enough rear-attacks for tonight."

It was morning when they got to their journey's end. Fenton went straight to Harcroft.

"Here's the blooming stuff," he said as he sank wearily into a chair.

"What's the trouble? Why man you are wounded in the arm!"

"It's just a scratch. I'll see the Doc. when you give me a receipt for this stuff. Al Rami and a native bagged me, but I got away, and there you are," he said.

Harcroft opened the bundle with an air of subdued excitement. Quickly he looked over the exquisite gems that flashed from the sacred girdle. Then he picked up a chamois sac, and opened it. He wheeled to Fenton.

"Where did you get this?"

"Must belong to Al Rami. It isn't mine."

"Good Lord,—it's the Jade Clasp! I have it all now," his low voice trembled as he continued, "My father got this sacred girdle years ago. It has been our lucky talisman apart from its great value for years. Friends of Rami stole the clasp five years ago, and ever since, he has been after the rest of it."

His eyes beamed as he slapped Fenton on the shoulder and added, "Get aboard the ship lying at anchor now. She's bound for Cairo. The Doctor on board will fix you up. Double salary with leave of absence for six months is yours. It wouldn't be healthy for you here anyway when Al Rami discovers his loss. On you go now, and pack for home."

"Home," echoed Fenton, with a glad cry as he swung out into the warm tropical air, "Home, for six months! Lucky old Clasp of Jade!"

Spring

With melodious music ringing,
Carolling birds are sweetly singing
On the wing;

The balmy air with fragrance salling
Welcomes the dreamy Southwind hailing
'Tis Spring!

The dawn of morning slyly creeping
Arouses Mother Earth from sleeping
With her call;

Springtime shakes her yellow tresses,
In emerald garb she gaily dresses
Nature all.

From her dreary winter prison,
Nature from her death-bed, risen
With new life,

All the Earth's transformed in glory
Like a marvellous fairy-story,
Wonder rife.

Dancing streams resume their chatter,
From the clouds begin the patter
Raindrops warm,

And the sunshine brightly beaming
Wakes the flowers from their dreaming
So forlorn.

Countless birds in tree-tops mating
Noisily, midst the twigs debating
O'er their nests;

Woodpeckers at work are drumming,
Swarms of bees in clover humming
Full of zest.

The frogs orchestra is playing,
On the wind its tones allaying,
Reverberate;

Through the dusky shadows falling,
A lone nightingale is calling
To his mate.

Soul of Springtime! ever smiling
O'er the Earth you reign, beguiling
Youth sublime,

On the wings of morning flying,
In the arms of Summer dying,
In your prime.

—Gertrude C. Jensen



Soft season of descending showers

went through their pockets and had the supreme joy of retaking all his own property together with many other articles which he could not wait to sort.

"Call for the balance of your luggage at the Company's office in Kilwa Kivingi old man" he laughed, as Al Rami shot vicious scowls at him. When he was finished he was satisfied neither one of them would work loose for a few hours.

Slowly he made his way toward the road. His arm was sore where one of the shots had glanced it. Inwardly he cursed Upton's stupidity in failing to discover his absence. He feared the lion which had come to his assistance very ably, might still be prowling around, and it made him uneasy.

Twice he stumbled, and the oppressive silence and dense thick gloom of night made him nervous. There might be prowlers about anywhere, especially natives, and the girdle would make a splendid haul. A twig breaking near him caused the sweat to start from his forehead, and he remained motionless for many long minutes. Bit by bit then he edged on toward the road. Then far away he heard the faint rumble of a car. It was coming up the road. Throwing

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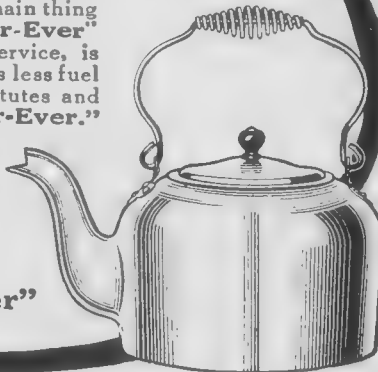
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The Month of Marriages

WHEN the sixty-ninth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Rutherford, of Bradwardine, Man., was celebrated a few weeks ago, it was declared by the Toronto Globe that surely Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford must hold the record among living Canadian married couples for length of married life. Both were born in Selkirk, Scotland, Mr. Rutherford in February, 1832, and his future wife in May of the following year, so that they are now in their ninety-second and ninety-first years, respectively. Ten of their fourteen children are still living, all in the West; and there are fifty-seven grandchildren and thirty-seven great-grandchildren. The old couple are in enjoyment of good health and bodily activity, and The Philosopher sends them his congratulations and all best wishes. That they are the longest married of all living couples in Canada may well be believed. A correspondent of the Toronto paper which made that claim for them has pointed out for them that Mr. and Mrs. James Weldon, of St. Thomas, Ont., who were both alive less than a year ago, had been married seventy-one years when Mrs. Weldon tripped and fell, and died as the result of that accident. Her husband, who up to the time of his wife's death had enjoyed remarkable vitality and spirit, died within a few months after her death. . . . This is the month of marriages. To all the happy couples who are to join hands this June, long life and all happiness! May they be granted length of years together, and may each couple, when they are old and grey, see each other as they see each other now in the bloom of youth, in this June of 1923!

In Regard to Going Courting

GOING Courting" seems an old-fashioned way of describing it in this new era, which is in so many ways more or less amazing to those of us who are grey at the temples. But the thing itself can never become old-fashioned; there will never be anything newer in this world than "going courting." In a newspaper the other day The Philosopher read that in one of the States whose legislatures enact a great many new-fangled laws there was a proposal to "limit by law the length of courtship." This is a serious subject. It is altogether too serious a subject for legislators to undertake to meddle with. There is such infinite variety of circumstances and considerations involved in it that it is difficult to see how a legislative enactment could be framed so as to fit them all. Engagements were never all of man's making, and it is perhaps true to say that at the present time they are less so than ever. The parental Referendum is not what it was. And however it may be about the young women having the Initiative, they have the Recall. It would be interesting to know how long the proposers of that idea of "limiting by law the length of courtship" think it just and proper that "courting" should continue. By the way, at just what stage does courting begin, anyway?

Neighborly Goodwill

ONCE again there is discussion in the newspapers of the United States and in some Canadian newspapers about the manner in which the causes of the American Revolution, which resulted in the establishment of the United States have been dealt with by historical writers, and especially by the writers of school histories. Few, if any, historians are free from bias, and of recent years there has been a notable development in the United States in the way of making the treatment of the facts of the Revolution such as not to tend to promote or perpetuate ill-will, but on the contrary to promote and strengthen good-will between the two great branches of the English-speaking family. A small eddy which indicates a local, and it must surely be only a temporary, movement against the current of that broadly flowing stream of good-will and common sense takes the form of a bill which has been proposed in the State Legislature of New York to forbid the writers of school histories in that State "to belittle the sacrifices of American patriots." If that statement of the purpose of the proposed legislation means only what it says, it is right and proper, needless to say. There were sacrifices on both sides of the war of the American Revolution. No sacrifices were greater than those which were made by the loyalists who moved from the revolting Colonies and settled in Canada. But whatever judgments may be formed about all that, there should surely be no perpetuation of ill-will. All the men and women on both sides of that strife and their descendants for generations are now dead, and it is not only merely foolish but actually wicked for anybody living now to try to keep up a quarrel in which no living person had any part. As a matter of fact, while the people of the Colonies which revolted had grievances, they enjoyed a greater measure of freedom than the people of England at that time. They objected to certain taxation without representation. Nine-tenths of the people of England were without parliamentary representation then—even the famous Reform Bill of 1832 gave the franchise to only a small fraction of the male population of Great Britain. There would be no more sense in keeping up any ill feeling now than there would be to keep up a family feud over a transaction several generations ago. The world has too great a need of all the constructive good-will that can be brought into operation, to have any room for the perpetuation of senseless ill-will.

The Philosopher

Some Old-World Changes

THE heartless "clearances" in Sutherlandshire between 1814 and 1818 drove some 15,000 persons, many of them Highland soldiers who had fought in the Napoleonic wars and the relatives of such soldiers, from their homes, so that the land might be put by its owners to the more profitable use of sheep-raising. The two parishes of Kildonan and Olyne were converted into one great "sheep walk." The evicted cottagers had to seek out new homes elsewhere. Many of them crossed the Atlantic. Several hundred of them came by way of Hudson Bay to the future Province of Manitoba, and began the Selkirk settlement. Their descendants are found to-day in all walks of Canadian life. The growing of wool and mutton proved profitable to the owners of the great estates which were "cleared." Not many decades ago it began to be found that more money could be derived from certain areas of those broad acres by clearing them of the sheep and converting them into shooting preserves for millionaires to buy or rent. The Manchester Guardian points out that a century ago there were only five deer forests in Scotland; now there are 189, aggregating 3,432,385 acres. A committee of the British House of Commons recommended last year that no more making of deer forests in the Highlands be allowed. Already a large part of the most picturesque and romantic country in the Highlands, including many mountains, are rigidly guarded shooting preserves. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that in Great Britain there is a strong and growing feeling against fox-hunting, which is denounced not merely as "a cruel sport of the rich and idle," but as "a serious obstacle to agricultural prosperity." It is estimated that the two hundred hunts maintained in the British Isles cost altogether some \$40,000,000 annually. Time was when fox-hunting was regarded in England as an institution connected with the national welfare. For generations it has been celebrated in song and story. When, early in the nineteenth century, someone dared to say it was a cruel sport, a noble devotee of fox-hunting wrote a book in which he maintained that the fox enjoyed being hunted. So easy it is to believe what we want to believe.

History and Human Life

THERE is justice in the complaint that very nearly all the books that have been written about Canadian history deal mainly with political and constitutional matters, and little with the actual everyday lives of the Canadian people, generation after generation. It has been too much the way of all historians to write about kings and courts and camps, political intrigue and battles, and to give small attention to the doings of the ordinary human beings who carry on the world's work—their work and their play, what they ate and drank, what they wore, in a word, how they lived. In the opening chapter of his History of England from the time of the Revolution of 1688, Macaulay gives us an account of English life in the time of the Stuarts, which is as entertaining as it is instructive. Before Macaulay the writing of such a chapter would have been considered rather beneath the dignity of a historian. Such commonplace things as that chapter sets before us, as in a panoramic painting of the English people in the seventeenth century living their lives and going about their everyday affairs, were held to be too trivial to be dealt with in the "grand style" in which history used to be written. It is to be noted that even Macaulay, after having that long and remarkably vivid chapter (which passes before us like a moving picture of London town and the highroads with the coaches travelling along them, and the green fields and country villages and seaports and, in a word, the England of two and a half centuries ago), devoted himself to politics and war. Since Macaulay wrote there has been an immense amount of research into times past in England, and many important books have been written, dealing with the cost of living and other important matters of fact, century after century. Here in Canada, there are beginnings being made of the writing of Canadian history which shall tell not alone of the fighting and the political developments, but of the actual lives of the Canadian men and women who did the pioneering, and of their children and grandchildren, generation after generation. They were really the makers of Canada. Mr. W. L. Smith's book on the Pioneers of Old Ontario, which has recently been published, is a valuable contribution of this character to Canadian history. Another will be the book which is being prepared by the Woman's Canadian Club of Winnipeg, which will tell the life-stories of some outstanding figures among the women of the time when Red River was a small settlement isolated in mid-continent—a settlement far out of the world and accessible in its remoteness only by long and arduous journeyings through wild regions.

Human Values

DURING the war the world learned the meaning of the words "man power." There was a general realization in every land that after all the strength of a nation is made up of the men and women who compose it. Even before the war we had begun to talk of the conservation of natural resources, of the need of safeguarding the forests and fisheries and the mines and the water powers. But the most important thing of all is the conservation of men and women. Canada's greatest need to-day is more Canadians. Increase of the population by immigration is all right, provided the newcomers are people who will make good citizens. All newcomers are welcome to Canada if they are honest and industrious and capable of being assimilated and anxious to make their homes on Canadian soil and become good Canadians and the parents of Canadians. It is the children born in Canada who should be the very blossom of the fondest hopes of every patriotic Canadian for this country's future. There is a new realization of the need of the conservation of the most important resources of the country, which are the human values and possibilities incarnate in its childhood. The increase of understanding of the true meaning of values will prove to be the strongest force in the right working out of the problems which confront all thinking men and women concerned for human progress.

Progress Towards World Betterment

HUMANITY has made great progress since the earliest times of which we know anything, from the relics that remain of those times, when men chipped flints and scratched childish drawings of deer and other animals on the inner walls of the caves in which they found shelter. But humanity is far from having reached the limits of what can be accomplished; more can be accomplished than has yet been conjectured as within the range of possibility. We live in a purposeful and directed universe, carrying on its evolutionary processes under Divine guidance. It is not a universe running at random, like a motor car which has lost its driver, but a universe permeated throughout by Divine mind and intention and foresight and will. The energy which is behind all things is unceasingly at work; and humanity can achieve the highest possibilities on this planet by bringing itself into accord with the Divine purposes, thereby realizing eventually the meaning of the words: "The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's; but the earth hath he given to the children of men." There is a vast truth in this, yet to be apprehended. The power and influence and responsibility of mankind, and what is possible in making this world better, are things which are far as yet from being comprehended by mankind.

A Woman of Brains and Courage

THE first woman to be elected to the British House of Commons, Lady Astor, is no longer the only woman in that body. There is now one other woman member, Mrs. Wintringham. They are both women of outstanding ability and force of character, and they are proving themselves to be worthy exponents of the importance of having women eligible to the law-making bodies. Their eligibility to take part in law-making is, of course, the logical and inevitable consequence of equality of suffrage, or, to state it more fundamentally, of the fact that "women, too, are people." In a recent speech, Lady Astor said of women in active public life, "We are new brooms—let us see that we sweep the right rooms." It is to be said for both Lady Astor and Mrs. Wintringham that they devote themselves to matters of betterment of the conditions of life. They are practical-minded. Woman can make use of their political power by working to make the world better, safer and cleaner, by doing their bit with courage and faith, by facing unclean things with cleanness, by facing wrongs with right. Lady Astor has the gift of saying true and striking and memorable things. Here is one of them: "I can conceive of nothing worse than a man-governed world—except a woman-governed world—but I can see the combination of the two going forward and making civilization more worthy of the name of civilization based on Christianity." And here is another: "Men think we women talk so much. It is true we do; but even then we don't tell them half we know." And another: "What are practical politics? The politics that lead to war are not practical, and the same things that lead to bad politics lead to war. The most practical thing in the world is common sense and common humanity. It is the world's great need to-day. There are bigger things than parties, even bigger than countries, though neither party nor country likes to think that anything is bigger than itself." And as an illustration of the opinion which has just been quoted, take this other utterance of Lady Astor, which she was not afraid to speak out to an audience in Washington last year: "Idealism took the United States into the war; idealism did not take the United States out of the peace, no matter what politicians say." Truly there is inspiration in such high thinking and courage in outspokenness, which are the things most needed in the public life of every country.

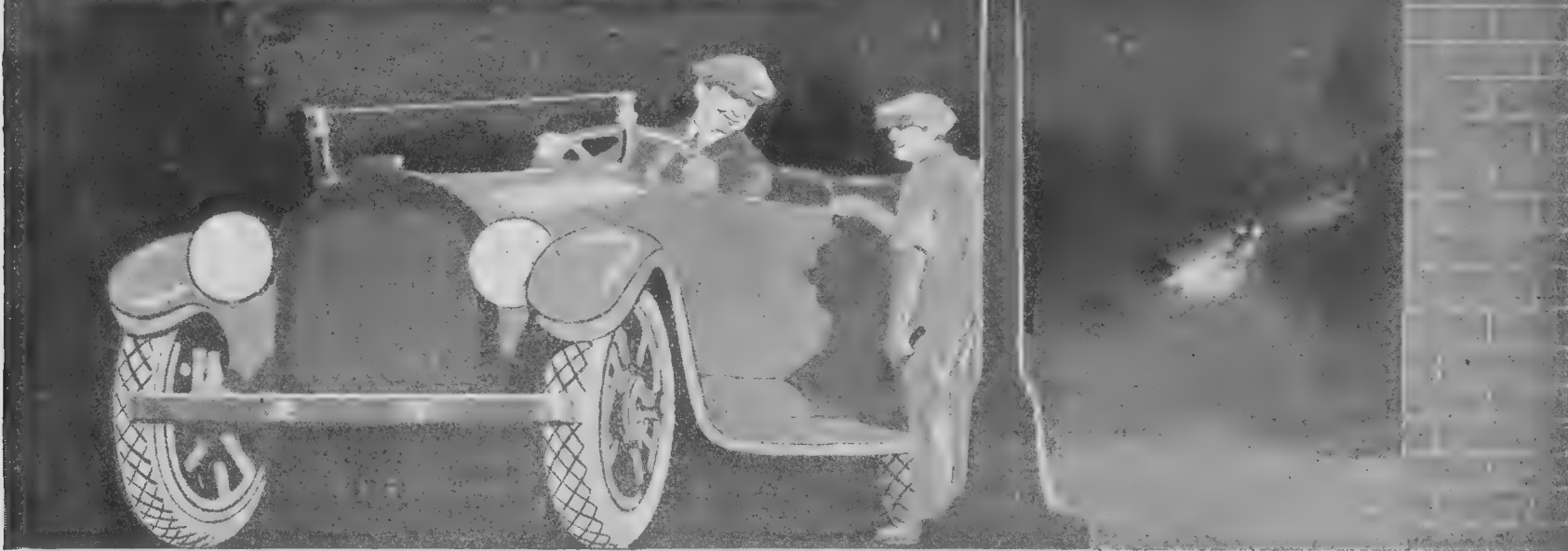
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READ THE WANT ADS

Continued from page 31

real man and I think you're going to be the first doctor I've ever liked."

This was tantalizing to Tom who was unprepared for anything of this kind.

"Mary has told me how you fixed me up last month and I've come back for more stuff. It's better than the coast for me. I was talking to some men in the city and we want to put that prescription on the market. We intend to push it and the public will buy in carloads, and of course," he added, "you'll get a royalty on every bottle."

"Fattening the calf before killing it," Tom thought but he was determined to make the older man show his cards.

"What did Beauchamp's say about the ring?" he inquired abruptly.

"I was just going to tell you. It won't be done until Thursday as they have to send to New York for a stone. The ones they had in stock looked pretty rotten besides yours, and my boy," he went on, "when they told me what it was worth I decided then and there what kind of a house I'll give you as a wedding present in which to keep yourselves and the ring. I've a fad, as perhaps you know, of judging people by the jewelry they buy and wear. It never fails. Shake, son!"

The Afternoon Tea Rite

MR. GORDON SELFRIDGE, the Chicago merchant who invaded and conquered London, is revisiting the United States, and touches on some piquant contrasts between his native and adopted countries. He has the advantage of a double standard of comparison, of seeing the British through American eyes. To an interviewer he lays amusing emphasis on an English social rite, afternoon tea, which is the subject of mild derision on the part of visitors to the tight little island—until they succumb to it. Mr. Selfridge thinks that if Americans would similarly relax in the middle of the afternoon's work they would gain a poise and calm they really need and lose none of their famous "pep." When he opened his departmental store on Oxford Street thirteen years ago it was the custom of his sales people to snatch tea as best they could. Instead of discouraging it he accepted it as a national institution, and gave a tea interval to each of his 3,000 employees, and "since everybody else in the country does it, no time or business was lost." He is quoted further:

"Tea is brought around at matinees

and movies, on railway trains and boats. Lords and commoners pause for it in parliament. You cannot enter any office, editorial den, public library, factory or shop in Great Britain between four and five without stumbling over cups and tea things.

"Mr. Selfridge confessed that, personally, he did not like tea, but he likes what it stands for—a friendly getting together, a relaxing pause in the day's work, a slowing down of the American's relentless push, not to a point of becoming less active, but more balanced. The American has a breakdown at 50, he added, but the Englishman was swinging a wicked golf club at 65."

Afternoon tea has become a social function on this side of the Atlantic, but it has not seriously penetrated the market place. After all, it is not the tea hour that gives the Briton poise and calm. It is merely one expression of his unhurried habits and ways of living and of looking at life. Before work slows down in offices, factories and shops on this continent in the presence of the tea-cups, there will have to be a radical change in the mental as well as the physical habits of the business community.

Summer School for Teachers

It would appear that a great many of the Manitoba and Prairie Province teachers visit Victoria and the Coast during the summer season, and the provincial authorities there cordially welcome any who may be interested in a summer course in their training school. Victoria offers many advantages. One escapes the heat of summer there and is in the midst of such healthy enjoyment as sea-bathing, fishing and scenery entirely different to that of the prairies. Mr. Geo. I. Warren, Publicity Commissioner of Victoria, will gladly supply any additional information that may be of interest.

Then There Was Another

Once a gentleman who had married his cook was giving a dinner party, and between the courses the good lady sat with her hands spread on the tablecloth.

Suddenly the buzz of conversation ceased, and in the silence that followed a young man on the right of his hostess said pleasantly:

"Awful pause!"

"Yes, they may be," said the old-time cook, with heightened color; "and yours would be like them if you had done half my work."



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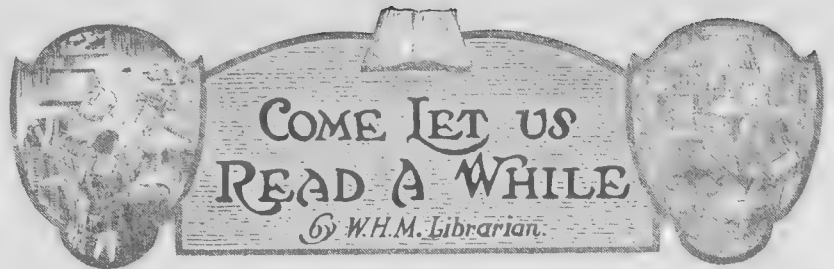
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MAZO de la Roche has produced her second novel. This clever writer, living in Toronto, is the author of “Explorers of the Dawn,” one of the most distinguished novels written by a Canadian. Now there comes to hand her second novel, “Possession,” (Toronto, The Macmillan Co.) Miss de la Roche has upheld her reputation for originality. There is nothing hackneyed nor trite about this second novel of hers. In fact, it struck me as quite “unexpected” in places. Derek comes into possession of a fine old homestead that belonged to his uncle. A little later he takes possession of an Indian maid. He had pride in his rightful possession; somewhat of shame in the woman he later marries. The old house also seems to resent the intrusion of one whose standards of life are so different. Derek comes to grief through possession. The conclusion of this rather melodramatic tale, cleverly told, pleased me more than all the rest put together. Derek has a fine sense of loyalty to his possessions; he works hard in the interests of his acres; he works for the protection of wife and child. His last gesture is to place a protective arm around the poor misguided little Fawnie, his Indian wife who had deserted him and their child and who did not return until she had been broken in spirit, wrecked in health.

EDITH Gittings Reid has written a powerful three-act play entitled “Florence Nightingale,” (Toronto, The Macmillan Company). After reading it and enjoying it very much, I turned to Strachey’s Essay on Florence Nightingale and found that the dramatist had followed closely the interpretations and inferences offered by the brilliant essayist. Their characterisation of the amazing Florence, her relationship with her family, with the soldiers, the nurses, the war office, and with the gentle Lord Herbert, are almost identical. But where the essayist has been able to enliven with his own wit and rapier-like thrusts, the dramatist has had to condense much that she would have liked to incorporate. If you are looking for an evening’s keen pleasure, read this drama, and read also, if you do not know it, Strachey’s Essay. Both will delight you.

IN the early summer—a young man’s fancy turns to the thoughts of building. He becomes smitten with desire to build a bungalow. This new book “The Bungalow Book,” by Charles E. White, Jr. (Toronto, The Macmillan Co.) will help him to materialize the “Dream” house in a practical, business-like, efficient, and tasteful manner. Mr. White covers every detail of bungalow construction, from the frame to the plumbing and painting. He gives valuable suggestions as to how to supervise the building of your bungalow and there are chapters devoted to the subjects of electric house-keeping, the garage, and gardening appropriate to the bungalow.

ONE of the very sweetest stories I have had the pleasure of reading in a long while is called “The Mountain School Teacher,” by Melville Davison Post (Toronto, McClelland and Stewart). In a direct, simple style, like the voice of a sweet-natured child, Mr. Post tells the beautiful story of the Teacher in the Kentucky Mountain School. Although from the very beginning, one recognizes that the young man is Christ, not once does the story jar. And what is stranger, we feel that the events that parallel Christ’s life in this story, do really happen in Kentucky. What a forceful “movie” this novel would make. A story that old and young, men and women, will read with pleasure—and with tear-dimmed eyes. Yet the final effect of this story upon my mind was not one of sorrow, but of a peace that passeth understanding. Read “The Mountain School Teacher,” will refresh your soul.

LOVE, avarice, and ambition are the three fires that rage about the gentle Nila, a lovely Hindu girl in “The Three Fires,” a new novel by the popular poetess, Amelia Josephine Burr, who travelled extensively in India to get “color” for this novel. The rich romance of the East, the passionate hates and loves of the Hindus, the portrayal of life conditions so different from our own, makes this story very enthralling from first word to last. Published in Toronto by the Macmillan Company.

IS it wise to try to keep a boy in complete ignorance of the vital truths of life? Can ignorance ever be purity? Can the soul that has never been tempted take a measure of its strength? These questions arise in one’s mind after reading a very powerful and tragic novel called “The Tree of the Garden,” by Edward C. Booth (Toronto, George J. McLeod). The theme of the story is this: Is a loving, noble mother really doing her best for her son when she guards him from all the brutalities of life? The plot is developed by showing the widowed Mrs. Openshaw turning her home into a cloister for her son, Guy. The crisis comes when Guy learns the meaning of life from a young girl whom his mother does not consider good enough to be his wife. At the conclusion of the story, when fearful havoc has been wrought in several lives through Mrs. Openshaw’s blind policy, this mother comes to realize that only by the existence of perfect Truth, can she be a real friend and companion to her son. She begs him from thenceforth to let Truth be the great and indissoluble link between them. A fine theme, cleverly wrought out into a very interesting novel.

ITOLD you about a novel called “The Speckled Bird,” a month or two ago. Since then I have learnt something about its author, Robert Cutler, who is of the eleventh generation of Cutlers, resident in New England. To his publishers he writes the following interesting information:

“I early evinced a desire for the pen by writing for maternal delectation, a weekly paper—which I kept up for five winters.” He wrote a good deal while at Harvard, and after his graduation taught English composition in Harvard and Radcliffe for one winter. Then he trained at Plattsburgh and served with the army in both France and Germany. On his return he took up the study of law, and is now practicing in Boston, “working about eleven hours a day. It is excellent experience and the hardest kind of hard, interesting work.”

Mr. Cutler continues: “I wrote part of ‘The Speckled Bird’ while salmon fishing in Canada, part while living with the most delightful farmers in a little New Hampshire village of twelve houses, part in a tent on the very edge of Square Lake in New Hampshire. I did not write it, it came out of the pen which I held.”

NEXT to the pleasure of reading books, comes the pleasure of hearing about those who write them. Stella Benson, quite a genius in her own remarkable way, is now in China with her husband. From Mengtze, Yunnan, she sent the following interesting information:

“We had a hard time getting here, especially as I was ill. We had to come south from Hong-Kong to Haiphong in French Tonkin, spend (as far as I was concerned) several days in a funny sort of pioneer hospital in Haiphong—nurses in dirty white trousers and huge hats like beehives—travel wearily yet with awe and amazement straight up towards the sky in an unpadded French train, and finally jog in a sedan-chair to the beautiful sombre compound—eucalyptus trees festooned all up our sky and roses still in bloom to the tune of constant birds. Talk of birds—we have egrets and hoopoes and cranes and everything that Zoos could provide and I have a pony called

COME LET US READ AWHILE *Con. from page 36*

Martini and a dog called Cowslip. I am learning Chinese and writing a new book and housekeeping in pidjin French with an Annamite cook.

"There are brigands here. You can't ride out alone. But I haven't met a brigand yet. Every few months they capture Mengtsz."

Did You Know This?

THE Department of Education of the Ontario Government recently issued the names of 169 books written by Canadian Authors and proving popular in the circulating division of the Public Libraries. That Canadian authors are not confining themselves to one field of literary activity, is proved by the classification given below of these 169 recently published books.

Topics of General Interest.....	12
History and Biography.....	10
Travel and Description.....	10
The Old Country Through Canadian Eyes.....	4
The War.....	2
Books which Illuminate Our History	9
Platform Sketches.....	2
Nature Books.....	5
Social and Religious.....	6
Educational and Psychological.....	6
Fiction.....	62
Poetry.....	21
Drama.....	3
Juveniles.....	15

SLOT MACHINE AT BUMMER'S FLAT

Continued from page 15

by many lanterns, and laid Sam's drawing card upon the smooth timbers glistening with a light frost. When all was ready for the swift descent, the minister uncovered his head. "Boys," he said, "we are here to-night in the name of humanity; we wish no man harm or injury; we want only what is right and fair. This act tonight is in the defence of little children, who, for a long time, have scarcely had food enough to keep them alive, one of whom cannot live many weeks, suffering from an incurable disease; and also in the defence of a half starved woman, who was not far from the grave herself a few hours ago. This is only one particular case, but doubtless there are others, many in this camp who will thank God that we have determined to stop, once for all this trap to rob and plunder the women and children. Some say it is the fault of those who use the machine and theirs alone. To some extent only, this is true; many of us are weak, and do not want temptations thrust under our nose, so as far as we are able, we should remove temptations to wrong doing from the path of every man. No living man has a right to make his pile out of the losses and distresses of his fellows!"

"Hear, hear, guv'nor, yer dead right; out the painter, and let the box o' tricks go to the devil," shouted a man in the crowd.

"Let 'er slide, boys," shouted another.

"Can't we have another tune before she leaves us?" piped up a man with a thin voice, at which sally, there was a roar of laughter.

"Well, the blessed thing has knocked the stuffing out of me more than once," commented a superior looking young miner, "and I'm not sorry to attend the funeral."

At a word from the manager, the rope holding the machine was cut by a sharp blow from an axe, and the heavy iron frame shot down the slide like an arrow, and plunged into the open water with a loud splash. After three cheers for the manager and the minister, the crowd dispersed, and the proprietor of the Pioneer did the most graceful thing he could under the circumstances—closed his bar, and went to bed.

The next morning Tom Cane was called into the office and told that his job was open to him only on the condition that he kept out of the saloon; and the poor wife was overjoyed to hear from the minister that he had brought her sixty dollars and five cents from the "slot" machine, as she called it.

"And is it really in the river?" she faltered.

"Yes, it is there right enough, and it is likely to be there for a long while."

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A Prayer

"Mother of Christ" she cried, "ask thy dear Son to spare This child who feebly moans upon my breast; Show Him my little ones among those countless tiny souls, And whisper to Him, 'Thou hast taken all the rest.'"

"I could not bear again the agony of sitting still With idle hands pressed to a breaking heart, Plead then for me and He will surely understand That I, a woman, only crave the great maternal part."

—Vera V. Robertson.

The Sunset

Lyn Tallman

The little boy looked at the sky wrapped in the golden fleece of the sunset, and ran in to tell his father about it.

"The sky is on fire!" he said.

"Does it look hot?"

"No—it is like gold!"

"Is it hard?" the father teased.

"Not hard—it shimmers. It is like mother's hair only woolier—no, not wooly, misty, misty hair, fanned with a long golden fan by the Sun, combed with a white comb by the Wind, and with roses hidden it."

"The lucidness of beauty is lost in our strewn wilderness of words." The father smiled, took the little boy's hand.

"Let us bring mother out to see."

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Tackling a Problem

IN a recent article, Joseph H. Barber tells of the way in which certain industrial problems are tackled by the firm in which he occupies an executive position and he sets out four factors for consideration:

1. The problem.
2. The facts.
3. The decision.
4. The results.

There's an idea here for the young man. Let us imagine a specific case. A young man has a position and an opportunity occurs for him to secure what perhaps appears to be a better position. Here is a problem, or point number one of the four factors.

He should then try to gather up the facts of the situation; to study the points connected with his present situation and those of the alternative position, thus complying with the conditions of factor number two.

Then he is faced with the necessity of making a decision; he must decide whether he will stay where he is or if he will resign and take over the new work. In any case, a decision must be made—thus illustrating point number three.

There remains factor number four—the results. These will be apparent sooner or later and will show whether the decision was a wise one or not.

W. P. Warren relates that an employer once said to an employee who wanted to leave him and take a better position with a rival house:

"I cannot allow my biased business interests to counsel you at this time. It is too great a responsibility for me to influence the course of a man's career. What you do at this point may affect your whole life. You are welcome to stay with us, and you are as welcome to go—I won't urge or advise."

Another employer, under similar circumstances, said:

"If it were merely a matter of money, I would pay you as much as the other concern will; but I think there is a good future for you in that place, and I advise you to take it."

Another said: "I know of a good opening for a man like you. There isn't much ahead of you here, and while I should hate to lose you, I can't refrain from telling you of such a good opportunity."

It should be noted, however, that no matter what the circumstances may be, the young man must make the decision or tackle the problem himself. He may, it is true, and often with benefit, seek the advice of others, but the actual decision rests with himself. The results of his decision, or factor number four, may show that he decided wrongly, but a wrong decision need not be fatal to ultimate achievement.

Men are not infallible and wrong decisions are by no means uncommon. The greater fault consists in making the same mistake twice.

A Law of Happiness

"AN INCREASE of material prosperity," says Austin Hopkinson, M.P., "can only come through strict observance of inexorable economic law."

We recognize that no increase of material prosperity can ever make men happy. For the luxury of one age inevitably becomes the necessity of the next, and the satisfaction of each desire the parent of yet another.

Men, indeed, are not unhappy because they cannot get what they desire, but merely because they desire. And, therefore, happiness lies not in attainment, but only in renunciation.

But the mass of mankind will never believe this, and never learn this lesson, until leaders are found who dare to show the way and to give up all in order that by service they may learn the truth of things.

In industry there can be no true prosperity and no real contentment until it is directed by those who have the power to accomplish all desire of material wealth, and the wisdom to renounce it; for it is, indeed, a hard thing to see that there is no other way either of public or of private happiness.

The Influence of Literature

FEW influences in life are so subtle or so powerful as the invisible power of literature—what may be called the undertones of the printed voice.

All who understand or appreciate what is properly described as literature will acknowledge this at once; but it is true in a wider sense. Any written words, whether in books or periodicals, which are the result of a formative process in the mind of the writer, must make in their own degree a formative impression upon the mind of the reader.

If the reader's mind is the stronger, the impression will be slight, or very possibly negligible, but if the tablet to be impressed is soft and still undented the mark will be proportionately deeper and more lasting.—The Newbolt Report.

Reaching the Standard

MANY corporations employing large numbers of workers, now have special departments in which the characteristics of applicants for work are carefully studied. Previously it had been the custom to engage a man on general grounds and when, later on, it was found that he was not fitted to do the work required of him, expense and disappointment were suffered by both parties to the transaction.

Now, it is thought that a careful preliminary survey of a man's fitness for the position that he wants may help to avoid trouble later on. With one large corporation, the "analysis questionnaire" concerning special personal qualities is in part as follows:

1. Handwriting—rapid, legible, or attractive.
2. Correct English—oral or written.
3. Good eyesight.
4. Good hearing.
5. Voice—distinct, strong, or agreeable.
6. Good personal appearance—neat costume.
7. Superior vitality.
8. Superior tact and courtesy.
9. Unusual perseverance—disposition to stick to difficult tasks.
10. Good judgment when confronted with new problems.
11. Quick and efficient adaptability to new tasks.
12. Initiative in inquiring into reasons or undertaking new work independently.
13. Directing ability—laying out work for others, teaching them, securing their co-operation, judging their fitness.
14. Alert, active, observant disposition.
15. Enthusiasm.
16. Accuracy.

Does Education Pay?

DOES education pay? What a question!

Does it pay to prepare the ground before sowing the seed?

Does it pay to polish the precious stone before putting it on the market?

Does it pay to plane and sandpaper the board before putting it into the piece of furniture?

Does it pay to sharpen the tools before working with them?

Does it pay to know things rather than live in ignorance?

Does it pay to have a mind rather than be a mere animal and be directed by those who have minds?

Does it pay to think? and if so, to think with a trained mind rather than with an untrained one?

Does it pay to be a leader rather than a follower?

Does it pay to make the most of the faculties God has endowed one with, or to let them lie dormant?

Does it pay to be one of the capable of the human race or to be one of the inferior?

Does it pay to prepare one's self to do large things or to remain satisfied to do small things, and let others take the advanced positions?

Does it pay to take advantage of opportunity and make the most possible of one's self?

Does it pay to get an education? Only the lazy and the ignorant answer "No."

Pay? Surely it pays—many fold. There can be no better investment nor one anywhere near as good.

Let no youth be deceived. Ask those who are educated. Ask the wise of any generation. Be sensible. Get the education while you have the chance. Prepare to live a happy and a prosperous life.—Ward H. Nye.

The Terms of Civilization

PRINCIPAL L. P. Jacks writes forcibly concerning effective citizenship and the following paragraphs from his pen are worth reading and re-reading, particularly at this time:

"The only type of civilization that will ever be at peace, happy, contented, enlightened, religious, and able to cope with the great mysteries of suffering and death—things not to be abolished by Act of Parliament, nor voted out of existence, and as ripe in a world safe for democracy as in the unsafest—is a civilization whose members are loyally striving, each according to the light God has given him, to create something of real value to himself and his fellow men.

"Let a man be doing this and he will be in the way to win, for himself and for others, all the happiness, all the material and spiritual well-being which the universe holds in store for him and for his posterity.

"Meanwhile I have a word to those fellow adventurers of mine who are engaged in that great enterprise known as Education.

"See to it, I would say, that you impress upon the rising generation this elemental truth—that the world is built up not by the things men say with their tongues, but by the work they do with their hands.

"Truth is found, primarily, not in things said but in things done.

"That every man shall enjoy his day's work and a good article come out of it—there can be no civilization on any other terms. Ground your citizenship upon that and remember the Ten Commandments."

Choosing a Trade

IN his little book, "How to Study," Richard L. Sandwick lists a number of questions that a youth should ask himself before entering a trade.

1. What qualities are necessary for success?
2. Have I these qualities?
3. What education or special training should I have?
4. What opportunities does the occupation afford to serve others or to benefit society?
5. What opportunities are there for advancement to more responsible and more highly paid work?
6. Am I building the character that can be entrusted with this responsibility?
7. What is the extent of the field of employment? What demand for goods or services? Are there many idle men in the given occupation? Are there civil service as well as competitive openings?
8. What is the healthfulness of the employment? Is there danger of occupational disease? Have I the strength and health for this work?
9. What location is most desirable? Am I willing to live in the necessary location?
10. What trade union regulations must be met?

These questions, although relating to certain classes of work, are very suggestive and might well receive attention by the young man entering almost any form of employment.

Fields Far Away

IT IS said that from week to week numbers of Canadians are leaving their own country and seeking new opportunities to the south. People will always of course follow avenues that lead to employment but it may be that in this reported movement southward there is something of the thought suggested in the saying that "far off fields look green."

It ought not to be necessary for our Canadian boys to leave their native towns in search of work. It is said that the seven great industries of mankind are comprised in the following:

1. Agriculture.
2. Live Stock.
3. Aquaculture (Industries of the sea).
4. Mining.
5. Forestry.
6. Manufacturing.
7. Transportation.

Canada has abundant opportunities for engaging in the first five industries and the energetic exploitation of these gives rise to the sixth and seventh.

The Canadian youth who puts his shoulder to the wheel and helps to develop his country in this time of uncertainty will be aiding the Dominion anew in the struggle to make good the losses of the years that have passed.

TREES FOR THE PRAIRIES

MANY an ancient civilization by butchering its forests struck at the roots of its own prosperity—that is to say, water supply and agricultural industry depends on water supply—and so withered away. Others, like China, have exposed their agriculture to floods and droughts, the horrors of which form an unending source of cable news in the newspapers. In more recent times the destruction of the forests has created more or less desert areas in Europe, which some countries—France and Austria, for instance—were reclaiming with great success, but at enormous expense, in the years before the Great War. That work will go on when the normal life and work of Europe is resumed again after the abnormal conditions following the destructions of the Great War and the consequent disruptions of the settled order have passed into history. Germany in the half-century between the Franco-Prussian War and the Great War, devoted many millions to reforestation work. On this side of the Atlantic within the present generation, vast areas of timber in Canada and in the United States have been destroyed by fire. The vital importance of conservation of forest wealth and ensuring its safety from fire, so far as possible, is being appreciated increasingly, as is also the importance of the reforesting of the areas which have been devastated of their timber. Of paramount importance likewise is tree-planting on the prairies. An official statement from Ottawa gives the information that in the twenty-one years since the nursery at Indian Head, four hundred and eighty acres in extent, was established to be the centre of the Dominion Government's tree planting activities in Western Canada, some 40,000 farms in the Prairie Provinces now have shelter belts which protect the homes from weather extremes, improve conditions for gardening, and add to the beauty of the landscape. The annual distribution now amounts to about 6,000,000 seedlings. But, when it is viewed in relation with the vastness of the West, that work of tree-planting can hardly be said to be more than well begun—so much more remains to be done.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

By Elbert Hubbard

WHEN war broke out between Spain and the United States it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leaders of the insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation and quickly.

What to do

Some one said to the President: "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast into deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference and half-hearted work seem the rule, and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?
Which encyclopedia?
Was I hired for that?
Don't you mean Bismarck?
What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?
Is there any hurry?
Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not. Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile very sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift—these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—

and do not think it necessary to. Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper?" said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd sent him uptown on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and, on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden denizens of the sweatshop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving after "help" that do nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the



Antonio Moreno—a Paramount Star

interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues: only, if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dares employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled number nine boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility,

and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly?

Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and, having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for a day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter to Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it in the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it never gets "laid off," nor has to go on strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed and needed badly—the man who can "Carry a Message to Garcia."

Whenever I get in a fog and can't see clear, and so tired out I can't eat and plum run down, I say to myself: "Your folks ain't ever flunked yet, and you keep your head up where the Lord put it." He put it up.

Folks see me laugh a lot. I do. I couldn't learn to play on the pianer, though I'm clean crazy about music. I couldn't learn none of the things I yearned for inside, so I said to myself: "You learn to laugh, laugh hearty," and somehow it's helped a lot, laughin' has. There's many a time I done it to keep tears back. Ain't nobody but has tears to shed some time or other. But 'tain't no use in keepin' a tank of 'em to be tapped at every slip-up. When I get so I can't keep mine back any longer I goes to the wood-house and locks the door and has it out. But that's just when I'm tired out and there don't seem nothin' ahead.

I tell the Lord about it. Tell Him there ain't nothin' human can help. Just Him. And if He don't I'm done for. Ain't ever seen a time yet that when I come right down to it and says, "Lord, I need You," that the help ain't handed out. I mean help to take hold again and keep on laughin'. I don't ask for automobiles and a brick house and fur coats and plum puddin's. Never did think the Lord was in that kind of supply business. But when I says, "You and me's got to fight this thing out," He ain't ever gone back on me yet.

—Kate Langley Boshier.

The bird praises God by singing, the flower pays its tribute in fragrant incense as its censer swings in the breeze, the tree shakes down fruit from its bending boughs, the stars pour out their silver beams to gladden the earth, the clouds give their blessing in gentle rain; yet all with equal faithfulness fulfill their mission. So, among Christ's redeemed servants, one serves by incessant toil in the home, caring for a large family; another, by silent example as a sufferer, patient and uncomplaining; another, with the pen, sending forth words that inspire, help, cheer and bless; another, by the living voice, whose eloquence moves men and starts impulses to better, grander living; another, by the ministry of sweet song; another, by sitting in quiet peace at Jesus' feet, drinking in His spirit and then shining as a gentle and silent light, or pouring out the fragrance of love like a lowly and unconscious flower; yet each and all of these may be serving Christ acceptably, hearing at the close of each day the whispered word: "Well done."

—J. R. Miller.

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ALIAS JERRY O'DARE

By M. E. Colman

IT was because the railroad accident which deprived her of her mother also left her sister a helpless invalid that Amelia Proudfoot dismissed young Alec McNeil, her heroic lie ringing a knell in his heart. At least it had seemed heroic to dramatic, impulsive eighteen; to thirty's truer vision it appeared merely foolish.

For Amelia at thirty was free. Free, and oh, so lonely. It was this loneliness with a certain forever-thwarted love of adventure, that was responsible for the famous "Jerry O'Dare" stories. The first of them was pronounced "Jake" and "Jazzy" by a select audience of two, and heartened by this commendation Amelia sent the story to the editor of a well-known boy's paper.

Merry-hearted Jerry, with his genius or hairbreadth escapes finding immediate favor with his young readers, the editor asked for more of that worthy's experiences, and soon "Jerry O'Dare" had a host of friends who wrote to him regularly.

Of all her correspondents none was so dear to Amelia as little Frank Jardine, whose scrawly letters of uncertain spelling and punctuation pictured so clearly the lonely, frail orphan lad living alone with his bachelor guardian, and getting his only contact with the world of boys and high adventure through his reading. So it was with a heart beating high with anticipation that Amelia realized on receiving a letter from Frank one fair June morning that he was coming to spend the summer with the farmer who supplied her with butter and eggs. Immediately she began to plan how Amelia Proudfoot might win the friendship that was "Jerry O'Dare's."

Frank had announced his arrival for Thursday evening, and it was a palpitating Amelia who telephoned a request to his hostess for a dozen eggs, immediately please, on Friday morning, when she knew that there would be no one but the little guest to deliver them. She was working in the old-fashioned garden when a childish voice hailed her:

"Please open the gate quick, and take the eggs, they're such a 'sponsibility.' A slender little lad, all freckles and smile beneath a glory of red hair stood at the gate, holding gingerly a basket of eggs in rather grimy fingers: in such humble guise does Destiny come.

"And who may you be, sonny-boy?" questioned the guileful Amelia as she opened the gate and stood aside, tacitly inviting him in.

"I'm Frank. I've just come to the farm for my holidays."

"Thank you, Frank. If you'll wait a minute I'll give you back the basket."

Amelia retreated into the house with the eggs to emerge in a moment with a plate of cookies prepared that morning with malice aforethought to complete her conquest. Frank responded shyly at first to her advances, but the gold-fish pond proved a fruitful subject, and at the end of half an hour the little grey-haired woman in lavender and the small bare-foot boy in new overalls were firm friends.

Dinner time and a call from Mrs. Johns came all too soon, but Frank left consoled by Amelia's promise to obtain permission for him to spend the next day with her. Not only the next day, but many others did these two spend together to their mutual joy, till in the boy's heart Amelia occupied a place beside the guardian whose feats and virtues were the subject of his adoring worship, and "Jerry O'Dare" who held his imagination captive. On these two subjects he waxed forever eloquent; no matter where the conversation began it found its invariable climax in some reference to one of these heroes. "That's just like guardian," was the sigh that greeted the end of every tale of ancient prowess; the Cid, Sir Galahad, Cuchulain, Roland of Ronseveaux, guardian combined the virtues of them all; while Amelia told stories quite as jazzy as those "Jerry O'Dare" wrote.

"I wish you knew guardian. He's a jim-dandy sport. When my back is bad he picks me up and carries me down to

the library in the evening and tells me the dandiest stories." They were sitting on the lawn, and the conversation had veered around as usual to the perfections of Frank's wonderful guardian.

"He smiles a funny twisty little smile when he looks at you, and he says the funniest things. He calls me the Relic. He says that I should have been born a hundred years ago; then I call him the Caveman. We have special names for every one, we call the doctor 'Old Pills,'" he giggled.

"Then you must have a name for me too."

"Oh, yes," said Frank, "you've a name already. You're the Garden Lady, because you have such a lovely garden. I've told guardian all about you, and, gee punkins, I wish he'd come and see me soon, then you'd know him too."

PERPAPS it was hearing Frank's guardian was a lawyer too, perhaps because he, too, smiled a "funny twisty little smile," or perhaps it was just because the season of their brief idyll had rolled around again that Alex McNeil was so much in Amelia's thoughts those summer days. Over and over again, as she listened to the child's prattle she clenched her teeth and muttered to herself: "Fool, fool." Sometimes she caught herself murmuring the words without conscious thought of the lover of long ago, and then she would wonder why she did it, and why so sore a weight lay about her heart. Then remembrance would overwhelm her like the sickening wave that precedes a fainting-fit. Less and less did the girl she had been appear a martyred heroine, and more and more a plain fool.

One memorable morning Frank rushed in, almost too happy and excited to speak coherently. Guardian was coming that day! He, Frank, was to meet him at the station in an hour. Amelia received the great news with an enthusiasm that left nothing to be desired, but sent the child out in the garden while she finished correcting the proofs of a story that must leave by the next post. She was working by an open window, while Frank sat on the lawn reading "Jerry O'Dare's" latest adventure in the magazine that had arrived that morning when a playful breeze caught some of her pages and sent them flying over the grass. Frank started in immediate pursuit and soon recaptured the truant. To bring them to her he had to go around to the front of the house, and it took him a long time, thought Amelia. At last he came in, a look of shy wonderment on his sensitive face. All but one sheet he handed to her in silence, then:

"Garden-Lady, tell me, is it really you—or—what?"

He held the title sheet of the story in his hand.

"Jerry O'Dare Defends Jungle-Pot Camp, by Amelia Proudfoot."

"Would you be glad, dear, if it were really me?" asked Amelia wistfully.

"Glad! oh, gee punkins, Garden-Lady, didn't I always say your stories were as jake as his? Would I be glad? Oh, Crickey-Peter, but wouldn't I just!"

And so she told him. He could hardly contain himself, his cup of happiness overflowed. He started off to meet his guardian, running because he could not walk, brimful of bliss.

After he had left her Amelia sat enjoying still the warmth of his rare caress, and repeating to herself the finest compliment she had ever received; a boy's awed request to shake hands with "Jerry O'Dare."

THE house seemed strangely still, as it always did nowadays when Frank was not there, and the sound of hurrying steps, the sharp note of the bell, brought her to her feet with a startled exclamation. She ran to the door, and there, in the arms of a stranger, was something limp and still that had been Frank, full of bounding life but an instant before. Behind the man was a woman, her hat all askew above her tear-stained face. Amelia was conscious of an almost overpowering desire to set

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Especially in summer, must the diet be watched. White flour, meats, sweets, and refined cereals are "Excess Acid," and "Excess Acid" foods cause acid blood. Acid blood is the direct cause of unsightly complexions.

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JERRY O'DARE—Continued from page 40

that hat straight. Instead she heard herself say dully.

"Is he dead?"

"No, no!" cried the woman hysterically, "he can't be dead. He ran out of the garden just as we were passing. Jim swerved, but we couldn't miss him, we—"

"Put him in here, please. There, on the couch. The telephone is at your right in the hall, please call the doctor, 4761, tell him to come to Miss Proudfoot. Tell him it's Frank, he'll know."

Her mind was clear and calm now, terribly calm and lucid, grief would come later, now there was too much to do. With the help of the strange man (the woman having definitely succumbed to hysterics in the hall), Amelia got the child to bed in her own room. She notified Mrs. Johns of the accident, helped the doctor to make his examination and even to set the pitiful little limb though the pain recalled the lad to agonized consciousness.

At last it was all over, the merciful needle had done its work, the pitiful moans were stilled, the doctor had gone his way, a neighbor was installed downstairs, and she sat by the bedside, waiting.

A sharp ring, a whispered colloquy, hurried steps on the stairway, a light knock. Amelia rose and faced the door. The new-comer stood for an instant silent, then he took a step towards her, hands outstretched.

"Amelia!"

All the love and longing of a lifetime were in the tone.

"Alec! I knew you would come."

That was not what she had meant to say, and yet, as soon as the words were uttered, Amelia knew that they were true.

At the sound of voices the little figure on the bed stirred slightly, and Frank whispered drowsily.

"Guardian, it's the Garden-Lady, she's Jerry O'Dare, you know."

And almost before his guardian had reached the bedside the lad was drowned in sleep again.

"Tell me—" the man faltered.

"Just a broken leg, Alec, and some

bruises, nothing dangerous, thank God. When I think what might have happened—"

"Sit down—how you tremble."

As they sat side by side an embarrassed silence came over them. Then—

"I had no idea it was you, Amelia. The boy wrote, but he always spoke of his Garden-Lady. But you, you knew?"

"No, I didn't know either."

"But—you seemed to expect me."

"Yes. It was strange. I didn't know. Frank only spoke of you as his guardian, but when I saw you, all at once I knew that I had known all along. It could not have been any one but you. Alec, I was a fool."

Alec smiled his twisty smile, as he gathered her in his arms.

"Come, come, I won't have my sweetheart abused."

So they picked up the golden threads where they had dropped them, in the long ago.

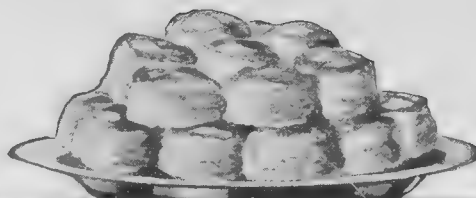
He Sleeps Where Poppies Blow
(In Memory of Sgt. F. S. Parks.)

My heart tonight is far away
Across the seas in other lands
Where gleaming in the pale moonlight
A white cross lifts its hands,
In benediction pure and sweet
On him who rests below
For right not wrong, for love not hate
He sleeps where poppies blow.

He sleeps, he sleeps where poppies blow,
He knows his comrades "Kept the faith"

They did not pass—My only one
Sleep sweetly sleep, 'twas duty won
It was not vain thy courage high
Nor vain thy heart's blood sacrifice
For peace and love were born anew
Amidst those years of mighty strife.

My heart to-night is reconciled
That you should sleep beneath the stars,
For right shall triumph over wrong,
And flowers bloom above the scars.
Unless there's pain there is no joy;
We climb to heights from valleys low
Oh ye who weep! Look up! be glad,
He sleeps where poppies blow.
Evangeline Hicks.



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Above are shown H. R. H. The Duke of York, second son of the British Royal Family and his bride, who was Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

Dancing

WHAT do I think of dancing? How often I am asked this question! And now I am going to try to answer the girls who have requested me to write my views of it on this page.

When I think of dancing I am not considering the mad jazz in over-heated rooms where the air is heavy with intoxicated breaths—where small tables and dizzy minded painted girls and women, crowd the room to dazzle putty-faced men.

A mother said in my hearing that she would not allow her daughter to take classic dancing lessons because it would spoil her for the modern dancing. That is the finest compliment for real dancing that can be made. Just as a knowledge of classic music spoils one's desire for the jerky noise of the popular stuff, or an understanding of fine literature leaves no place in the mind for the poison trash of cheap minds—so does classic dancing awaken a sense of the beauty of a medium of expression of high feelings that cannot find satisfaction in vulgar, improper, coarse, bodily movements. The Greeks taught us that the philosophy of dancing is part of the philosophy of life. We can train the body to make it a perfect instrument for the expression of lofty and pure thought. The body must be plastic so that it can respond to the rhythm of nature or of music. In its response it will awaken the creative faculty without which all lives are incomplete. Sights and sounds of nature come to us rhythmically. The blowing of the wind through the trees has its rhythm. Falling water has its rhythm—the tones and pitch of Niagara have been recorded musically—the pounding of the waves on a beach is in constantly recurring rhythms. Their fascination is largely due to the series of pulses in which the sounds come. The wind blowing over the wheat fields sways the field in waves—equidistant and rhythmic generally. The human body should be rhythmic.

Classic dancing brings one crippled by self-consciousness into harmony with the impersonal. One teacher says: "It loosens a sensitive egoism which is a heavy burden." This same teacher, Elise Dufour, says: "It is curious that children, who should be naturally rhythmic, seem so cramped." To overcome this she takes them back to flowers and animals and lets analogy and example have their perfect work. They are shown how to become leaves curling in the wind, or they are changed into seals on a rock, sinuously turning this way, and that; or the magic wand of imagination changes them into poppies coming up out of the ground and swaying in the breeze, then caught in the wind that sweeps them into an ecstasy of make-believe. They imitate the flowers and animals until they have developed the power to harmonize work and pleasure, duty and happiness, activity and beauty, body and spirit.

In her efforts to socialize dancing Miss Dufour carried her rhythms to working girls and they came from machines, from counters, from type-writers. Their response to her training made them forget machines and counters and type-writers—they ran and leaped and danced with body and mental freedom, until they had renewed physical strength and courage to face their work.

This month I visited the classes of a Winnipeg teacher of classic dancing and I saw in the happy faces of the children under her instruction the same evidence of beautiful expression as described in the experience of Elise Dufour's work. The Winnipeg teacher, Miss Christina Campbell, is like a fairy among the children. I have seen many classes of children and young girls in different branches of instruction, but never before an entire class with faces and bodies expressing such lovely joy and freedom as had these children who followed Miss Campbell in the beautiful expression of classic dancing. They were all girls, and teacher and children reflected the beauty of a flower garden—they were dancing bluebells—dainty and radiant with love and happiness, they danced their way into the heart of everyone who saw them.

Such dancing as this trains the body of a girl to be so strong physically that she does not house acute and chronic pains, bodily languors, nerve tensions, headaches, backaches and mental reactions, weakness and indigestions that cripple the soul and body.

There is dancing that is a cultivated art and there is the vulgar jazz. They are

not the same. We frequently hear girls say it is nothing to learn to dance. That very ignorance is the cause of the cheap vulgar jazz of the common dance hall.

It requires training to learn to dance—mental poise and discipline are both necessary. The time is not far distant when girls of character will not dance the cheap way. Already there are girl-guides who are not allowing the jazz in their club rooms. This movement will soon influence many thousands of girls to refuse to dance the vulgar kind. The efficient girl of today is laying special emphasis upon physical development and she will encourage classic dancing because she recognizes in it a fine art.

Play and Youth

WOMEN are planning to take a more active part in the Olympic games which are held every four years, each time in a different country. Next year they will be held in Paris. Swimming and

Prosperity does not come to her who waits and complains of discontent. It comes to the girl who hustles. Joy in the struggle is the breath of life. It wins every time. If joy is a habit, life reasserts itself after a crisis.

The soldier in the trenches sings when the pressure of the struggle is hardest—why shouldn't we?

"The fountain of youth," says Dr. Frank Crane, "is courage, fresh-mindedness, willingness to learn. The talisman of youth is interest in life. The proof of youth is growth, development, new knowledge opening up new vistas of service and power and understanding. If you have the on-going spirit and the courage to face life and seize it in both hands you can climb to undreamed-of altitudes of wisdom where reigns the peace that passeth understanding." Then Dr. Crane refers to Mrs. Fannie Hazlett, a young girl of eighty-five who has taken to aviation, and Mrs. Richardson, a mere girl



Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature.

Cowper.

diving—fencing and tennis are the chief competitive games so far, but other games will soon be introduced. The athletic girl is the popular girl of the future, for she plays as she works. A girl who is indifferent to work does not care for games that require effort and skill.

Athletic games require energy directed intelligently. Concentration on definite aims, be it work or play, creates intense eagerness for accomplishment.

The real game involves hazards—the ability to surmount obstacles is an element in invigorating recreation.

The development of health, the passion for pure beauty, the struggle for a larger, finer personality will raise any girl from the most menial work to the most coveted position. A clean body—a strong, clean mind—health and joy give birth to womanly beauty and dignity, and these are forces that conquer obstacles that break down opposition.

of eighty-six who chartered a special car to carry three generations of Richardsons to witness a college game, of Edward Payson Weston who at eighty-four walked from Buffalo to New York, and Georges Clemenceau who at eighty-five left his little home in France and came to this continent to address enormous crowds with the vigor of a youth of twenty-five.

Youth means energy, vigor, ambition, aspiration—it is a matter of keeping fit. Physical strength stores up nervous energy which insures clear thinking.

Enthusiasm—the soul of mentality, is the driving force back of great achievement. If we would bring about the very best mental development, we must maintain a healthy body that throbs with physical energy.

Women are beginning to realize that strength is womanly magnetism. They are finding their youth in active play.

It Began to Dawn

THE dawn of hope in a girl's life is a beautiful awakening to a sunrise tinged with the success of happiness. Among my most beautiful memories are pictures of a girl's expression when hope dawns in her mind—after a period of darkness and clouds. Often acquaintances have said to me, "Do not waste any time on her. She will not appreciate what you do."

I am not working for appreciation. I am trying to see in the wreck of error a beautiful soul arise. She will then pass on to the appreciation to someone else.

In recognizing the supreme value of a life we shall not live in vain.

Sir Baden-Powell in his splendid address said we were placed here to be happy. We forget what we are here for and we have turned this beautiful world into a den of thieves. Good will to others is the basic principle of all religions. Do not gather in, but give out. Do the right thing at the difficult time. Success is happy giving life. Success is not wealth power.

Faith, hope, love and work are the elements necessary for happiness, he emphasized.

Do we understand the meaning of happiness? Some of the most discontented girls are those who have every luxury and who spend their days trying to enjoy themselves.

A girl who is always ready to enter into the interests and the occupations of others is happy and cheerful. She smiles her way to the goal of ambition. There is the girl with the voice of a smile. She speaks kind words and she hears kind echoes. Those who know the most about life are the most tolerant.

I know a mother who keeps a beautiful cut flower in her daughter's room the year round. She buys one every week except during the summer when she gathers them from her own flower garden. It does not cost as much as a candy treat. She explains that beauty creates more beauty. The flower creates beauty in the life of her daughter. Hope? It is the latch key to the door of happiness.

The Girl Who Worries

EVERY day I meet girls who worry. It seems to be the intellectual cancer of the time. The little things you use a days energy over to-day you will not remember a year from now.

In the early teens little affairs of what you regard as love bother you. They seem too trifling to discuss with your mother or older friend, yet one such confidential talk might change your whole life. I am sorry for the girl who worries seriously over such little things. She suffers needlessly. It is at these times that the study of music, literature, good pictures, is of value. I do not care how isolated a girl may be, she can take up a definite study. It may be home making—helpful material on this may be obtained at little cost. In the country girls are finding many interesting vocations through Home Economics Extension Service. Successful stock women farmers, experts on soil, forestry, mining, fruit raising—all are fields opening up to women. I often hear a girl say: "I wonder if I will be a common ordinary girl?"

My answer is: "If you are it will be because you decide on it yourself."

Training to discipline one's self against disappointment is a valuable conquest of worry. Learn to say: "If I can't have what I want, I'll want what I can have."

A life runs easy down a grade of ease and pleasure, indifference and carelessness—but climbing up grade requires power. The luxuries that really count are "those of the spirit, the wealth of human affection and the inexhaustible beauty of art and nature." Every girl can have these. Then why worry? This kind of wealth requires the training of appreciation. Worry is a disease and joy is a tonic. Worry that comes from a denial of privileges lowers the character and breaks down the personality.

God keeps us through the common days, The level stretches, white with dust, When thought is tired and hands up-raise

Their burdens feebly, since they must. In days of slowly fretting care, Then most we need the strength of prayer. —Margaret E. Sangster.

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On this page are shown a very few of the many CLARK dishes which are sold by dealers throughout Canada, indicating how nicely they may be served

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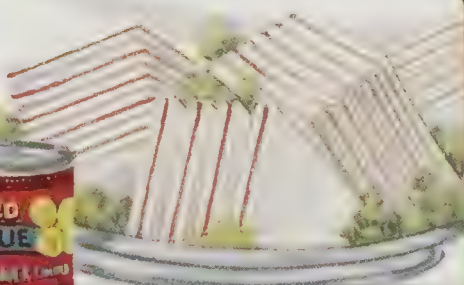
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Your Spring Tonic

Our Grandmothers had the right idea when they mixed up a horrible bowl of sulphur and molasses for the whole family to take in the spring time. But times have changed. Our houses are better ventilated, and our food is different than it was in those days. Fresh fruit and vegetables are on the market throughout the winter. If our purses do not permit buying them we at least have our own generous supply of canned foods. Still, many people have a tired worn-out feeling in the spring, so it is well to pay considerable attention to the diet, to counteract this. More fruits and vegetables should take the place of too much hearty food such as meat and heavy desserts.

Strawberries

The season of fresh strawberries has come. To prepare them, remove the hulls, place the berries in a colander and quickly run cold water over them to remove grit and sand, and let the water drain off as rapidly as possible.

In the centre of a flat dish, put a little mound of fine sugar or icing sugar. Around it arrange large perfect berries with the stems left on, to be used as a handle. The berries are dipped in the sugar, and eaten with the fingers.

Strawberry Cup

Cut fresh pineapple in cubes. Sprinkle over it, a little sugar and set aside to permit the sugar and pineapple to combine. When ready to serve, cut strawberries in halves, mix with cubes of pineapple, lightly with a fork. Pour the pineapple juice over and serve for breakfast, at the beginning of lunch or dinner, as an appetizer or for dessert.

Strawberry Shortcake

Make a good baking powder biscuit dough, using egg and milk for the liquid. Shape in individual cakes, or bake in layer cake pans. When done, split across in two layers, butter, pile crushed sweetened berries between the layers, put more crushed sweetened berries on top, then a spoonful of whipped cream and decorate with a few whole berries, which have been reserved for that purpose.

Rhubarb

Many families are rather inclined to scoff at the common rhubarb, nevertheless it is one of our most valuable foods as a tonic and should be used in a variety of ways. Perhaps the unsightly way in which it is sometimes stewed till it is a mushy looking pulp, is one reason why it is not better liked.

Stewed Rhubarb

It should be cut in even lengths without peeling—use one third as much sugar as rhubarb, and one quarter as much water as sugar. Let stand in an enamelled saucepan over night, then set on the back of the stove to simmer till the rhubarb is tender. The flavor may be varied by adding to it an orange or lemon, cut in very thin slices, or a little left-over chopped pineapple and juice. If at all possible, have some stalks of red rhubarb with the rest to give the juice a pretty pink color. Cooked in this way, the juice will be clear, and the fruit whole and tender.

Baked Rhubarb

Wash the rhubarb, cut in $\frac{3}{4}$ inch pieces, without peeling. Place a layer in a bake dish, sprinkle with sugar, place a second layer of rhubarb, and continue till the dish is full, using one third as much sugar as fruit, add 2 tablespoons of water, and flavoring such as orange or pineapple, if desired, and bake in a slow oven till the rhubarb is tender

Rhubarb Tartlets

Bake individual pastry shells in patty pans or muffin tins. Wash and cut 1 pound of tender rhubarb in small pieces, and cook till tender in the oven with one cup of sugar—cool. Fill the pastry shells with



Individual Strawberry Short-cake

rhubarb and pile a spoonful of whipped cream on top of each one.

Rhubarb Pandowdy

Half fill a flat pudding dish with stewed rhubarb.



Strawberry Sponge Cake

Over the top place a crust made of rich baking powder biscuit dough, using $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of shortening to each cup of shortening, and 1 egg instead of all milk,



Bridge salad, with strawberries, orange and pineapple. Serve with whipped cream dressing

as the liquid. Bake in a hot oven, and serve with cream.

Rhubarb Betty

Wash the rhubarb, cut in pieces, and put in alternate layers in a bake dish, with sugar and stale bread or cake crumbs. If cake crumbs are used, less sugar will be required. Dot each layer of crumbs with small pieces of butter. Bake, covered, in the oven till the rhubarb is done. The top may be covered with a meringue made of the whites of two eggs, beaten till stiff with two tablespoons of sugar, then browned in the oven.

Rhubarb Bavarian Cream

Gelatine 1 tablespoon
Cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup
Rhubarb, cut fine, 1 cup
Water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Pineapple, grated with juice, 1 cup
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Whipped cream, 1 cup

Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Cook the rhubarb, pineapple, sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water, till the rhubarb is done. Stir in the soaked gelatine. Stir till the gelatine is dissolved. Cool. When it begins to thicken fold in the stiffly whipped cream, and mould.

Asparagus

Perhaps asparagus is the most choice of all our spring vegetables, and is possibly the most little used. An asparagus bed repays the work spent on it.

To cook, wash the vegetable, cut or break off the very stiff end of the stalk, tie in bunches, with the tips at the top. Set on end in a vessel deep enough to hold the bunch upright. The bottom of a double boiler is excellent using inverted inner section for a top. Cook in boiling salted water which does not come up over the tender tips. They will cook sufficiently in the steam. When cooked remove the string which tied the bundle, and serve plain with butter, salt and pepper, or with cream sauce, or with cheese sauce.

Asparagus Salad

When cold it makes delicious salad, piling the sticks on a lettuce leaf, spreading salad dressing over it, and laying a strip of pimiento across the bundle, to represent a band tying it.

Asparagus with Poached Eggs

Left-over cooked asparagus may be cut in pieces, added to a thin sauce made of milk, asparagus juice, butter and flour, and when it reaches the boiling point, carefully break into it, the required number of eggs to be poached in the sauce. When done carefully remove the eggs to slices of buttered toast, and arrange the bits of asparagus and sauce around them. This makes one of the most delicious of spring supper dishes.

Spinach

Another of the best of our spring vegetables is spinach. Wash till quite clean. Put the greens in a kettle with only enough water to prevent sticking to the bottom of the kettle. Cover closely and cook. When quite tender, remove from the kettle, add butter, pepper and more salt, if necessary, and vinegar if desired.

Never waste the liquid, as it contains the valuable mineral salts. Use it as a basis for soup, or in gravy.

Spinach Souffle

Make a thick, well-seasoned white sauce, using 3 tablespoons flour, 3 tablespoons fat to 1 cup of milk. To it add 3 well beaten egg yolks, 2 cups cooked and chopped spinach, and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Pour into a buttered baking dish, and bake thirty minutes.



Eighty recipes for Canning and Preserving Fruits and Vegetables

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BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 44

Cream of Asparagus Soup

Use the water in which the asparagus was cooked as the basis of a cream soup. Any left over pieces of asparagus may be cut in small pieces and added.

Creamed Spinach

Add cooked, chopped spinach to $\frac{2}{3}$ as much thin white sauce. Heat thoroughly.

Spinach Loaf

2 cups cooked spinach
1 cup bread crumbs
1 beaten egg
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup grated cheese
1 tablespoon lemon juice or $\frac{1}{2}$ table-
spoon vinegar.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper

Mix together, pack in a buttered mould, or in individual moulds, and bake half an hour. Unmould on a platter and garnish with hard-cooked eggs.

Savory Spinach

Chop 2 slices of bacon, fry till brown. Add 2 cups chopped, cooked spinach, 3 chopped potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt. Stir till hot and serve, on a platter, garnished with curls of bacon.

Spinach Benedict

Season 2 cups of drained, chopped, cooked spinach with salt, pepper and vinegar. Arrange in heaps on a hot platter, making a depression in each serving of spinach. In the hollow place a poached egg.

Spinach Cream Souffle

1 cup finely chopped cooked spinach
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick, well seasoned white sauce in which is melted $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, the well-beaten yolks of 3 eggs. When blended, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in a buttered baking dish for thirty minutes, or till done.

California Spinach

Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper. When well blended and bubbling add $\frac{1}{2}$ vinegar, and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of juice in which spinach was cooked, and 1 tablespoon sugar, if desired. Bring to the boiling point, and add 2 cups chopped spinach, and cook till the spinach is well heated. Serve at once.

Jellied Spinach Salad

Drain and chop 2 cups of cooked spinach. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon onion juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 chopped sweet pickles. Soak 1 tablespoon gelatine in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water. Add enough water to the spinach liquid to make $\frac{3}{4}$ cup. Bring to the boiling point. Stir in the gelatine. Arrange slices of hard cooked egg dipped in gelatine, in the bottom of a moistened mould. Let harden—pack in the seasoned spinach. Pour over it the gelatine liquid and let harden.

Unmold and serve with cooked salad dressing.

The Wedding Reception

The Wedding Reception

JUNE is the month of weddings. Buffet service has become increasingly popular till now it is the generally accepted method of serving for weddings. If served at noon, it is a breakfast, at one or two o'clock a luncheon, in the afternoon a formal tea, in the evening a reception.

It is possible to serve a large number of guests with a minimum amount of labor.

The food is placed on an attractively laid table. Plates, napkins, and silver are placed on the table to facilitate serving. An over-loaded appearance should be avoided. The table arrangement depends on the menu, and the number of guests to be served.

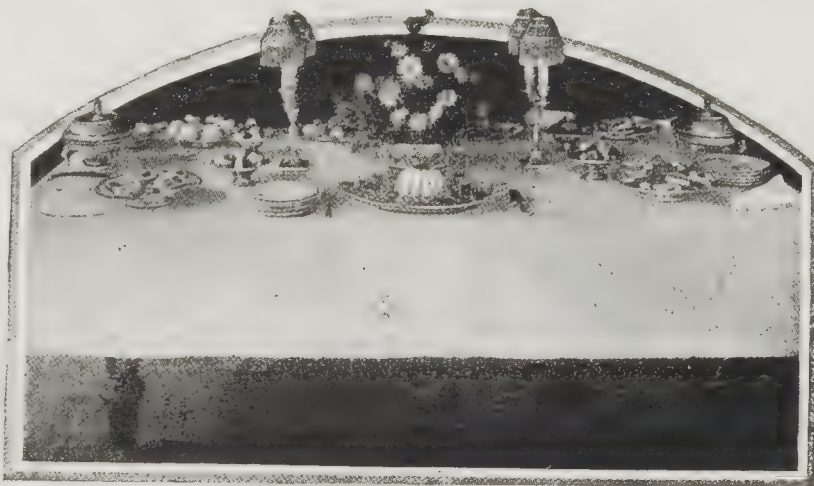
placed on the table. Small cakes are arranged on doiley covered plates, and brought to the dining room with the ice cream.

The coffee is poured at one end of the table. Chocolate is usually served also. Friends of the hostess usually assist in serving.

Punch is often served from a punch bowl placed with the glasses, on a small table in another room.

What May Be Served

Chicken Patties
Pineapple Salad
Angel Cake
Clover Leaf Rolls
Lettuce Sandwiches
Neapolitan Ice Cream
Macaroons



Only such things as may be conveniently eaten with a fork or spoon while the guests are standing, are served.

The table may be covered with either a silence and dinner cloth, or with a beautiful luncheon cloth. The flower decoration is placed in the centre. In the evening two or four lighted candles add to the appearance of the table. Small dishes of olives, salted nuts, and bonbons are placed outside of the candle sticks. If a hot dish is served, it is placed in chafing dishes at each end of the table. Dishes of salad are placed at either side of the table. Place one or two piles of plates and a group of forks near each serving dish.

Put plates of rolls and sandwiches on the table. Small napkins are laid in piles on each corner of the table.

After removing the hot and salad courses, the ices with serving silver are

Brides' Cake

Coffee
Bonbons
Salted Nuts
Chocolate

(2)

Creamed Sweetbreads
Parker House Rolls
Cherry Salad
Ribbon Sandwiches
Vanilla Ice Cream with Fresh Strawberries
Assorted Cakes
Brides' Cake

Coffee
Salted Nuts
Bonbons
Chocolate

(3)

Fresh Strawberries, unhulled, with Powdered Sugar
Chicken Salad
Brown Bread Sandwiches
Pistachio Ice Cream
Cakes

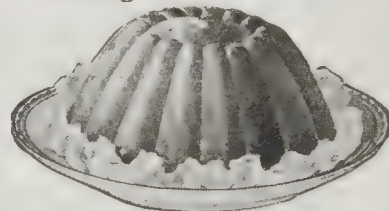
Chocolate
Bonbons
Coffee

When the June Hostess Entertains

Here is a Suggested Menu

Fruit Cup
Jellied Chicken
Jewel Salad
Rolls and Coffee
Nut Frappé or Strawberry Parfait
and Sponge Cake
Candies—French Dainties

ALL these dishes are not only beautiful to the eye but dainty and delicious to the taste. —Other menus may be had for the asking.



JEWEL SALAD

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cucumber
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned sliced pineapple
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mild vinegar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup pineapple syrup
1 tablespoonful of lemon juice
Few grains of salt
Pare, chop and drain cucumber. Chop and drain pineapple. (There should be $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of each.) Mix cucumber and pineapple, add gelatine, which has been soaked in cold water and dissolved in boiling water; add remaining ingredients. Turn into large or individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from molds to nest of lettuce leaves. Accompany with mayonnaise dressing and any garnish desired.



NUT FRAPPÉ

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 cup cooked pineapple and strawberries
1 cup cream or evaporated milk
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of milk
1 cup chopped nuts
White of one egg

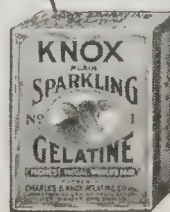
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve over hot water. Add dissolved gelatine to whipped cream, milk and sugar; stir in beaten egg white. When cold, add the pineapple and strawberries, which have been chopped in small pieces, also the chopped nuts. Serve ice-cold in sherbet glasses.

FREE Recipes and Menus

WE shall be glad to send you, not only Mrs. Knox's book containing recipes for over a hundred dainty desserts and salads, but also a list of suggested menus especially selected for June entertaining. Just send 4 cents, to cover cost of postage, and your grocer's name.

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208

Suggestions for Wash Day

Boiling and Rinsing

BOILING. Clothes should be clean before they are boiled, but if any soiled or yellow parts have not yielded to rubbing, put soap on them before they go into the boiler. Half fill the boiler with cold soft water and enough soap solution to make a light lather. Shake out each piece and drop it into the water. All white clothes should be boiled, and the best results are obtained when there is a large quantity of water and the boiler is but half full of clothes. Results are decidedly best when the clothes take a long time to reach the boiling point and boil about ten minutes. A clean stick is necessary for handling the hot clothes. If the clothes grow yellow in boiling, it may be due to a poor quality of soap, water containing iron, or poor washing. The color given by dark resin soap, may be taken out by kerosene. This should be used only occasionally and in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls to a boiler of clothes. Boiling should not be omitted or slighted. The germs that make bad smelling clothes are easily killed by boiling.

RINSING is very important, for clothes must be free from soap before bluing, especially if you use the liquid blue. Lift the clothes slowly out of the boiler into a clean pail or dishpan, and drain them to get rid of the soapy water before dropping them into the rinsing water. Use soft water for the first rinsing, then hard water if color of rain water is not good. The first rinsing water should be warm, or the soapy curd will harden on the clothes, and it may be necessary to rub to get it off. A second, and even a third, rinsing water is desirable. It is careless rinsing that

Thin Starch

In a clean granite or aluminum kettle put one-half cup starch, one-fourth level teaspoonful lard or twice as much borax, stir smooth with one-half cup of cold water, then stirring rapidly, add three pints of boiling water and continue stirring until it boils thoroughly. Have boiler ready to lift it from the fire, or it will boil over. Add one pint of cold water to thin it and reduce the heat, and enough bluing to counteract the yellow color of the starch. Turn starch into a large dish. If carefully made, it need not be strained.

Raw Starch

To three tablespoonfuls of the plain starch, add one tablespoonful borax and one pint of tepid water. Stir well and use at once.

If prepared starch is used, make in the same way, but do not add borax.

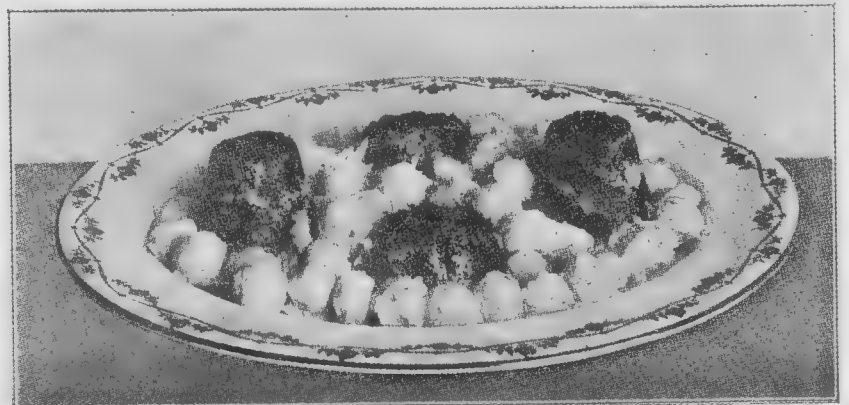
After using, allow the starch, if clean, to stand and settle, pour the water off and dry the starch. It may be used again as raw starch, or, better, may be made into cooked starch.

Bluing

Sunshine, moisture, and fresh air are the greatest bleachers. Could we command a clean grass plot, pure air and sunshine, there would be no need of bluing. Clothes become yellow from careless washing and careless rinsing more often than from any other cause.

To cover up this tell-tale color we use bluing.

Every laundry cupboard would be more complete if supplied with the following materials:



Molded Spinach with Potato Balls.

eaves clothes a bad color, and no amount of bluing will cover it up. Use the wringer for rinsing and bluing waters—in fact, whenever possible.

Starch and Bluing

Most important of all the little extras in a laundry is starch. The usual sources of starch are corn, wheat, rice and potato. Corn starch is cheap and most generally used. Its stiffening qualities are high.

In mixing starch, use a small quantity of cold water and stir to a creamy consistency, add a little more cold water, and then the desired amount of absolutely boiling water, stirring constantly. Then put the starch over the fire, and boil it for several minutes to insure complete cooking, and stir it all the time it is cooking. Cool or dilute for use. If oil, borax or wax are used, they should be cooked with the starch, but bluing is added later.

The proportions for cooked starch are one measurement of starch to eight of boiling water—for thick starch, and one measurement of starch to sixteen of boiling water—for thin starch.

Uncooked or partly cooked starch will stick and make trouble for the ironer. Irons must always be extra hot for starched clothes. The amount of starch needed is regulated by the quantity of clothes to be starched. Starch can be made thinner by adding water, and it always grows thinner with use. Starched clothes must never be stiff enough to rattle.

Thick Starch

Mix one-half cup starch and one-fourth cup cold water, add one-fourth level teaspoonful shaved white wax or lard and four cups (one quart) boiling water.

Let it boil several times, to be sure that wax is melted and starch cooked. Add a little bluing and set dish in a pan of cold water until it is cool enough to handle.

Beeswax or Paraffine, used to fill up and make smooth sad irons. It should be tied in a cloth for easier handling.

Common Salt, a neutral compound, used as a scourer for soiled irons, or to set colors.

Ammonia, in diluted form (household ammonia), and Borax, a white powder. They are both mild alkalies, and of great advantage in softening water.

Sal-Soda, or washing soda, also of help in "breaking" hard water—although an alkali should not be used too freely.

Vinegar, used to set colors.

Powdered Chalk or Fuller's Earth, used to absorb stains.

Special Articles

The temperature of the water should conform to the comfort of your hands. With real naphtha soap, boiling water is absolutely unnecessary for washing white goods. Woolens, blankets, silks and colored clothes should never be boiled. It is obvious that a real naphtha soap is especially advantageous for goods of this kind because it works so well in cool or lukewarm water.

White and colored clothes should never be washed in the same water. In these days of uncertain dyes, the color in goods often runs and will spoil white clothes if they are placed in the same water.

If you are not sure that a color is "fast" wash a sample and try it. If the color suffers, try to "set" it with a solution of salt, white vinegar, borax or alum, in a proportion of one level tablespoonful to a gallon of water. White clothes may be soaked before washing, but this is not necessary. If you use a soap like Fels-Naptha, for instance, simply wet clothes and rub Fels-Naptha on the soiled places before placing them in the washer. Woolens and blankets should be plunged into fresh warm suds, worked gently.

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SUGGESTIONS for WASH DAY—Continued from page 46

The water in which clothes are rinsed, especially woollens and blankets, should be of exactly the same temperature as that in which they are washed. This prevents contraction of the tiny fibres, which causes shrinking.

For laundering woollens, fine muslins, silks, blankets, fine laces and other dainty fabrics, naphtha soap is ideal.

In some communities the water is so hard that an extra amount of soap must be used to get the right kind of suds. To soften water, use any well known water softener, such as Ammonia, small quantities of Sal Soda, or the better quality of "water softener—soap powders."

White Clothes

Wet the clothes, rub them lightly with soap and soak for a few minutes before placing in the washer. Use water of a comfortable temperature and replenish whenever the water becomes dirty. Garments should be left wrong side out to protect the right side from dust while drying. If a washing machine is used, ten to fifteen minutes' washing should be sufficient to clean any garment.

Then put clothes through the wringer. Never attempt to wring clothes by hand. It is not only hard work, but it strains and weakens the fabric. For blankets, woollens and all heavy materials, the wringer must be loosely adjusted.

If white clothes are washed with naphtha and a washing machine, there is no necessity for boiling. The clothes will be clean and fresh.

After the clothes come through the wringer they should be thoroughly rinsed in comfortably warm water; at least two rinsings are desirable. Use the wringer for rinsing and bluing waters—in fact, whenever possible.

No rule or proportion can be given for bluing. The quantity must be regulated by the color and the amount of clothes to be blued. Shake out each article and drop it into the bluing water, and then wring it out and drop it into a clean basket.

Unstarched clothes are ready for the line. Clothes requiring thick or raw starch should also go on the line to get the sun and air. Sunshine and fresh air are so valuable in bleaching and purifying clothes that we cannot afford to dry clothes indoors if we can control a bit of outdoors.

Wash colored clothes separately, run them through heavy suds in lukewarm or cool water. Rinse thoroughly in cool or lukewarm water, wring and hang out. If washed in this way "fast" colors will not run or fade.

Muslins, prints and gingham should be ironed on the wrong side, whenever possible, as it makes the material look like new.

Flannels, Blankets and Other Woollens

Wash them in lukewarm white soap suds. Lux is very good for woollens.

Rinse thoroughly in water of the same temperature as that in which they were washed, wring loosely and hang out at once, giving them plenty of room on the line. Fresh soap should never be rubbed on flannels or woollens.

Hang blankets so that they will dry straight. When perfectly dry rub the surface with a soft flannel cloth and hang near a stove or in a warm room for several hours.

To Keep White Flannels From Turning Yellow

In the last rinsing put a tablespoonful of solution of one part of oil of turpentine dissolved in three parts of alcohol. The white woollens after immersion in this are to be well squeezed out and hung to dry in the open air.

To Wash Red or Scarlet Flannel

Prepare a suds of soft or olive-oil soap. Four tablespoonfuls of flour are added to a quart of cold water and then boiled for ten minutes add this to the suds. Wash the red or scarlet flannel in this suds, sousing up and down, and rinse in three or four warm rinse baths.

Silks, Chiffons, Etc.

Silk fibre is smooth and shiny and should never be washed in boiling water. Wash in lukewarm suds and rinse in several changes of water of the same temperature until the last water is clear. Place between towels and put through a very loosely adjusted wringer. When nearly dry, iron with a moderately hot iron until

perfectly dry. Be careful that the iron is not too hot else the silk will come out stiff. Never wring or crush silk when wet, for creases thus made may remain forever, especially if the silk is thick and hard.

Silk Crepe, or silk of fancy weave, that does not require ironing, may be taken from the last water without wringing, spread straight and smooth upon a clean table and allowed to dry there.

Wash chiffon in lukewarm suds, rinse carefully, squeeze dry, stretch into shape, and iron on the wrong side with a cool iron.

Silk ribbed underwear should be washed in lukewarm suds, to which a tablespoonful of household ammonia for each gallon of water has been added. Rinse quickly and dry. Do not iron it, but stretch it until it is soft.

White Silk Ribbons

These should be washed in water, as benzine turns them yellow. Soak in warm suds of Castile soap; then scrub them on a smooth surface with a soft nail brush; rinse in clear water and press out water between towels; iron between towels with a moderate iron. A few drops of vinegar in the rinse water will keep them stiff.

Laces and Lace Curtains

Real laces are rarely washed because they thicken slightly, and require very careful handling to make them appear like new.

Wash white laces in warm soapy water and a little ammonia, and then rinse well.

If you wish the lace cream color, add strong coffee to the last rinsing water. If you wish it white, add a little bluing.

To give the lace the body it had when new, stiffen it with gum arabic water, made by dissolving a piece of gum arabic the size of a pea in one-half pint of boiling water. Lay the lace between cloths to absorb the moisture, clap it until nearly dry, pull it into shape and pin it onto flannel straight and true.

Wash black lace in one cup of strong coffee to which one tablespoonful of ammonia has been added. Rinse it in gum arabic water, clap until nearly dry, and pin it into shape on flannel or iron under black muslin with a warm (not hot) iron. Lace curtains should be first well shaken to remove the dust and then washed in warm, soapy water to which a little ammonia has been added.

Never wring curtains by hand. Lay them on a strip of cloth and put carefully through the wringer. Rinse well in several waters, and put through hot, moderately thick starch.

Pin each point carefully to the drying frame and set in the air to dry. Two or three curtains may be dried at the same time on one frame. If you have no frame, lay clean sheets over the floor of an unused room, stretch the curtains into shape, square and true, and pin each point so that it will not slip. If points are out of shape when dry, they may be dampened with a cloth and ironed.

To Wash Organdie

Soak in water for a few hours; then soap all over with white soap; then put into a clean pillow-slip and boil for twenty minutes; hang each garment by the belt on a low line and draw gently through the hands from top to bottom (do not squeeze or wring). Use very weak starch water and hang out to dry, shaking frequently to prevent folds from sticking together.

To Wash White Taffeta

Soak one hour in warm water. Make a two-gallon solution containing two ounces Venetian soap (or any good soap) and a double handful of bran. Rinse in sulphur and stiffen by passing through a very thin solution of gum arabic or gum dragon, colored slightly blue with Saxony blue or any good bluing, mangle between two cloths, and afterwards brush the surface slightly.

To Clean Chamois Skin

Chamois leather washes like any fine piece of woolen cloth, except that the leather is injured by hot water if beyond a heat that the hand can comfortably bear. They must also be kept from drying stiff by having the last water quite soapy or by putting a little glycerine in the water from which they are last taken, and before quite dry be pulled and worked until quite flexible and soft.

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What ails the Child?

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MOTHER'S SECTION

Guarding the Eyesight By Nurse 'B'

AT birth the first service rendered by a nurse to a baby, if she is conscientious concerning her work, is attention to its eyes. They are carefully washed, and thoroughly cleaned.

And after the nurse has left her patient and baby, the mother should continue the care of her baby's eyes, by never omitting to wash them at every bathing time, using for the purpose, sterile absorbent cotton, wrung out of slightly warm boracic lotion and destroying the pieces that have been used.

Further, a mother needs to guard the tender eyes from strong lights, both artificial and sunlight, also from draughts, dust, highly colored things and too much whiteness.

Never neglect the "something wrong" in connection with a child's eye or eyes. It may be a slight affection caused by cold or often simple irritant which will yield to home treatment, that of bathing with hot or cold boracic lotion, whichever is found to afford the more relief from pain; but should improvement not commence within a short period, a doctor's advice should be sought.

If by accident, lime or lye get to the eyes, bathe with vinegar and water, in the proportion of one teaspoonful of vinegar to two tablespoonfuls of water, or wash the eyes with warm water and then use olive oil.

Sometimes accidents to the eyes occur through contact with acids, carbolic being the commonest cause. Treat with soda in water, using one teaspoonful of soda to two tablespoonfuls of water.

A blow to the eye, may be treated with hot or cold compresses.

To remove things that "blow into" the eyes, try taking the upper lid between thumb and finger, raising it, then drawing it gently over the under one. This often removes the cause of the trouble.

Should a piece of steel become embedded in the eyeball, drop a little olive or castor oil on the eyeball, after pulling down the lower eyelid.

Regarding the common 'sty,' which is so painful and difficult to bear with patience, bathe with hot boracic lotion when the yellow head appears upon the boil, pass a needle through the flame of a match and without again touching the needle's point, puncture the abscess and bathe again.

Always be careful to use only a sterilized instrument to open the boil. Frysipelas has resulted from the use of unsuitable articles for such purposes.

Reverting to preventive measures in the care of children's eyesight, always and at all times, is at once the privilege and the duty of every mother to study.

Watch your children when they begin to read. Some little ones form a habit of holding a book close to their eyes. If merely habit, it can be corrected by the parent, but there may be a defect of vision, that must be attended to by an oculist.

If you wish your children to have clear bright looking eyes, teach them to use an eye bath regularly. If you do not know the 'happy' feeling a bath to the eyes produces, you would feel pleased with an experience. An eyebath costs but a few cents, and is a great friend.

Boracic lotion used for the eyes, should be made as follows: pour one pint of boiling water on one ounce of boracic powder; when the lotion is cold, bottle, and keep for general use.

The Young Mother

During the weeks before the birth of the child there is a softening of the ligaments that bind the large bones of the pelvis together. This is in order that the pelvic arch may yield slightly, so making the passage of the child easier. A reasonable degree of exercise of the thigh and lower limbs after childbirth tends to bring blood to the joints and so to restore their tone and strength. One

must use care in the exercises of the hip, however, and also as one begins to walk, that no unusual strain may, on account of the relaxed ligaments, throw these joints slightly from their position. Should this occur the services of an osteopathic physician should be requisitioned. If they are too often strained the ligaments may become weakened and remain so for a considerable time. In this case it may be necessary to wear a strong elastic web band about them for a time to give them a little additional support while the patient is regaining strength. This should pass just above the hip joint and about the lower part of the abdomen.

The arch of the foot is also sometimes weakened by the tendency to softening of the ligaments and by the extra weight carried before childbirth. If the arches are weakened they should be strengthened by tiptoeing exercises as the mother begins to walk and use the feet again. She should walk upon tip toes with toes pointed well inward.

The matter of diet was one of the principal problems before the baby was born. It is scarcely less important afterward. If the mother nurses the baby the latter is hardly less affected by the diet of the mother than it was before birth. It is now universally recognized that the baby should not be given strong drugs. It is not so well known that there is hardly a strong drug that can be given to the mother, either before the child is born or while it is nursing, of which a portion does not reach the blood of the child. Baby specialists now give the baby practically no drugs, but some doctors do not hesitate to give physic to the mother although a proportionate part of it is bound to reach the child. This is one reason, and a very important reason, why the bowel movements of the mother should be regulated by food, exercise, osteopathic treatment, and even by enemas, rather than by drugs. It is a very important reason as well why the bowels of the mother should be well regulated. The poisons from the retained matter are taken up into the blood of the mother and thence through the milk into the blood of the child.

Prairie Song

Oh! you saddle up, and leave the ranch behind,
When you nit the trail you steady to a lope,
And beating with your heart and blood, you find
That the world is full of song, a song of Hope.

And the poplars shaking, shaking by the Trail,
Smiling promise, "Youth and Hope will never fail."

Oh! the little gopher squatting by his hole
Nods a welcome, lifts a glad some "Here's to you."
And the goshawk on the Blackfoot's totem-pole
Winks a might cheeky, cheery "Hey-die do."

And they meet you sort of friendly do the steers
When you pass them in the hollows riding round,
And the old coyote has forgotten fears
For he turns and stares a civil "Where you bound?"

Oh! the mountains they are comrades true and bold,
When the river joins the lark and you in song,
Through the coulee, past the poplar bluff 'tis rolled
Till the red-top lifts the chorus swept along.

Oh! the poplars shaking, shaking by the trail
Smiling promise, "Youth and Hope will never fail."

—Beresford Richards.

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WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

Reports from some Manitoba Institutes.

Concert

BERTON held a box social and concert during Easter week, when the High School pupils would be at home to enjoy the entertainment.

Donations

Edrans has given \$10.00 to the local band. Contributions ranging from \$5.00 to \$25.00 have been made to the temperance campaign by Crandall, Basswood and Tummel.

Library

The travelling library is in such great demand at Elkhorn that each member of the Institute is lending one or more books of her own, thus increasing the number of books in circulation.

Busy

A dance and sale of work in March; a dance in February; a hard-time dance, and a whist drive in January; a Christmas entertainment with a gift for every child in the community in December; this is the record of the Shortdale Institute.

Treasury Funds

Marquette Institute needs money for community work. At the last meeting it was resolved that some of the money paid in for membership fees be spent in the purchase of dry goods. This material will be made up into garments by the members, thus starting the nucleus for a bazaar.

Attendance

Every one will admit that March was a stormy month, and in most cases the weather brought down the attendance at the Institute meetings. Of those that have reported to date for March, the three having the highest percentage of members present were: Warren 100 %, Rossburn 73 %, and Crandall 76 %.

Presentation

Two W.I. members are moving away from Basswood. In recognition of their services, the Institute made each of them a presentation. The Moline Institute presented Mrs. George Greig with a cut glass bowl, accompanied by an address, expressing regret that she is leaving the district, and wishing her the best of success in her new home.

Coming Events

Elphinstone is carrying on the local improvement started last year, and has purchased another lot for the Memorial Hall. Minnedosa has decided to repair the Country Women's Ward in the town hospital. Crandall and Inwood are planning bazaars for the coming summer. Solsgirth has made arrangements to add new books to the library, and to freshen up the rest room with a coat of paint.

Community Enterprise

The Avonlea Institute has had a Community Hall Committee working

throughout the winter, and as a result, a substantial sum of money has been realized. This spring a public meeting was called at which a committee of men was appointed to act as an advisory board to the Institute executive. The lumber has been promised at cost price, and the labor will be given free, thus making the building of the hall a community enterprise in every sense of the word.

Going to Ireland

"I have put all my heart into my work as I clearly see the possibilities of the Women's Institute work in a community such as ours. In the short time of the existence of our Institute in Makinak, we have most decidedly succeeded in starting a better and happier community life, and opening up various interests amongst our women." The above is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Braddell, who resigned her office of Secretary-Treasurer, because the family is moving back to Ireland.

Social Service

The Winnipeg Women's Institute held a "Whist Drive" in the Oddfellow's Temple on February 3rd, to raise money to help in the Charity Work of the City. This enabled the Executive to purchase material which was made up into layettes for the babies of the unemployed. It was decided at the last meeting to continue this work under the Mayor's Clothing Bureau, and many cases are being helped. The members are enthusiastic in this work, and the sewing afternoons are very sociable. The committee in charge of the Social Welfare in Carman reported visiting some very needy cases. A meeting was held that same week, when sewing was done that immediate relief might be brought to these families. Mayfield paid two nurses who cared for influenza cases in the district.

Program

"The Aims, Objects and Origin of the Women's Institute," was the subject of a paper given at the Stony Mountain Women's Institute by Mrs. McFadden. It was reported to be very enlightening and interesting.

The "History of Our Institute," read at Rosser, carried special interest to both old and new members. This society is eight years old, and has kept the books and records for all those years but one. Each member brought to the meeting a cent for every year of the W.I., and one for every year of her own. This, with a birthday cake and candles, made of the meeting quite a celebration. Those who are fortunate enough to have a garden, received many helpful ideas from the discussion on "Sowing Seeds in April." The paper was prepared by Mrs. E. W. McConnell, and presented at the Ellen-ville Institute.

HOME DOCTOR

THE breath of a healthy person has no odor. This is equivalent to saying that no one whose breath has habitually a disagreeable odor is in absolute health. Somewhere there is trouble, the presence of which, although not always the location of it, is betrayed by the expired air.

A person with bad breath is not always aware of his misfortune, or perhaps one should say the misfortune of his friends, and it is a kindness and a duty on the part of his family to tell him. The trouble can almost always be bettered, if not entirely removed, and it is the duty of one so afflicted to place himself in the physician's hands for care.

Local troubles must be looked for and corrected. Catarrh of the nasal passages, or of one or more of the cavities in the bones of the face communicating with the nose, may cause a very foul breath; this can be relieved in many cases by snuffing up some antiseptic fluid—well diluted, for the nasal mucous membrane

is sensitive—through each nostril several times a day. The nasal douche, so often recommended, should be used only under the direction of a physician.

The mouth is often the place of origin of the odor. Decayed teeth, or the decomposition of food particles allowed to remain between the teeth, or receding gums with suppuration round the edges of the teeth, may one or all affect the breath unpleasantly. The regular use of the tooth brush with an antiseptic mouth wash will usually remedy this.

Trouble in any part of the digestive tract is very likely to declare itself in the breath. Constipation, especially, is so betrayed.

It is well-known that some foods, onions, for example, will scent the breath, but it is not so generally appreciated that the eating of a large amount of meat will often give a peculiarly disagreeable quality to the breath. The emotions may have their effect, too, and the ill-tempered person or the worrier is thus an offence in more ways than one.



The Nursing Mother Advice of Doctors

THE nursing mother yearns to see her babe develop into sturdy, vigorous childhood. But to insure the infant a proper foundation of health, she must watch her own well-being.

Constipation in the mother is particularly dangerous at this time because of its effect upon the quality and quantity of mother's milk. Poisons form in accumulated food waste and are absorbed by the blood which carries them through the body. They thus reach those cells in which milk for the baby is produced. If nursing mothers could only realize, as do physicians, how tainted milk becomes a source of danger to the tender infant who must rely upon it alone for nourishment!

To try to rid the body of intestinal poisons by the use of laxatives is almost equally dangerous. Such drugs, says a noted medical authority, may also be carried to the babe and injure it.

No wonder that science has sought a newer, better way. After years of study there has been found in lubrication a means as simple as Nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They discovered that the gentle lubricant, Nujol, acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. As Nujol is not a laxative, it cannot gripe, and no particle of Nujol is absorbed into the system. Thus it cannot affect the milk or the infant. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word, and like pure water, it is harmless and pleasant to take.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals throughout the world and is widely recommended by baby specialists.

Test Nujol yourself. Sold by all druggists.

For Constipation

Nujol

A Lubricant—Not a Laxative



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A Light Sweater Coat For Summer Days

7 Balls Mist Monarch Dove.
6 Skeins Delf Art Silk Crepe Twist.
2 Pair Knitting Needles, No. 7 and No. 9.

Size 36

Back—With No. 7 needles and Delf silk, cast on 101 sts. Knit 10 ridges. Then in wool as follows: 1st row—Purl 2, knit 7. Repeat across row. 2nd row—Knit 2, purl 7. Repeat across row. Repeat these 2 rows once more. 5th row—With silk, purl 2, knit 2 sts. together, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, make 1. Knit 2 sts. together, repeat across row. 6th row—Knit 4, *knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 6. Repeat from * across row. Then with wool, knit rows 1, 2, 3 and 4; with silk, rows 5 and 6. Continue in this manner till work measures 19 inches. Then cast on 12 sts. at each end of needle every row, 6 times each end (72 sts. extra each end). Knit in pattern till sleeve measures 5½ inches at armhole. On following row, cast off 25 sts. in centre for neck. On one side, now knit front. Knit 6 rows for shoulder. Then increase 1 st. neck end every other row 25 times but when sleeve measures 6 inches from shoulder, cast off same way as cast on. Then knit to foot of coat. Cast off. Repeat same for other front.

Cuffs—With No. 9 needles, Delf silk and right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. across sleeve. Knit 2, purl 2 ribbed knitting for 3 inches. Cast off.

Belt—With No. 9 needles and Delf silk, cast on 7 sts. Knit plain in ridges till 46 inches. Cast off. Hook in silk across ends to form fringe.

Collar—With Delf silk and No. 9 needles, cast on 24 sts. Knit plain in ridges long enough to go around entire front of coat.

Sew seams neatly and sew collar to coat.

SCARF

2 Balls Lavendar Monarch Alpaka or Opal Iceland.

1 Skein Lavendar Monarch Silk Crepe Twist.

1 Pair No. 8 Needles.

With wool, cast on 76 sts. Knit in same pattern as Jumper, but knit 3 inches in wool before making row of silk holes. Then 3 more inches of wool and fold over as before to form hem. From now on, keep 8 sts. knit plain at each end of every needle, to form border up each side, irrespective of the pattern you are doing. Continue until work measures 54 inches. Cast off. Slip st. hem, same as in front of Jumper.

Cool Sports Sweater

5 Balls Lavender Monarch Alpaka or Opal Iceland.
2 Skeins Lavender Monarch Silk Crepe Twist. 1 Pair No. 8 Needles.

Back—With wool cast on 90 sts. Knit 1 row, purl 1 row. Repeat these two rows 5 more times. Then tie on silk and knit as follows:—Slip 1, * wool over needle, knit 2 sts. together, repeat from * across row. Purl 1 row silk; then with wool, knit 1 row, purl 1 row. Repeat these 2 rows 5 more times. Now fold over work so that cast on sts. will be inside work and level with sts. on needle and with silk knit 1 row plain and knitting through cast-on st. along with st. on needle, thus making a double hem. Silk—purl 1 row, * 8 rows wool, 2 rows silk, 8 rows wool, 1 row holes as before in silk. Purl 1 row silk. Repeat from * until work measures 16 inches. Then cast on 12 sts. at each end of needle every row, 6 times each end (72 sts. extra each end). Continue to knit in pattern until work measures 5½ inches at armhole. On following row cast off 20 sts. in centre for neck. On one side now knit front. Knit 8 rows for shoulder. Then cast on 3 sts. at neck end every row 6 times. Break

off wool. Repeat same for other front. Then put sts. all on one needle. Continue to knit until work measures 5½ inches from shoulder. Then cast off sleeves same way as cast on. Knit to foot of Jumper, and when knitting hem, knit full length. Then cast off. Slip stitch cast off sts. along silk row on the underside of work to form hem.

Cuffs—With right side of work towards you, and silk, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. across sleeve. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 3 inches. Cast off.

Collar—With wool and wrong side of work towards you pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. around entire neck. Knit 1 row, purl 1 row for 4 inches, but increase 1 st. at each end of work every 4th row. Then with silk, 1 row holes as before. Then purl 1 row silk. Then with wool, knit 4 inches again, decreasing in same manner at each end as increased. Cast off.

Sew on underside of collar to picked-up sts. around neck.

Sew up seams neatly.

Crocheted Slippers

This pattern is being furnished on the request of one of our readers. The pattern given is intended for ladies' slippers, but can be made for a man by increasing as desired after the sixth row. It may also be made all in one color if desired. The original model was worked in sky blue and white. Size, about 3½ to 4.

Materials Required—2 balls principal color (indicated by "A" in directions). 1 ball trimming color (indicated by "B")





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Sprains and Bruises

A good thing—Rub it in

MINARD'S

"KING OF PAIN"

LINIMENT

WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—Continued from page 50

in directions). Steel crochet needle, No. 4; two 1½ inch brass rings for buckles.

All the following stitches are taken up on the single back thread to form a rib.

Directions—First row: A ch. 8, skip 1 and make 1 s.c. in each of the others, thus forming 7 s.c. Ch. 2 and make 1 s.c. into the other side of the first stitch of the long chain, and 1 s.c. in each of the following stitches, thus forming again 7 s.c. Turn.

Second Row—Ch. 1 and make 1 s.c. in each stitch, until center of the preceding row is reached. 3 s.c. in center, and 1 s.c. in each stitch to the end, thus forming 8 s.c. on each side of the center. Turn.

Third Row—Ch. 1 and make 1 s.c. into each stitch all around. Turn.

Fourth Row—Ch. 1, 1 s.c. in each stitch until center, of the row is reached. 3 s.c. in the center, 1 s.c. in each stitch to the end. Turn.

Fifth Row—Ch. 1, take B thread and carry it along inside until 5A s.c. are made, then make 11 s.c. of B, carrying the A inside, and then 5 s.c. of A, carrying the B between, thus finishing the fifth row. Turn.

Sixth Row—Ch. 1, using the A cotton, and proceed like the fourth row, but carrying the B in between. Then repeat from the fifth row, and so on until eighteen big ribs are formed.

The threads are carried in between so as not to show the long threads on the wrong side. When the slipper is finished, the right side should show the least of color B, the wide part of rib B showing on under side.

Nineteenth Row—Turn. Ch. 1 and make 20 s.c. of A, one in each stitch of the preceding row, carrying the B thread along. Then make 15 s.c. over the B thread. Turn. Ch. 1 and make 1 s.c. in each stitch going back, thus forming 35 s.c. after the starting point has been reached. Then cut off the B thread and finish the rest with A alone. Turn.

Twentieth Row—Ch. 1 and make again 1 s.c. in each stitch, and repeat this until 32 big ribs of A are made. Then form body of slipper by crocheting end to front part. Where front of slipper joins back, crochet 3 big ribs of A into B, thus finishing body of slipper.

Edge Formed of Color B

First Row—Begin at corner, making 1 s.c. into a ch. of A. Ch. 1, 1 s.c. into the third space, missing one and so on around edge of slipper.

Second Row—1 s.c. into loop of preceding row. Ch. 3, back into first stitch to form picot. 1 s.c. into next loop, 1 s.c. Ch. 3 form another picot. 1 s.c. into the following loop and so on all around.

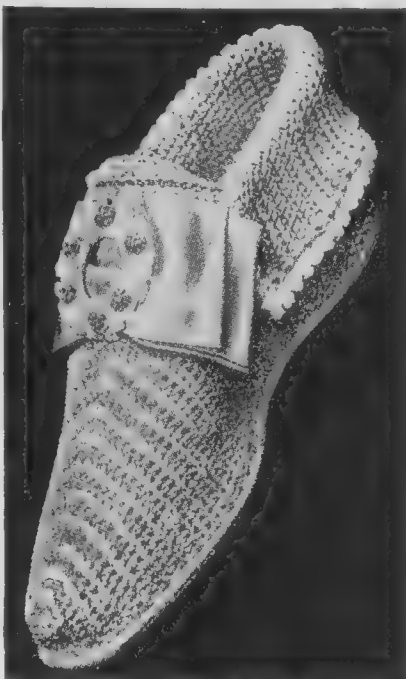
Buckle

Foundation—One 1½ inch brass ring.

First Row—42 d.c. of B into the ring.

Second Row—Make 6 s.c. of B, one into each stitch of preceding row, carry-

ing a thread of A inside. Then to Form a little knot, into the seventh stitch, make of A, 1 s.c., 3 d.c. and 1 s.c. Then catch with a slip stitch into the first s.c. of A, Ch. 1 and make again of B, 6 s.c. into the following stitches. Proceed in same way till 6 knots are made.



Third Row—1 s.c. of B into a stitch of preceding row, Ch. 3, catch back to first Ch. to form picot. 1 s.c. into next stitch. Repeat to end of row. Make chain of A to form bar across back of buckle.

Cluny Crochet

Cluny patterns may be very attractively worked in crochet, are not difficult to follow and are a pleasing change from filet work. The motif shown below makes a lovely inset for a luncheon cloth. In ecru cotton it is very attractive set into a natural linen table runner, combined with colored embroidery. An unusual yoke for

camisole, combination or nightgown may be made from this motif, using very fine cotton, and joining a number of motifs together until the desired length is reached. For a straight camisole yoke about 12 medallions will be required.

Directions—Chain 22, turn, skip 1, d in next st, * ch 3, skip 2, d in next st; repeat from * 7 times, turn, ch 5.

Second Row—D in 3 ch, * ch 3, d in next 3 ch; repeat from *, t in last st, turn, ch. 1.

Third Row—D in t, * ch 2, d in 3 ch; repeat from * to end of row, turn, ch 5.

Fourth and sixth rows like second; fifth and seventh rows like third.

Eighth Row—D in 3d ch st (ch 3, d in next space) 3 times, ch 10, slip hook from work, insert in 2d d in 3d row toward left, draw loop through and finish petal

(pet) on the 10 ch, slip hook from work, insert in 2d d in 3d row on opposite side toward right, finish this pet (10 ch pet) twice, all in last d in row, turn (ch 3, d in next space) 3 times, ch 2, t in last d.

Ninth and eleventh rows like 3d; tenth and twelfth rows like 2d.

Thirteenth

Row—D in t, ch 3, insert hook in top of pet and 2d ch st on next space, d (ch 3, d in 2d ch st) 4 times, ch 3, insert hook in next pet and in ch in next space, d ch 3, d in ch, turn, ch 5.

Fourteenth Row—Like 2d row.

Fifteenth Row—D, * 3, d in next space; repeat from *, d in last t.

Sixteenth Row—* Three 10 ch pet, d in same st with last d in corners, 10 d, 2 more 10 ch pet, 11 d; repeat from *, cut thread.

Seventeenth Row—Join in pet at corner, * (10 ch pet, sl in d) 3 times (ch 8, p, ch 5, d taken through points of next 2 pet, 10 ch for pet, join in last pet, turn, finish pet on the 10 ch, another 10 ch pet) twice, ch 8, p, ch 5, d in corner; repeat from *, cut thread.

Eighteenth Row—Three d in pet at corner, * (ch 11, d in next 2 pet) 3 times, ch 11, 3 d in corner pet; repeat from *,

Continued on page 53

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OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS-PATTERNS

The changes in style which the Spring Fashions indicate, are principally in little things. On the whole, the silhouette and general effect is as it was in the foregoing season, and all models have the quality of wearableness. The position of the waistline and the hem line is left to the wearer. A few draped gowns show the waistline at normal, others show it lower.

Costumes cut in slender lines have the preference.

The hip band blouse, which is worn over the skirt, is the blouse style most popular.

For daytime suits and costumes, crepes and twills are in vogue. Taffeta, gingham, ratine, printed cottons and linen are shown for warm weather and country wear.

The new fabrics are fascinating and very colorful. They are well adapted to the simple styles for which elaborate materials are best.

The combining of plain and figured materials is a detail of many new frocks.

Sports clothes show much individuality of design, in very slender and also in flared outline.

Coat suits are very popular, both in two or three piece combinations.

As the season advances capes will be more favored, especially for the three piece costumes.

The new cape models are in three-quarter length or less, and preferably in circular effect.

Sleeveless jackets and boleros are worn with dresses and also with "waist-and-skirts."

On a smart coat frock a tiny bolero is a chic addition.

Brown is the popular color. Green too is much favored. Green and brown is being combined in afternoon frocks and in three piece costumes.

Great interest is shown in all kinds of effects in self trimming such as drawn work, hemstitching and tucking, especially pin tucking. Embroidery and braiding have an important place in the trimming mode. One sees patches of embroidery on pretty blouses, also fluffy motifs of wool embroidery on wool dresses. Embroidery in dull silver thread is much in evidence especially on collars and cuffs.

Fine soutache is used for attractive braiding.

In materials for evening and dance dresses preference is given to filmy transparent materials in one color, of such hues as scarlet, coral, shell pink and green, also in white. The all-black costume is the most strikingly becoming for many women. It is worn with black satin slippers and enhanced by a fan of gay colors.

The "off the shoulder" decollete is in vogue for evening dresses.

The scarf effect, over both shoulders knotted or crossed in front, is seen on afternoon dresses.

Skirts are becoming wider, through the addition of plaits, godets and circular flounces.

Draperies are massed - the front, or at one side. Some dresses have rows upon rows of tiny flounces over the back. Many dresses of sheer fabrics are gathered at the top, giving a distinctly bouffant fullness at the hips. The fitted type of bodice accompanies the skirt portions of these frocks, although one also sees surplice blouse waists on some of the models. A girdle of satin ribbon in two colors is smart and pretty on such little dresses. These girdles are placed just below the waist line.

Sash treatments are also much in evidence.

Knitted materials are very popular this season, and entire dresses knitted, are shown in various color combinations. Some have printed or embroidered borders.

The present craze for things Egyptian should not be followed recklessly, for the greatest care should be taken in selecting just what is becoming to the wearer. A little of the color here and there, a bit of the scarab motifs or other symbol may be introduced in dresses, blouses or wraps. It will be safest to use only the colors that are associated with the "Nile" country. Two shades of blue stand out especially as Egyptian. Yellow is another representative color. Red is always a favorite Spring color, and in the "Tut-Ankh-Amen" brick color is becoming to most women. Green has the approval of all the Pharaohs. Gray and black also are good colors.

A Pretty Sleeveless Frock for Juniors with Guimpe, 4386.—Printed cotton was used for the dress, and crepe for the guimpe. This is a good style for checked and plain ratine in combination, or for the new colored linens, with the guimpe of crepe de chine or batiste.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires 2 3/4 yards of 32 inch material for the dress and 2 3/4 yards for the guimpe.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

For Bathing or Swimming, 4297.—This model is very comfortable, and easy to adjust. It is economical of material and simple in construction. Gingham, jersey cloth, serge, sateen or silk are good for its development.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 2 yards of 32 inch material. To trim as illustrated will require 3/4 yard of material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Seasonable Model, 4277.—Here is a comfortable bathing and swimming suit. It may be made of jersey cloth, or sateen, silk, crepe, satin or gingham. The bloomers are a one-piece garment comprising waist and body portions, and may be worn independent of the smock.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 4 3/4 yards of 40 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl, 4115.—Cotton crepe is nice for this model, or linen, or gingham, with a simple decoration of cross or other fancy stitches. The fullness of the skirt and the waist also may be tucked or gathered. This is an ideal dress for country wear, and will also make a nice dance frock.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 2 3/4 yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Neat and Simple Frock for a Little Girl, 4374.—Blue and white dotted dimity is here shown—bias bands of blue organdy form the decoration. This would be pretty in yellow pongee with the trimming in white or in green organdy, with frills of white. The sleeve may be short, or, in wrist length, finished with a band cuff.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 1, 2, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size requires 2 3/4 yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Charming Apron Model, 4213.—Always seasonable and never out of fashion is the apron—and there is no version of this popular garment more practical and simple than the "one-piece" style here portrayed. Cretonne with a finish of rick rack braid was used in this instance. Sateen, and percale also are desirable materials.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 3 3/4 yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A New and Simple Apron Model, 4361.—This may be charmingly developed in cretonne or chintz, with bias binding in a contrasting color, for trimming. It is also good for gingham, linen, or rubberized materials.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 3 yards of 27 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Play Frock, 4031.—The good features of this style are readily apparent. It may be attractively developed in percale with bindings of a contrasting color, or in chambray, pongee or crepe.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 6 mos., 1 year and 2 years. A 1 year size requires 2 3/4 yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for "Service" or "Porch", 4180.—Chintz and unbleached muslin were combined to make the style here illustrated. The model is also good for cotton crepe, sateen, and percale. The girdle may be omitted, and the fullness held in place with a girdle or belt.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure.

A Medium size requires 4 3/4 yards of 32 inch material. To make the waist of contrasting material will require 1 3/4 yard. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 3/4 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Simple but Pretty Frock, 4382.—Dotted Swiss and organdy are here combined. The model is practical and suitable for all wash fabrics, as well as for silk and cloth. The collar and panels may be omitted. In red and white dotted percale with trimming of white line, this style will be very pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 3 3/4 yards of 40 inch material. To make sash, collar, cuffs, pocket and sleeve facings of contrasting material requires 1 yard 32 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Costume Suit, 4305-4291.—Youthful and very popular is this smart suit, with its one-piece dress and the accompanying box coat. As illustrated, the blouse portion of the dress is of figured silk, and the skirt portion and jacket are of Canton crepe. This will be a good style for linen or ratine. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 3/4 yards.

The Jacket Pattern 4291, is cut in 8 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The Dress 4305, is cut in 4 Sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the dress and jacket as illustrated in the large view will require for a 16 year size 4 3/4 yards of 40 inch material for jacket and skirt portions, and 2 3/4 yards of 32 inch silk or contrasting material for blouse and sleeve portions.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.



4363

4363

4363



A New Version of a Popular Garment, 3859.—Play time will be much more a gay time, in a comfortable "knicker" dress like the one for which this model provides. The Russian closing and trim neck finish will please the small wearer. Percale, gingham, serge, pongee, poplin, repp and gabardine are good for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 27 inch material for the bloomers, and 3 yards for the dress.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Seasonable Frock, 4363.—Quaint and altogether charming is the "period" style. Embroidered voile with pipings in a contrasting color, and with organdy for sleeve puffs and kerchief would be nice for this model. The puffs and kerchief may be omitted. This style is also good for taffeta and crepe. It is a very youthful design.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material. To make underbody of lining requires 1 yard. For kerchief and puffs of contrasting material $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard is required. The width of the skirt at the foot is $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Becoming Dress for Work or Porch Wear, 3848.—Neatness and utility are expressed in this model. The closing is at the centre front, the lines are good, and comfortable, and the style has pleasing features. One could have this in checked gingham, with vest, collar, belt and cuffs of white repp or pique. Other wash fabrics are equally desirable. For warmth, flannel and gabardine are recommended.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 36 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

Smart Head Wear for Children, 4389.—These designs are so simple that they may be developed with ease. No. 1 is suitable for boy or girl, and may be fashioned in embroidered linen, cloth, or silk. No. 2 is a quaint bonnet style. Percale or drill, silk or felt would be equally attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Head Size—17, 19, 21 and 23 inches. No. 1 will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard and No. 2, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 27 inch material for a 21 inch size. For trim on No. 2 of contrasting material $\frac{3}{4}$ yard is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

Ladies' Costume, 4108-4340-4378.—A very smart outdoor lady's costume is here portrayed, which without the jacket, is equally attractive. White flannel was used for the skirt and crepe de chine for the blouse. The jacket is of flannel braided with black soutache. One could have this suit in figured and plain ratine using the plain ratine for the skirt and jacket facings. The blouse could be of silk, batiste or crepe.

The Jacket is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Blouse in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure.



The Skirt in 6 Sizes, waist measure: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35 inches. The width of the skirt at the foot is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. To make Skirt and Jacket of one material will require 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40 inch material. The blouse will require 2 yards of 32 inch material. To make Jacket of contrasting material will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

THREE separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

WORK for BUSY FINGERS

Continued from page 51

join. This is the last row which is made around the entire motif, the four sides now being finished separately.

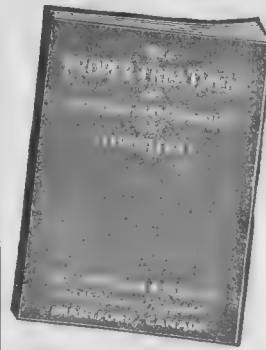
Nineteenth Row—Ch 13, turn, skip 5, in next (ch 1., skip 1, t in next) 4 times, making 5 spaces on the 13 ch, ch 4, skip 4, * t in next ch st (ch 1, skip 1, t in next) 5 times, ch 4, skip 4; repeat from *, t in d in point of pet, ch 8, turn.

Twentieth Row—T in t, * ch 1, skip 1, t in each of 7 t, ch 1, skip 1, t in next, ch 4, t in t; repeat from *, t in t, turn, ch 4.

Twenty-first Row—Like 20th, ending with t in 5th ch st., turn, ch 8.

22nd Row—T in t, * (ch 1, skip 1, t in next) 5 times, ch 4, t in t; repeat from *, cut thread.

*This completes one side of square. Make the other three sides in the same way, joining each row to corresponding row at corners, as illustrated.



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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



There Are Diseases More Contagious

Bryan says wealth is a disease, but does not tell how to catch it.—Moose Jaw Times.

But Maybe the Husband and Wife Agreed

A husband and wife served on the same jury in Minnesota. The jury disagreed.—Saskatoon Star.

Widows with Bootlegacies

Think of the coming flood of foreign noblemen to marry widows enjoying bootlegacies.—New York Evening Post.

No Doubt

Maybe there'll be no wars in the world about the same time there'll be no police court cases.—Toronto Telegram.

The Still, Small Voice

Scientists can magnify the human voice 12,000 times, but they seem to be unable to do a darned thing for the voice of conscience.—Brockville Recorder.

A Sensation That Will Not Be Featured

At least one sensation will not be featured in the Hearst newspapers. The son of William Randolph Hearst has eloped.—Kansas City Star.

Communists and the League

The Communists everywhere hate the League of Nations. Peace is the last thing they want. War brings misery, and misery brings revolution.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

A Need of Money

Dr. Nansen says the Russian Soviet Government needs money. That's strange. That Government has printed more money than any other.—Ottawa Journal.

Work and Wages

We cannot see why jazz musicians should be paid \$15 a day. Riveters, who get only \$10, make almost as much noise, and do something useful besides.—New York World.

New Argument for Daylight Saving

Daylight saving would enable radio fans to listen to the bedtime stories before it was time to put out the cat.—Vancouver Province.

Movie-struck Young Women

Starting out for California to enter the movies, three seventeen-year-old Chicago girls landed in jail in Kansas City, Missouri. Maybe they were lucky, after all.—Seattle Argus.

But He Was on His Way

An aviator at Dayton, Ohio, has flown at the rate of 238 miles an hour. And he wasn't going any place in particular either.—Toronto Star.

Definition of a "Tightwad"

A tightwad is officially designated as "a man who saves 60 cents out of every dollar." He is not only a tightwad—he is a financial wizard.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Evidently Not

A Chinese poultry dealer in New York has been charged with selling owls for chickens. He did not care a hoot what his customers ate.—Springfield Republican.

The Ancient Way with Indemnities

In the old days when a nation wanted to collect an indemnity it just naturally carried it off in the chariots.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Boll Weevil Evil

Now that they are raising cotton in Australia, it is only a question of time until the boll weevil will be raising something else down there.—Halifax Herald.

Student Life in Kentucky

College life is becoming more effeminate every day. The students in attendance at the University of Kentucky have been compelled by the faculty to turn in their revolvers.—Chicago Tribune.

Very Slow to Settle Up, Anyway

The Reds in Russia now talk of colonizing other doctrines, with a view to propagating their doctrines throughout the world. But the record of the Soviet government shows that they are mighty poor settlers.—Wall Street Journal.

A Shocking Young Woman

A young woman writes Dr. Brady that she is "so full of electricity that at times she has shocked people by touching them." What you might call an electrocutie.—Chicago Daily News.

In Regard to Pests

The difference between the grasshopper and a lot of other pests in the country is that they use poison to kill off the grasshoppers.—Estevan Progress.

John D. and Henry

Seems like one of these days it is going to be a toss-up whether John D. Rockefeller sells the country out to Henry Ford or the other way around.—Detroit Free Press.

Oratory

When a surgeon operates he wears a piece of gauze over his mouth. But when a man gets up to make a speech—but what's the use? There isn't enough gauze.—Kingston Whig.

Sound in Parliament

A fellow at Ottawa says that the western farmers ignore sound methods. Well, sound is one of the things that some of the fellows at Ottawa do not ignore.—Calgary Herald.

The Wrong Way

History, if they would study it, might reveal to the Soviet government of Russia that if their ambition is to destroy religion they are going at it exactly the wrong way.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Political Item

It looks as if before the flexible provision of the tariff gets into a position to do anything we'd have to borrow all the flexibility there is available for use in the platform.—Buffalo Express.

Absolutely, Of Course

They found no telegraph or telephone wires when they excavated King Tut's tomb. What does this mean? It means that the Egyptians knew all about wireless.—Lethbridge Herald.

And They Sometimes Fall Flat

Speaking of "inflation," there are some things that have to be inflated to be any good—balloons, for instance, and pop-overs, and political platforms.—Boston Transcript.

The Value of Open Air Sports

Open air sports develop a clean youthhood. They reach orderly thinking and honorable dealing, initiative, concentration and courage. They are of value to the community, as well as to the individuals they directly benefit.—Brandon Sun.

There is Nothing "Funny" about Brutality

The "serious" toreadors of Spain are on strike. They object to appearing with the burlesque bullfighters hired to amuse the crowds in the interval between the toreadors' performances. The "serious" ones are really the funnier ones, in these circumstances.—Kitchener Record.

Safety First

Propaganda issued by railway authorities appeal to the motorist to be careful at crossings. The reckless motorist is hard on the engineer's nerves, according to one of the bulletins. Also on his own relatives.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

If Henry Becomes President

We have the hope, however, that if Henry Ford becomes president something efficacious will be done about the climate. Hard winters and motor cars do not go well together and motor cars have certainly come to stay.—New York Life.

The Meanest Tax on Record

Some taxes are worse than others, but the meanest tax on record is the Turkish Government's levy of \$15,000 in customs duties on supplies sent by the Near East Relief organization for starving refugees.—Montreal Gazette.

Writ Sarcastick

"Life-terminer in State Penitentiary Inherits Fortune." So says a headline on the front page of leading Eastern papers. Isn't that nice? Now he can get the necessary lawyers to provide him with the necessary medical experts to furnish him with an incurable disease as the basis for a release.—New York American.

Styles, Ancient and Modern

They are wearing Tut-ankh-Amen cloaks in England. This style is 3,000 years old. About three weeks more and it will be out of style. We move along much faster than the Egyptians.—Glasgow Herald.

Political Leaders as Guessers

There is no one who a year in advance can outline the issues of the national campaign. The only thing for political leaders to do is to listen. Even then one or the other party organizations is bound to guess wrong.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Basic Production

Wealth comes out of the ground. Some of it is mineral—oil, copper, coal and such—and much of it is of course created by the work done afterward on the raw materials, but the price-setting stuff, year to year, 's the farmers' harvest.—Canadian Finance.

A Truth About Gold Fields

It seems easy to get men to put forth superhuman efforts to locate gold away on the coast of Labrador. They will venture all, put up with hardship and danger, and the great majority will be sadly disappointed, as the history of every gold rush shows. Meanwhile there are farms all over this country waiting for men to put forth less effort, face less danger and have a better chance for success.—London Advertiser.

The U.S. and the League

Participation by the United States in the World Court means membership by the United States in the League of Nations for certain special purposes, which, of course, means full membership eventually. This country sooner or later must realize that it is in the world, and cannot shuffle off its responsibilities as a leading world nation—responsibilities to itself, no less than to the rest of the world. No nation can live unto itself. It doesn't pay, in any sense of the word.—New York Tribune.

A Question in Regard to Thrift

In a book written by somebody at Washington a thrifty man is defined as one who saves twenty cents of every dollar, spends fifty cents on living and ten cents each on education, giving and recreation. How about the man who has to spend the entire dollar for the necessities of life and has nothing left for other purposes?—Boston Herald.

One is Born Every Minute

It is said that less than 1 per cent. of the investments in the oil industry in Mexico are in the hands of the citizens of that country. In this country every man with \$10 ahead is a potential oil magnate. Out of 100,000,000 Americans, it is figured that 99,047,612 have dabbled in oil investments at some time in their career.—Los Angeles Times.

The Great Obstacle to Socialism

The people who will have to be converted before Socialism can become fact are not so much the few hundreds who object to having their five figure incomes taken away from them, but the hundreds of thousands who will certainly resist any attempt to deprive them of the absolute, unquestioned control of the odd hundred pounds or so which they have saved.—London Daily News.

Konflikt and Konfusion

There is a clash between the head manipulators of the Ku Klux Klan. All is konfusion—indeed, one might almost say, kaos—in the Grand Headquarters. Imperial Wizard Simmons, who changed his title some months ago to Emperor of the Invisible Empire, has been ousted by the new Imperial Wizard, one H. W. Evans, whom he has ousted in turn, and now they are after each other with sheriffs, affidavits, lawyers, seizures, injunctions and counter-injunctions. They are not crazy. They are not even slightly kukoo. On the contrary, they are practical. Koin is koin.—Minneapolis Journal.

Old English in America

It is a curious fact that if you want to get a bit of Old England today, you must go to the Kentucky mountains in the United States for it. These mountaineers have recently been attracting some attention, and it has been discovered that they still sing the ballads and songs of England and Scotland of two centuries ago, and that they still speak the language of the England of other days, rather than of the America of today. It will be interesting to note what effect the introduction of modern educational methods will have on them.—Ottawa Journal.

They Should all Qualify Themselves

It appears that at least eight members serving on the Overseas Settlement committee have never visited the Dominions and Colonies. Eleven others, to use the official expression employed by the government spokesman, have "qualified." We are not informed whether these latter have merely paid a visit to Toronto, to Melbourne, to Wellington, or whether they have actually gazed upon the land which awaits their kith and kin. We would therefore suggest that the whole of the board's membership be invited to Canada as the guests of the government. They might be persuaded to come in relays of four or five.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Democracy and the British Example

Democracy has come to the world to stay, whatever the cynics and sceptics may say; and everywhere the new nations, essaying the difficult task of self-government, are turning to England's example and history for inspiration and instruction. There was democratic government before there was an English race; but representative government and responsible government, which supply apparently the only practicable machinery by which modern nations can govern themselves, are English in their origin, their fashioning and their spirit; and they will educate any country which adopts them, given time, into aptitude for self-government.—Winnipeg Free Press.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Readers:

You will notice that we have some nice interesting letters for you this month. Everybody has apparently wakened up with the spring, and had to write us a letter to let off steam, as it were. Well we are very glad to get them. Of course we cannot publish all the letters that reach us, and have to pick out the most interesting ones.

Please remember, that we cannot give out the names and addresses of those writing to the correspondence columns. If you wish to communicate with any of the contributors, send your letter in a blank, stamped envelope to us, and we will be very glad to forward it. And when writing to the page, don't forget to give us your name and address so that we may forward letters to you promptly.

Will "Inky" kindly send in her name, as there is a letter here for her.

Best wishes to you all.

Editor.

An Exuberant Contributor

Dear Editor and Readers:

The following lines contain humour
And pathos sometimes, too;
But round them subtly woven
Is sense, meant for y-o-u.

I am but a recent and exuberant peruser of the W. H. M., and, quite amazing in its obviousness, the sordid under-current of the correspondence oozed into my sympathetic brain.

That vast paradise named the West—abounding in pure, crystal lakes and streams, teeming with spirited fish, aromatic forests, ascending to the snow-line, animated by birds of gorgeous plumage, and silent, slinking creatures—needs, what?

Guessed it already, Bright Eyes?

Yes, the identical thing—that shimmering fields of golden grain, instead of barren acres, should feed; that our super-abundance of unharnessed water-power could support; that locates and wrenches from the earth's gluttonous maw unguessed wealth in minerals; to say nothing of the virgin timber and abundant waters, effervesces into four syllables—population, with the accent on the first.

Here's hoping the name "pop" will be bawled in tender treble discords more plenteous through the country, in support of this appeal.

Yours, anticipating,
Moon Glow.

As She Sees Them

Hello! all you dear people:

May I sit beside "Whiz Bang" a while? It's such a long time since I had a chat with our members, so I thought I'd join our jolly circle for a few moments.

Hello, "Kentish Hop!" I presume you are still interested in listening to the radio. It certainly is a wonderful invention. A couple of men from Regina had one out here but it was such a foggy night we couldn't hear anything very distinctly, so were rather disappointed. Our postmaster has installed a moving picture machine in his hall above the store, so every Saturday night all of us farmer folk enjoy a good picture show, you can just bet on that. It is more convenient than driving into town during the winter days for such amusements. We are all still fond of dancing and I think the people in this community will always be lively steppers in our old hall, where many happy hours were spent in dancing, programmes, etc.

Say Annette, I am fond of sewing, so I think I'll move over by you and talk dressmaking. Let's go in partnership and put up our shop near this country P. O. I love trimming hats and joining them together, so we can start a millinery shop as well. What say you?

Why, there's "Jack" also, talking tractors. Well I don't know much about tractors, but I do love horses and think them most intelligent animals, and also

the dog. I did notice in the two cities I was visiting though, one hardly saw a horse, but hundreds of huge trucks everywhere.

Thanks, "Whiz Bang" for your kind words to the girls with bobbed hair. Have had mine bobbed for two years and couldn't stand to have my hair done up with a bushel of hairpins. It is more convenient and comfortable too, I think, to feel one's hair flying loose, not exactly loose, but you know, free from hairpins and arranging it all the time.

Me for the flappers, in spite of the criticism levelled at them. Some of them are really nice and of course some are not. There are differences there also.

"Another City Girl" am glad to hear you speak so nicely of our beautiful country scenery, and although this farm life is monotonous at times, one can't help but admire the sunsets and growing grain, for there is something in these western prairies and hills which attracts and draws all the time, something that cannot be expressed in words. I love the city too, and often long for the hum of the street cars, etc., again.

Well, Mr. Editor; we don't for one minute forget you, and believe me, the magazine is just splendid. I save every copy and send them to a friend in the States, who also praises it and passes it on to her friends.

A word to the bachelors, I hope you all enjoyed a big fat roasted goose for your Easter dinner, as you can cook a good meal if you take the trouble.

Why, here's my car! Must be going. Good-bye all, and dear Editor, if the W. P. B. gets this I won't grumble. Best wishes to all.

Sincerely,
"Light of the Morning."

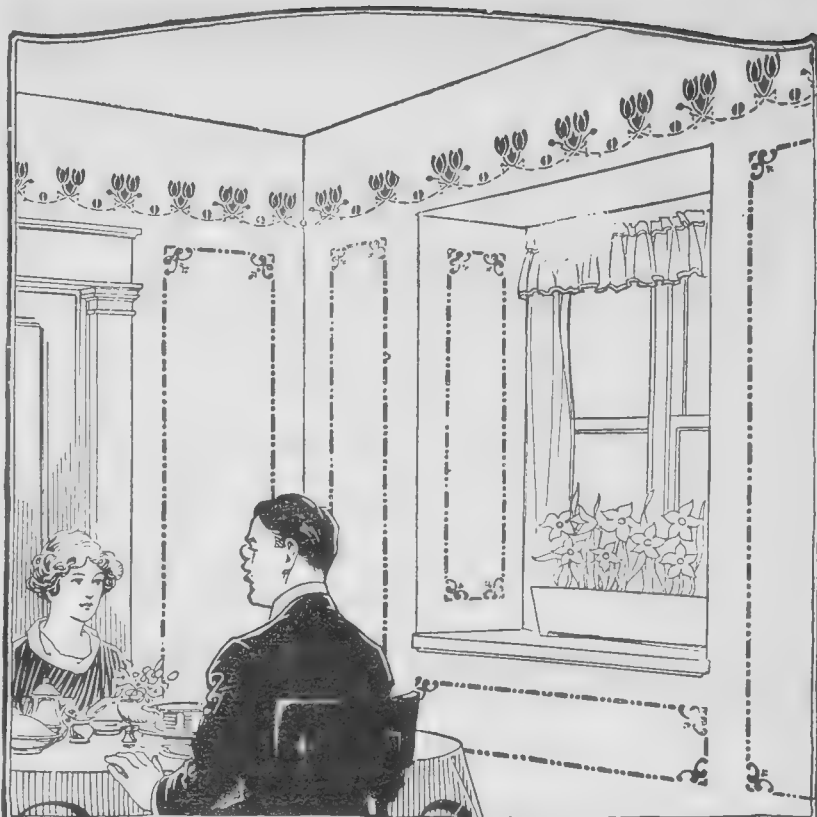
The Prohibition Situation

Dear Editor:

For a number of years I have been an indirect subscriber to your valuable paper, not because I always have time to read it, but more on account of the stand you take regarding moral and social reform, especially prohibition. Liberty leagues and wine and beer advocates claim that if there are licenses or government control, there will be no boot-legging or illegal selling. Enclosed you will find a clipping from a local paper of March 12, and which speaks for itself. You might ask some of the wine and beer advocates to explain the reason for said conditions. Some people claim the prohibition law in Ontario and the United States is not enforced. I grant it, but I have met a great many men from Ontario and the States, who came to Hull for no other reason than to secure liquor. Wonder why, if they could secure it at home. They may like the scenery. Not long since an Ottawa citizen motoring to Ogdensburg met eight American cars travelling in the opposite direction, and in each case the occupants asked if they were on the right road to Hull. Why? Use your imagination. Just today I met a chap who arrived in Hull by mistake. In communicating with a friend to forward him money to go home, he said he "Took the wrong train, drink did it." There are many lives ruined and homes wrecked through the liquor traffic. We are told in the 18th Chapter of Matthew and 7th verse, "Woe unto him by whom that sin cometh," "Personal Liberty," will be a mighty poor alibi in the next world for those who are charged with causing the downfall of their fellow beings. Now I am not criticizing the Quebec Government, I believe they are doing their utmost to enforce the law, and I have a great deal of respect for certain officials, but there is no liquor law so easily enforced as "Prohibition."

This letter is rather long, but I sincerely trust you will do your utmost to hold the ground you have and under no condition get the idea that prohibi-

Continued on page 56

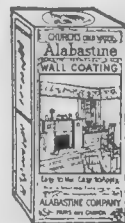


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THE moderate cost of Alabastine permits the frequent change of color scheme in your rooms. A room can be re-decorated several times with Alabastine at small cost and is more healthful than other decoration.

Send for Alabastine suggestions for wall decorations.



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CHURCH'S HOT or COLD WATER Alabastine

Service to EUROPE that sets the Standard



Fifty years' experience has won for the White Star-Dominion Line such a high place in the opinions of travellers who know what they are entitled to, that it really sets the standard.

A service that is remarkable for its attention to every passenger, a wealth of entertainment, a faultless cuisine, luxurious public rooms, well ventilated staterooms, two broad promenade decks and withal very reasonable prices.

Book your passage on the new sister-ships Doric or Regina (largest steamers from Montreal), the Megantic or the popular Canada.

Sailing every Saturday. Ask for booklet D D.

White Star, Red Star and American Line regular sailings from New York to Europe.

211 McGill St., Montreal
or Local Agents.



WHITE STAR-DOMINION LINE



An analyst approves
every pound of
Gold Standard
Baking Powder
before it leaves the factory.
"IT-RAISES-THE-DOUGH"
The Godville Co. Limited.

58

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

Please, dear mothers—

If you want your babies to grow
big and strong like me, give them

Robinson's "Patent" Barley

Used with cow's modified milk,
Robinson's "Patent" Barley
gives the same elements as
mother's milk and has saved
the lives of many babies denied
nature's food.

At nine months, add Robinson's
"Patent" Groat to the diet.

Send for our free Baby Record Book.

COLMAN-KEEN (Canada)
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Comfortable, Healthful Nights for Baby

and restful nights for Mother,
are assured when Baby's deli-
cate stomach and intestinal
organs are kept normally
healthy and active by adding
to each feeding a few drops of

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator

This finest combination of purely vegetable ingredients is a specific
relief for colic, flatulency, constipation, diarrhoea, etc. Non-alcoholic,
non-narcotic—guaranteed harmless. Formula on every label.

At All Druggists

ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, 215-217 Fulton Street, New York
Sales Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & COMPANY, LTD.
10 McCaul Street, Toronto; also at Montreal and New York

A Journalistic Appreciation from B. C.

PERMIT me to congratulate you on the excellent progress made by the
Western Home Monthly in the past few years. The display of its beau-
tiful colored pages on the news stand here is a pride to me as a Can-
adian and as a newspaper man. Its contents measure up to my ideals of
a Household Magazine—while the make up is a credit to the printing art.

Vancouver, August 22, 1922.

F. J. DICKIE

CORRESPONDENCE—Continued from page 55

tion cannot be enforced better than the
license system. I know from experience.
I have met men who came a distance of
three hundred miles from the border
between Ontario and Quebec.

Wishing you all success,

I remain,

"Hullite."

The clipping to which the writer re-
fers gives an account of the conviction
of 20 bootleggers at Hull, P. Q., when
jail sentences were imposed.—Ed.

Flappers are Industrious

Dear Editor and Readers:

We owe our inspiration for this at-
tempt to "Crank" who so condemned
public dancing.

We go to public dances and never
noticed an excess of any of the habits
he mentioned, no more so than at the
skating rink, playing cards, or any other
amusement.

Of course, in all small towns they
may not behave so well at a dance, but
that is the manager's fault to allow any-
thing like that. Possibly it was a
dance such as this where you got your
opinion of public dancing.

We are what is termed "flappers," but
we can sew, make all our own clothes,
besides fancy-work and crocheting, keep
house. We also read magazines and
good books. There is nothing we like
better than dancing and a good time,
but we do not let that interfere with
our other duties in any way, or our
health either.

We have weekly dances in our town,
sometimes from eight to twelve, and
sometimes nine to two. As a rule we
attend them, as does everyone else in
our town who dances. We have a good
orchestra, good hall and the people who
attend are as fit to associate with as
you would find anywhere, and are not
narrow-minded, as some people are, at
least not about dancing.

Certainly it is all right to study and
read literature, but what good is educa-
tion if you stay at home and don't
associate with others and let them know
you are "alive." We agree with 'Yankee
Doodle Boy' in regard to having a good
time.

We live in Northern Saskatchewan,
and would be pleased to hear from any
of the readers. With best wishes to the
Editor and Readers, we are

Punch and Judy.

"The Last Hymn"

The Sabbath day was ending in a village
by the sea,

The uttered benediction touched the
people tenderly;

And they rose to face the sunset in the
glowing lighted west,

And they hastened to their dwellings and
God's blessed boon of Rest.

But they looked across the waters, and
a storm was raging there,

A fierce spirit moved above them, the
wild spirit of the air,

And it lashed and took and tore them,
till they thundered, groaned and
boomed,

And, alas! for a vessel in this yawning
gulf entombed.

Very anxious were the people on that
rocky coast of Wales

Lest the dawn of coming morrow should
be telling awful tales.

When the sea had spent its passion and
should cast upon the shore,

Bits of wreck and swollen victims as it
had done oft before.

With the rough winds blowing round her,
a brave woman strained her eyes,

And she saw along the billows a large
vessel fall and rise.

Oh! It did not need a prophet to tell
what the end must be,

For no ship could ride in safety near
that shore on such a sea.

Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow,
tender hearts grew old with dread,

And the ship urged by the tempest, to
the fatal rockshore sped.

Then the pitying people hurried from
their homes and thronged the
beach;

Oh! for power to cross the waters and
the perishing to reach!

"She has parted in the middle! Oh the
half of her goes down!

God have mercy! Is His Heaven far to
seek for those who drown?

Lo! when next the white, shocked faces
looked with terror on the sea,

Only one last clinging figure on a spar
was seen to be.

Nearer to the trembling watchers came
the wreck tossed by the wave,

And the man still clung and floated,
though no power on earth could
save.

Could we send him a short message?
Here's a trumpet, shout away!

'Twas the preacher's hand that took it,
and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon, Firstly?
Secondly? Ah no!

There was but one thing to utter in
that awful hour of woe.

So he shouted through the trumpet—
"Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"

And—"Ay, ay sir," rang the answer
o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened, he is singing,
"Jesus Lover of My Soul,"

And the wind brought back the echo,
"While the nearer waters roll,"

Strange indeed it was to hear him,
"Till the storm of life is past,"

Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh
receive my soul at last."

He could have no other refuge, "Hangs
my helpless soul on Thee,"

"Leave, ah, leave me not"—The singer
dropped at last into the sea;

And the watchers looking homeward
through their eyes by tears made
dim,

Said—"He passed to be with Jesus in
the singing of the Hymn."

Wishing the Editor and readers the
best of luck, "Annette."

A Yorkshire Lass

Dear Editor:

I am enclosing my subscription for
12 months, for your very interesting
paper.

It may be of interest to you to know
how I first came in touch with it. My
friend had half a dozen copies sent from
Winnipeg and passed them on to me
knowing how interested I always am in
anything Canadian. And how I have
read them from cover to cover, and so
have mother and dad. Dad has read
some of the stories aloud while mother
and I have been busy with needlework.

My sister was a war bride, and sailed
for Canada with her Canadian husband
in May 1919, and is now living in Van-
couver, B. C. I have a wee nephew out
there now, I am longing to see, I have
also an aunt living near Kootenay Lake,
so you will understand it is my dearest
wish to visit your country. Perhaps I
shall some day, but at present I must
stay with my people. My father is an
invalid. My mother is mistress of the
little school here, and I am housekeeper.

Your correspondence page I have en-
joyed very much indeed, and I wonder
if any of your readers would care to
write to me. I should be very grateful,
and I would try to make my letters
interesting, maybe some of them would
like a letter from the Old Country.

I live in a quaint little fishing village
of the Yorkshire coast where all the
houses nestle into the cliff side looking
like a lot of red bricks which have been
thrown into a heap. The red roofs
against the green fields and the blue
sea, the white wings of the seagulls
flashing in the sun makes the little
place a great attraction for artists. It
is a big contrast to your big open
spaces.

I am afraid I have trespassed very
much on your time. I trust that you
will forgive me, and that you will do
your best to publish my letter. With
hopes that some of your members will
write to me, and all good wishes.

Yours sincerely,

"Quite," Just 21.



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

What Do We Burn When We Burn Our Trees?

What do we burn when we burn our trees

We burn the home for you and me,
We burn the carriage-house, barn and shed,

The baby's cradle, the little boy's sled,
The bookcase, the table, the rocker of ease

We burn all these when we burn our trees.

What do we burn when we burn our trees?

The daily comfort which everyone sees,
The wages of men for years to come,
In factories big where busy wheels hum—
For industries many depend on trees—
When our forests burn, we burn all these.

What do we burn when we burn our trees?

The homes of birds, and squirrels, and bees,

The homes of the brook, and the cooling spring

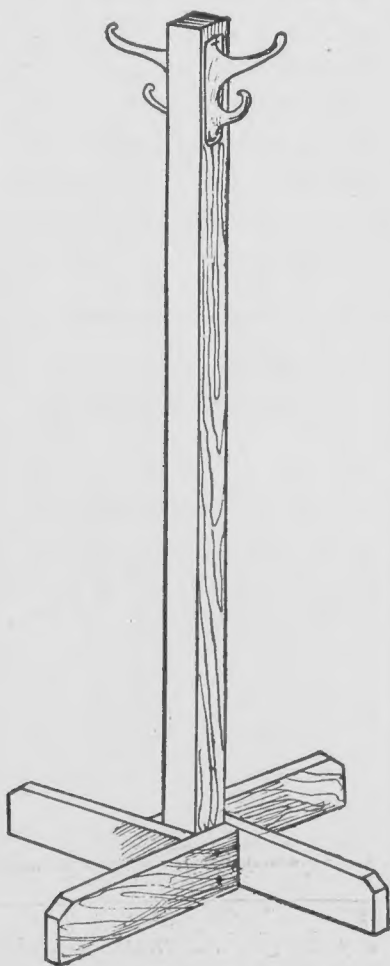
Where violets blossom, and bluebirds sing,

The beauties of nature, so fair to please—

We burn all these when we burn our trees.

Summer or Winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever-new delight;
They give us peace, and they make us strong,

Such wonderful balms to them belong.
—Stoddard.



Something to Make
A Useful Piece of Furniture

A tree that bears more in winter than in summer; a useful tree that grows in the house, and bears strange fruit—A hat tree.

Easy to make—use any lumber you can get hold of. A piece of quartered oak will make a handsome tree, but any white wood will do. The base of the tree can be designed according to your best judgment. The four pieces in the drawing are all made with a straight lower edge, but they may have a piece sawn out of the middle if you like. The

centre stand should be from 5 to 6 feet long and the base is made $\frac{7}{8}$ " board. It may be enamelled white or black or stained or varnished. Such a rack would be very useful in the bathroom, the hall, or any boy's or girl's bedroom.

Something to Play in the Summer Time

Don't you all, everyone of you, boys and girls, love acting? I know you do, we all do. When you are very little you like to dress up in mother's clothes and strut around with your curls and braids pinned up and pretend you are Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones, and that you are making calls or buying groceries; if you are a boy you are a red Indian or a bold bandit or a stage coach robber, perhaps if you are very little you will do as my brother used to do when he was very little, go out and kill dead men on the trail before breakfast. That's what he said he did anyway. When you are older you act in tableaux and plays at the Sunday School, perhaps you recite or sing or do sleight of hand tricks, but anyway I know you love to act, and so I am going to suggest something for you to do this summer. Why don't you get up a play and have it outdoors with the trees for a background, a little hill or high part of someone's lawn for a stage, and all the chairs and benches you can borrow from the neighborhood for the theatre, and then charge a small admission and make some money for your pet society, the Red Cross, the Humane Society, the hospital, or some place you are interested in. There are many written plays you might use which you will find in such little books as "Children's Theatricals," J. Keith Angus; published by Musson Book Co., Toronto; The "Wild Animal Play," Geo. Morang Co., Toronto; or you may get "Historical Plays for Children," published by the Musson Book Co., Toronto, such as Robin Hood, The Mayflower, Saxon & Norman, etc., and these little books give you directions about dresses, scenery, etc., and are only 25 cents. Or best of all, why don't you write a play yourselves? You all know such stories as Cinderella, Beauty and the Beast, Jack the Giant Killer, or King Alfred, or Robert Bruce, or the story of Mary Queen of Scots, why not make plays yourselves? One beautiful summer I was in England, and I went to see a play given by some boys in an English school in Yorkshire. These boys ranged in ages from 6 to 16. In the grounds of the school was an old stone quarry and this had been turned into a theatre by using one part which was higher, for the stage, and stringing curtains across from rock to rock by a wire. The actors came from above down a rocky path, and as they were giving the play of King Alfred and the Danes, this looked very fine when they wanted to show soldiers arriving, and such scenes. Every word was written by the boys themselves, and they, I think, made most of the costumes, and it was a splendid play, and very interesting. In England in the summer there are many outdoor plays, and one company of Shakespearean actors, The Ben Greet Players, came to Canada and played outdoors one year, giving such plays as "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "As You Like It." In California where it is always summer, there are often very beautiful outdoor plays and pageants, sometimes staged in wonderful canyons between high mountain peaks, sometimes in the gardens of old monasteries that have been there since the days when California was Spanish, sometimes held in outdoor theatres where there is no scenery but the trees, and the buildings in the background form the backdrop. I saw one play in a beautiful place called The Krotona Stadium, high on the Hollywood Hills. I remember very well that there was a real fountain in the front of the stage and real water lilies growing round it, and that there were orange trees growing beside the buildings from

Continued on page 58

HOSECRAFT HOSIERY for men and women

A NAME TO REMEMBER

When the time comes for you to do your shopping for next Fall and Winter's wear—when you go to look at hosiery—your merchant will show you **HOSECRAFT**.

The new Hosiery Supreme!

The first complete, all-embracing, single line of first quality hosiery designed and made solely for Canadians.

No matter what style or fabric your taste or needs call for, you will be able to secure it in **HOSECRAFT—SILK**, in all the varying grades of texture and fineness, **LISLE**, **CASHMERE**, pure **WOOL**, long staple **COTTON**, in light and heavy weights, all sizes, styles, colors and fashionable mixtures.

For years **ROBINSON, LITTLE & CO. LTD.** have distributed fine hosiery to the merchants of Western Canada. In our experience we have been large producers and have imported from the best makers that which we could not heretofore secure in Canada; but in introducing this full, complete line, we feel that we have excelled all previous efforts.

The selection of **HOSECRAFT** for your own family or personal wear will extend a guarantee to you of absolute and unvarying quality in material; smooth, even, perfect-fitting, honest wear—*Style!* It will also be a guarantee of honest value and the most economical retail purchase price available in Canada.

Your merchant's cost and trouble in keeping a complete range of hosiery for your selection will be minimised when he concentrates on **HOSECRAFT**. It means fewer lines to stock, fewer accounts to watch, less trouble to keep shelves filled, less Overhead and more Turnover. That means less cost to you.

Remember, next Fall—**HOSECRAFT**.

DISTRIBUTED BY **ROBINSON, LITTLE & CO. LTD.**
FROM WINNIPEG

SOLD BY MERCHANTS OF WESTERN CANADA, EVERYWHERE



"The world has no such flower in any land.
And no such pearl in any gulf—the sea
As any babe on any mother's knee."
—SWINBURNE.

Every normal
Mother
can
Breast-Feed
her
Baby
with the help of
LACTAGOL

Because where the flow of milk is scanty, one teaspoonful of Lactagol taken three or four times daily in milk, milk and water, or water will promptly increase the flow.

Because where the flow is ample but the nourishing properties are insufficient to satisfy baby's appetite, Lactagol taken by the nursing mother will enrich the quality of the milk by raising the proportions of the fats and proteins in such a way as to provide adequate nourishment for her baby.

Because in those cases where the mother is able to breast-feed her baby but finds herself suffering from fatigue or overstrain, Lactagol so strengthens her system as to remove all trace of strain and keep her strong and well.

There is nothing "just as good" as LACTAGOL

which is used in 1000 Infant Welfare Institutions in Gt. Britain.

LACTAGOL is obtainable from all Chemists and Stores
at 75c., \$1.50 and \$2.50

Sole Agent for Canada

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MANUFACTURED BY

E. T. PEARSON & Co., Ltd. LONDON ENGLAND

NO DELAY—
NO LAST MINUTE
PREPARATIONS
—IT OPENS
WITH A BANG
ON

DOMINION DAY

THE EXHIBITS
THE MIDWAY
THE HORSE RACES
THE RACING AUTOS
THE CHARIOT RACES
AND EVERYTHING

Bigger and Better
Than Ever

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION

OF MANITOBA

BRANDON

JULY 2nd TO 7th

IS ROMAN MEAL ADVERTISING TOO TECHNICAL FOR WOMEN?

A would-be critic said: "Roman Meal advertising is too technical for Canadian women." Like most critics he was expressing his prejudice towards, not his knowledge of, Canadian women. For two years, we have been telling mothers that refined foods like white flour, refined cereals, polished rice, while pretty to look at, are lacking in vitalizing elements, essential to young and growing bodies. We have been teaching that disease comes from "denatured," refined foods. We have been recommending more milk and eggs, leafy vegetables, fruits and Roman Meal.

Lately we have been telling you that Roman Meal, because it is "Excess Alkali," is a most "cooling" and beneficial hot weather food, because it keeps the blood normally alkaline, or non-acid.

Selection of proper food is the most important function of the mother or housewife. Canadian women know this and we have reason to know, Mr. Critic to the contrary, that thousands and thousands of women have learned from our "too technical" advertising that Roman Meal is the most valuable food in the larder for the family. On each package of Roman Meal are printed "Summer Recipes" for preparing icy-cold BROSE-O, CHOCOL-O, JELL-E, for sizzling days. Each is a hot day delight that children clamor for and may be served with milk, cream, whipped cream, honey, preserved or fresh fruits. At grocers.

CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Continued from page 57

which people came and went as in real life. There was no roof over our heads, only the deep blue sky, and the millions of stars; there was no hot and stuffy air, but the winds of heaven blew round us carrying perfume from the flowers. There was a beautiful orchestra unseen, which filled the air with music, and fairy-like dancers came and went over the carpet of grass. It was a wonderful evening and one that is tucked away in my best memory box. You may have something like that, perhaps, to remember too, if you try this plan this summer. You cannot expect it to be quite as beautiful, but trees and grass under moonlight, the Chinese lanterns glimmering and flowers everywhere can be very beautiful, or in the day time, with the sun shining, a white tent gleaming among the trees, and the bright colors of the costumes coming and going among the green, you can make a very pretty picture in the minds of all the people who see it.

"Childrens Cozy Corner":

I am sending two riddles:

1. What is the difference between a horse and the founder of the largest mail order house in Winnipeg?

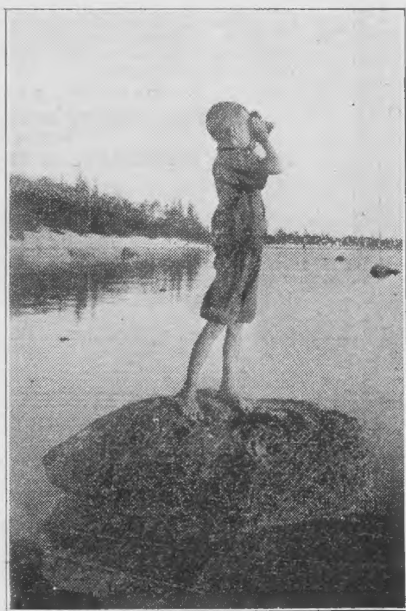
Answer—One eats timothy and the other is Timothy Eaton (eating)

2. Why is Turkey buying up all the benzine they can get?

Answer—To wipe out "Greece."

Yours truly,

Jackie Enright, Retlaw, Alta.



"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan."

Son of Mr. R. G. Masterton of Emerson;
taken at Victoria Beach, Lake Manitoba.

Togo, Sask., April 15, 1923

Dear Bobby Burke:

I would like to become a member of your club.

This is my first letter to your most interesting page. Hoping to see this letter in print, also that I may get a badge. I am sending a riddle.

Which is proper to say, 5 and 6 is 13, or 5 and 6 are 13? Neither, 5 and 6 are 11.

From Mabel Craig, 13, box 5.

P. S. I would like to hear from any boy or girl my own age.

Retlaw, Alta., June 20th, 1923.

Dear Bobbie Burke:

I think the Cosy Corner is just fine. Bobby Burke gives us such nice reading and I like the verses just fine. Every Friday we have a little program at school and I always learn a verse from the Cosy Corner to recite. We always play the games that are in the Corner, and I think that game of egg football is just fine. We play it every night now. It would be fine to have a new game every month. We would just get tired of one when another would come along.

I don't like the stories in the Corner. I would like stories of adventures or something interesting that other people do, in other countries. I think it would be better to have longer stories or continued ones.

I always make the things told about in the Corner, and then give them to my sister. Once I made a sling and some arrows and I am still playing with them. Every time I want some fun I make some more arrows and see how high they will go.

There is nothing left out of the Cosy Corner that should be in there. It suits me fine as it is, and I hope it will not change or stop for a long while yet.

I will wish the Cosy Corner and Bobby Burke every success.

Yours truly,

Clarence Enright.

Something Sent In

Colquity, P. O., Saanich, B. C., April 18.

Dear Bobby Burke:

We have taken the W. H. M. for about eight months. I generally turn to the Cosy Corner to read the letters and see if I can guess the riddles. I saw such a lot of riddles in the paper that I thought I would send some in too. I have never written before, but I read the paper every month when it comes. I am in Entrance Class at school. I should like to correspond with readers about my own age. Here are some of the riddles:

1. Why is Scotland like a candle?
(a) Because it has a Wick.
2. Why is Ireland like a bottle? (a)
Because it has a Cork.
3. Old Mother Twicket had but one eye,

And a long tail which she can let fly;
And every time she went over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.
(a) A needle and thread.

Yours sincerely,

Lillian Rowland, (age 12)

1817, 3rd Ave., W. Vancouver, B. C.

April 19, 1923.

Dear Bobby Burke:

I have been a silent reader of your Cosy Corner for a long time, but at last I thought I would write to you. I am sending in a trick called "the disappearing coin." First of all you must prepare for it by gumming the edge of a tumbler. Then stand it upside down on a sheet of paper and when the gum is quite dry cut away the paper close up to the glass leaving the mouth of the tumbler covered with a drum of paper. Place the tumbler on another sheet of paper, and by the side of it place a coin. Say that you will make the coin disappear. Now cover the tumbler with a handkerchief and place it over the coin. Whisk away the handkerchief, and the coin is gone. Of course it is hidden by the paper which is stuck over the mouth of the tumbler, but no

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails.



BURN IT TO KILL
MOSQUITOES AND FLIES

Why not become one of us?

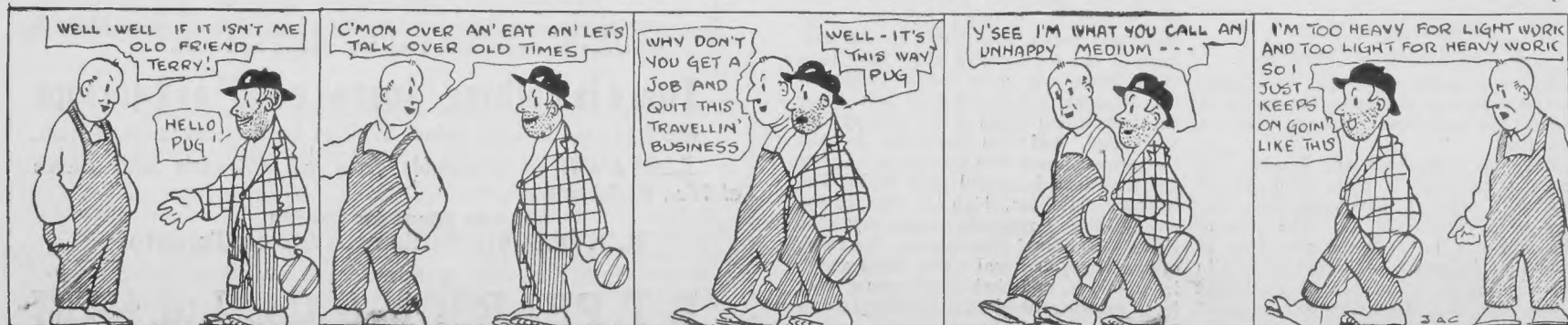
The Western Home Monthly, Western Canada's only home magazine, would like you and your friends to become subscribers. The many good things in this issue are but a foretaste of what is to follow and we believe that the small sum of one dollar will earn for you big dividends of pleasure and instruction.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg,

Enclosed please find \$1.00 in payment for one year's subscription to THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack. Winnipeg



CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Continued from page 58

one will be able to detect this. Somebody, no doubt, will ask you to make the coin reappear. Cover the tumbler again and pick it up and there is the coin on the other piece of paper. You cover the tumbler with the handkerchief in order to prevent people noticing the paper stuck over the mouth. I hope that I will see this letter in print. I will close now, wishing Bobby Burke and his corner every success,

I remain,
Reg. Rennie, (age 12).

Summer Competitions

Collection of leaves of trees that grow in your neighborhood. Pressed and named. A list and description of the harmful insects of your neighborhood.

Neatness, accuracy and good writing will count. 1st Prize—Choice of Brownie camera or book. Second Prize—choice of Ever-sharp pencil or box of stationery.

Here is something to do in the long summer afternoons and evenings. *Get busy.*

About Dogs

Well, I am surprised! Not a single story of a dog, or a picture, and I did think this would be a most popular story, for you all have dogs and all love them. Well, perhaps they will come in later. Anyway we will give you a dog story to read.



Keeping house in a "Pup" tent.

JUST DOGS!

The Dog Who Tramped 592 Miles
(From "Our Dumb Animals")

Recently the newspapers have been publishing a remarkable story of a dog, shipped by express from East St. Louis, Ill., to Owen, Wis., a distance of 592 miles, who, after three months and a half, turned up at his old home, emaciated, bleeding, and hungry, having been thirty days on his long hike back. The story was so unusual that we wrote to the original owner, Mr. George Schaub, assistant foreman of the Wiggins Ferry Company, who lives in Centreville Station, a suburb of East St. Louis. Promptly came this reply about his colie:

November 18, 1922.

I was glad to hear that you are interested in the record of our dog, "Shep." There is no mistake in the newspaper account. The "St. Louis Post-Dispatch" reporter heard about the dog and came from St. Louis to get his story. Shep was about fourteen months old, when, on November 16, 1921, we shipped him to my wife's aunt, Mrs. John Wetly, who lives on a cattle ranch at Owen. He stayed at Owen, Wis., till January 30, 1922, as we learned from Mrs. Wetly, who wrote soon after, telling us that he had disappeared. On March 2, 1922, at 4 o'clock, Shep appeared at our door. He was a skeleton, his hair was matted down, his feet were worn and almost bleeding, his toenails were worn off. He sat down in my kitchen and cried as though he was a human being. When the chil-

dren asked him "Shep, did you come home?" he would cry. And the children cried, and my wife almost cried. When I came home, Shep cried again. He could not bear for us to leave him a moment. When he would lie down, he would growl, as he seemed completely worn out. For two weeks we had to treat him very tenderly. We have now broken him of his whining ways. There can be no mistake about his being my dog. I could not believe he was, as all collies look so much alike, till I recognized his only distinctive mark—his tail was broken at the third joint. Shep is the life of our family now. He will never be sent away again. I am sending you his picture. Thanking you for your interest.

George Schaub.

An Airedale's Amazing Act

The Airedale who saved the life of his mate, a large setter, by snatching him off the railway tracks only an instant before a train whizzed over the spot, performed a very remarkable and heroic act. There can be no question about this. There were at least two reliable witnesses of the rescue who reported the facts, which were substantially as follows:

Both dogs belonged to one owner. They had been inseparable companions. The setter was subject to fits, and when the locomotive gave its warning whistle, he was suddenly stricken, and dropped between the rails paralyzed. The Airedale was a smaller dog, but quick and wiry. All of this breed are fast workers. The Airedale grasped the situation instinctively, if you must have it so, but with every indication of rapid reasoning. His mental processes prompted him to act instantly and desperately. He achieved his purpose. He seized his mate by the back of the neck and dragged him over the rail, not a second too soon, and then down the declivity to a safe place; there to revive him from coma by licking him with his tongue. The account of this rescue at once stirred up the old controversy of instinct versus reason in the dog among psychologists and dog fanciers. It is our opinion that one need not be either of these to discern and determine intelligence and reason in the animal that has associated himself closest with man.

Arctic Dog Travels 22,000 Miles

The noted Arctic explorer, Alexander M. Smith, is justly proud of his dog "Slim," and his pride is justifiable, for Slim helped pull his master over 22,000 miles of Arctic ice fields and frozen tundra in the past five years. Slim, however, is good for considerable mileage yet, his master says. The dog is enjoying his first visit to civilization.

Slim is apparently lonesome for companionship with breed of his sort, says Smith. He seems to have a contempt for city-bred dogs, less than half his size, that wouldn't know a cache from a caribou.

Slim has spent all of his six years of canine existence within the Arctic circle.

Why She Admired Him

Two women, says Everybody's Magazine, were talking over a performance of "A Doll's House" that they had seen. "Don't you love Ibsen?" cried one, ecstatically. "Doesn't he just take all the hope out of life?"

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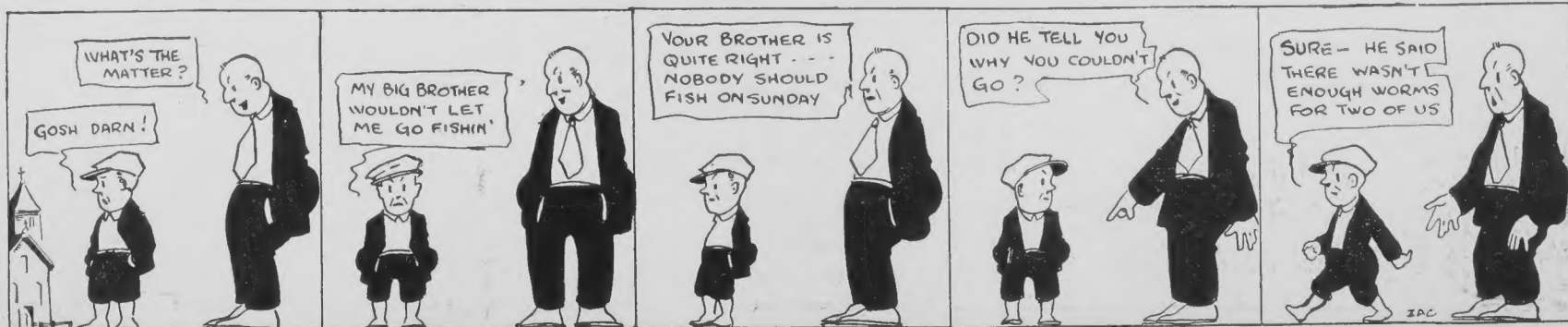
"I am looking for an appropriate name for my new home."
"You say it is in the highest spot in the neighborhood?"
"The very highest."
"Call it 'The Ace'."

The Only Use

The bell boy followed the newly arrived Colonel from Kentucky to his room with a pitcher of water.
"Water, sir," announced the boy.
"Water?" said the Colonel. "What do I want water for? The room isn't on fire, is it?"

THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack, Winnipeg





To make your early season pie a sure success

Fresh rhubarb—flour—sugar—salt are all essential, but for perfect pastry—tender and flaky—the lard should be Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand.

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